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# THE LUDGATE



NO. 58.—VOL. X. (New Series).

AUGUST, 1900.

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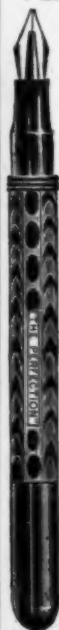
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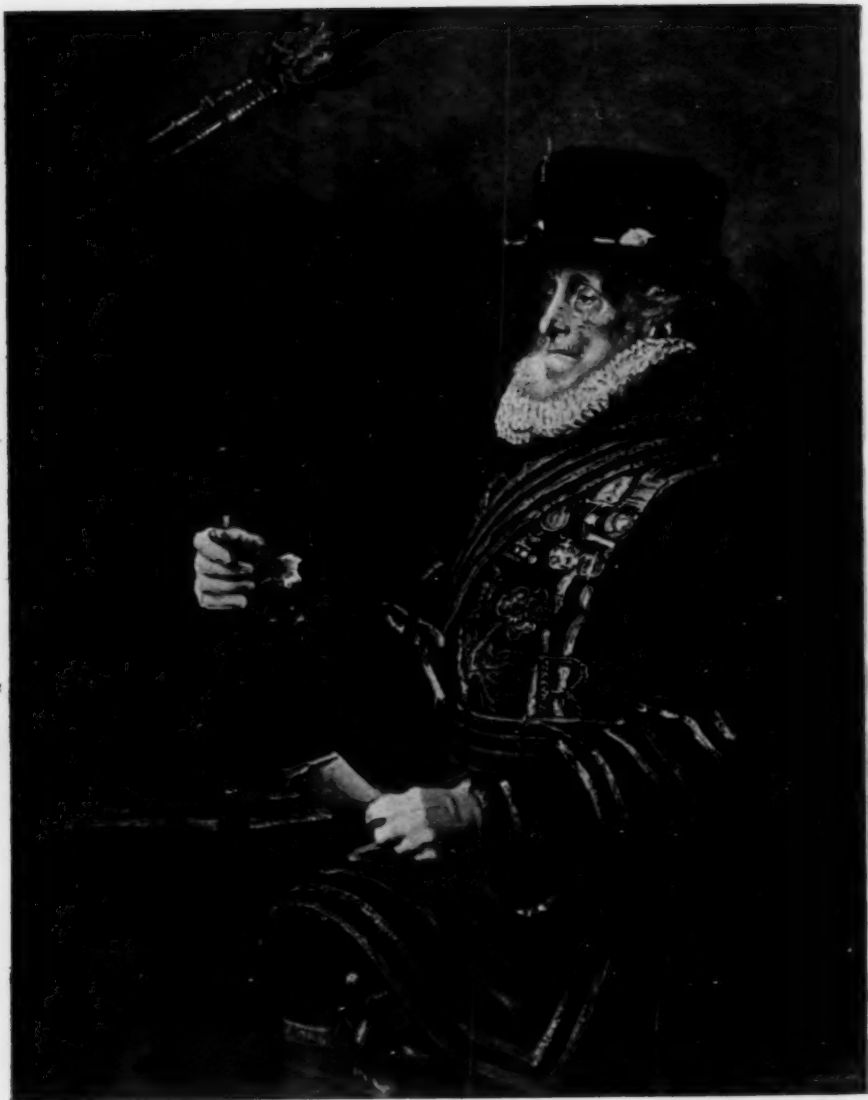
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The Yeoman of the Guard.  
*From the painting by Sir John Millais.*



# I.

AT eleven of the clock on the night of the 24th August, 1572 (Saint Bartholomew's Day), and in the old Palace of the French Kings at Paris, Charles IX. and three great personages sat together.

The chamber of their conference was long and lofty, with a wonderful painted ceiling: "The Island and Palace of Alcina" and "The Country of Logistilla" from Ariosto's epic; and the space over the King's chair was all ablaze with golden stars glowing in the depth of a dark blue heaven. The long casements were unhasped and flung open to the night air, for the atmosphere was close and heavy, and the black August clouds pressed down upon the city, and the Seine surged between her banks and cast up a mist to the dim moon.

One of the figures in the chamber arose, and walked with much rustle of silk to the casements, and looked down upon the silent mass of roofs and spires.

This personage was Charles de Guise, usually called the Cardinal of Lorraine, a man of a most intolerant spirit, who had

VOL. X., NEW SERIES.—AUGUST, 1900.

been minister to Francis II., and now held the same office under the present King.

He stood silent a moment, his eyes scanning the prospect beneath him; then turning his face to those in the chamber, and stretching his arm towards the sleeping city, he began to speak in low tones.

"Look forth," he said, "upon this slumbering town, spread under our eyes like unto a field of wheat and tares; Catholics and Huguenots mingled together! the one, the seed of God; the other, the seed of Satan! But your Grace," he bowed low to the figure seated in the King's chair, which was in shadow, "your Grace shall by to-night's great vengeance sift the good wheat from the chaff."

"I know not, Cardinal," said the figure in a weary voice; "the parable hath it, 'let the twain grow together until the harvest, lest in rooting up the tares ye destroy the good wheat also.'"

A tall, courtly man in the dress of a soldier arose and stepped out of the gloom.

"Suffer me to amend the parable," he said. "Your Grace shall not harm the

good wheat," and he drew forth a white scarf and bound it on his arm. "All Catholics will know one another by this sign; and in the strength of the Cross, and in the blessing of the Pope shall they utterly destroy the tares only!"

This speaker was the Duke de Guise (Henry of Lorraine), who at midnight was to lead the massacre of the Huguenots.

The young King sighed deeply, and fumbled at a small crucifix which he wore suspended from his neck.

"True," he said uneasily, "yet methinks the parable again hath it that the reapers of the wheat and tares shall be the angels, and that harvest—what is it but the last day of the world?"

The Cardinal of Lorraine left the casements, and swept towards the King with an air of authority.

"Sire," he said firmly, "it is the gift of Holy Church, and Holy Church alone, to interpret the true meaning of all Scripture. Such power rests not in Princes."

The young King shifted feverishly in his chair, but made no answer.

And now the last personage of the little group came slowly forward. This was a woman, Catherine de Medici, the mother of the King.

"My son," she said, "the Lord Cardinal has spoken. His word is the word of Holy Church. His message is, as it were, from the lips of God. As of old the Divine command came unto the chosen race, 'Put the Amorites to the edge of the sword!' so now to you speaks the same voice, 'Destroy the Huguenots!'"

The Cardinal fixed his eyes upon the King.

"Gracious Liege," he said, "your royal mother joins her weighty arguments to those of your Divine Mother, the Church. With two such sage advisers, who should be wrong?"

"Come then!" cried Charles, rousing himself, and glancing wildly about him, "upon the heads of my advisers fall the blame, if blame there be!" A hectic flush appeared upon his cheeks, and his nervous hands dragged unconsciously at his pectoral crucifix.

The Duke de Guise, at a sign from Catherine, strode across the chamber.

"You are going?" cried the King excitedly.

"To the holy work," returned the Duke; then stopping suddenly, "the hour is close at hand. Even now the secret ringers are in the churches. At the first stroke of midnight the bells from all the steeples in the city will clang out 'Death to the Huguenots!'" He advanced again hurriedly.

"Stay!" shrieked Charles, springing from his chair and stepping down.

"Too late, Sire!" answered the Duke, "Death to the Huguenots!"—and the arras fell behind him; he was gone.

The King remained standing, his eyes fixed on vacancy, a half-mad expression on his twitching face.

Catherine de Medici and the Cardinal of Lorraine commenced to pace the long chamber and to converse in earnest whispers.

The faint sound of viols and hautboys, played in some distant room in the palace, came softly to their ears.

Outside the casements, down below in the city, the silence was as the silence of death. Suddenly, as though under some fateful influence, the music of the viols and hautboys ceased; and at the same moment Catherine and the Cardinal halted, and stood expectant.

There was a whirr in the air and an upward swirl, and out in the old city the heavy, ominous bells from every steeple joined their hoarse voices in one dreadful clang! Down every street and byway rushed like a dark river the armed men, zealous to kill!

Casements were heard opening in the palace; voices called one to the other; and the Cardinal of Lorraine, with ecstatic eyes, murmured under his breath snatches of the "Laus Deo." And now a sound arose in the night far more dreadful, far more awful than the clang of the heavy bells, or the rushing sound of the cruel feet; this was the terrified shriek of the hunted human creature. The massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Day had begun—and the dusky dawn rolled up from the east to witness it.

"My son, my son," muttered Catherine de Medici, "the greatest hour of thy reign is at hand."

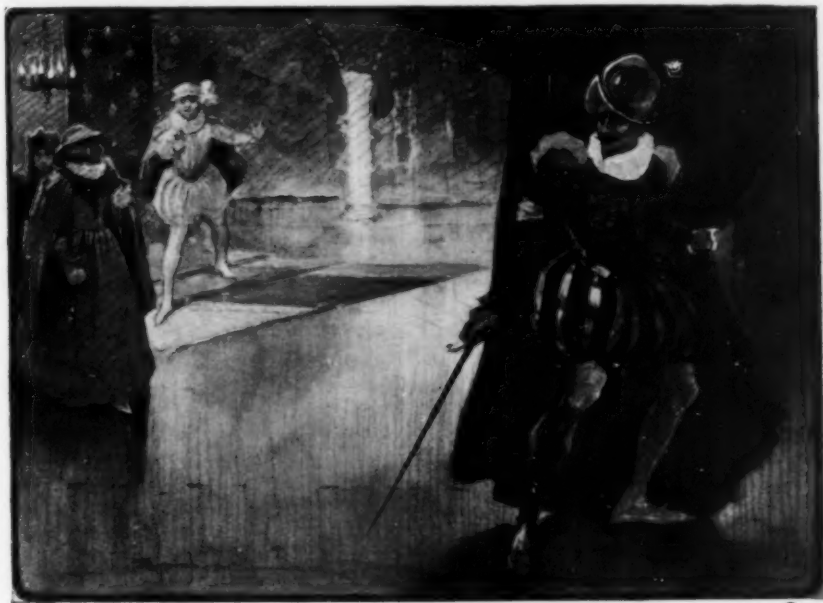
But the King answered her never a word; he stood as though bereft of sense and movement. The Cardinal of Lorraine beckoned Catherine to the casements, and she went and joined him there, and they watched the flying forms in the streets and the dark bands pursuing.

One woman came running in a white garment, with a child wildly clasped

it with her body, and strove feebly to protect it. So the man with the sword whirled the blade above his head—

"Close the casements!" shrieked Charles. "Jesu Maria!—Jesu Maria!" and he thrust his fingers in his ears, and ran up the long chamber to where a great door gave entrance to another room. This door he flung open, crying "Light! light!" and shrieking out the names of his courtiers and courtesans.

Evidently they were congregated in that room, for they came at his call: a



"Too late, Sire!" answered the Duke. "Death to the Huguenots!"

to her breast. In the frenzy of her love and her despair, she gained upon her murderers, till one of them, halting in the chase, brought up his musket and fired.

The King had crept terror-stricken to the casements, and stood looking down upon the scene. The woman fell, and the white garment showed a red stain, widening, ever widening, as she lay. With a shout the hunters came down upon her, and one of them tried to pierce the child with a sword. But she covered

motley crowd of both sexes flaunting silks and jewels in profusion. The women were laughing to the men's jesting, as though there were no hideous tragedies being enacted in the streets below (the etiquette of the French Court was proverbial). Catherine de Medici and the Cardinal of Lorraine joined the King where he stood surrounded by his host of sycophants. But he found small comfort in their flatteries in that dreadful dawning.

"Here, you," muttered Catherine to



one of the many servants who entered with flaming candles, "close fast the casements, and shut out those cries below; and bring music, speedily, or you die," and she cast a look on him and his fellows that gave wings to their obedience. The hasped casements shut out the sounds of death; the lights flared boldly against the creeping dawn; and the horrible gaiety of the mincing French dances which swelled out from shadowy galleries and corners of the long chamber, created with the ever-moving throng a scene of mocking fantasy.

"A dance, Sire?" murmured the King's favourite in his royal ear; and Charles, with a terrible laugh, seized her hand and acceded to her wishes.

"See!" whispered the Cardinal of Lorraine to Catherine, "Mademoiselle Julie has accomplished our behests," and he smiled.

"She shall have her reward," answered Catherine, "if she keep him from his thoughts."

The Cardinal bent lower to the ear of his august mistress. "What of the Admiral of France—Gaspard de Coligni? Should he escape to-night, the holy work were useless! The leader of the Huguenots *must die*."

"Doubt nothing," answered Catherine with a ghastly smile; "already I have ordered that his head be sent to the Pope."

The Cardinal of Lorraine bowed low. "The Church will ever be grateful, Madame," he said. "To you it was given to drive the heretic from France, and you have not proved faithless. Our work is one: *ad majorem Dei gloriam*;" and with a look towards the King and his creatures, he left the long chamber in company with Catherine de Medici.

## II.

WHEN the Cardinal had stood at the casements, and had looked down upon the silent city that night, perchance his eye rested for a moment on a rambling old tenement built nigh to the river, with a garden that enclosed it on every side.

This was the home of Jean Nicholas

Moreau, a young musician, a Catholic, and a great favourite with the King.

About that hour when Charles and his advisers were seated in the long chamber, Jean, in a small room in the left wing of his old house, was poring over a strip of vellum, upon which he was transcribing a song he had made for the King.

Here and there amongst the notes and rests, sometimes below the stave, sometimes above it, he would paint little flowers of brilliant hue, and dark green leaves, and birds of gorgeous plume, and savage beasts of faerie lands. Such a recluse was Jean, that save for his visits to the King, and his meditations in his garden, the folk of Paris saw little of him. But he saw them, and watched them from his turret, and felt a kindly interest as he looked down upon the world and hummed brief snatches of his new-born lays. That night as he pursued the Illuminator's art, a young fair face came flitting through his thoughts, and time after time he found the brush and pen unconsciously tracing the sweet features beneath his nervous fingers. Whose face was it? He would not force his mind to meet the question; he dared not; for he knew the answer in his heart, and he kept it there, deep down with a yearning love that might not find expression. The face was that of Marguerite Froissart, the only child of old Paul Froissart the Huguenot, a stern white-bearded man of ancient family, and a flaming preacher of the new doctrines.

Jean, seated in his turret, had seen for a whole summer these twain pass and re-pass his garden-home, and round the fine old zealot and the slender girl, he had woven many happy dreams.

At first the dreams were those of friendship. How he would love to know them! How he would like to see them in his house, or in his garden—yes, rather there; the girl was like some mystic flower.

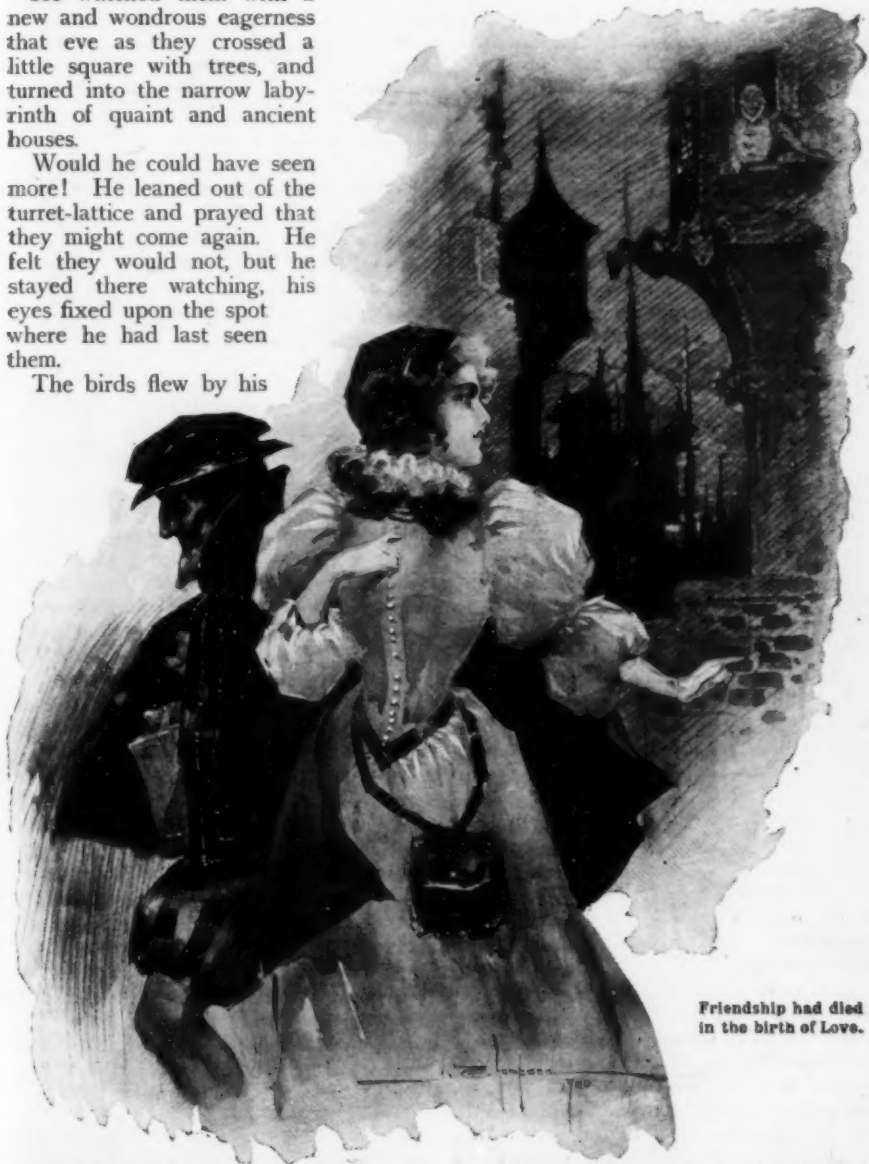
Once, at sunset, as they passed beneath him, he had unhasped the lattice and flung it wide, making what noise he could to catch their notice. And the girl had looked up! In that one look

all that was best and truest in his soul had flown down to her, and friendship had died in the birth of Love. was the only thing that came to him, and he shut the lattice against it with a lonely heart.

He watched them with a new and wondrous eagerness that eve as they crossed a little square with trees, and turned into the narrow labyrinth of quaint and ancient houses.

Would he could have seen more! He leaned out of the turret-lattice and prayed that they might come again. He felt they would not, but he stayed there watching, his eyes fixed upon the spot where he had last seen them.

The birds flew by his



Friendship had died  
in the birth of Love.

face, giving low cries as they sought their nests; the sun went down with bars of red gold in the western sky. Darkness

And thus it was that on the night of the Feast of Saint Bartholomew, Jean Nicholas Moreau, engaged upon trans-

cribing the King's song, found a young fair face appearing amidst the blaze of his illuminations. So intent was he on his work, so entirely possessed by his thoughts, so hushed by the silence of the room and the city without it, that it was long ere the feeling of another presence near him, caused him to raise his eyes and find that he was not alone.

With a start he beheld a figure clad in black armour (the visor down) standing motionless at his right hand. Round the arm of the figure was a white band.

He addressed his visitor curtly.

"Your name?" he demanded.

"It matters not," was the reply.

"Your business here?"

"A letter from the King."

Jean extended his hand, and the figure gave him a small note which he opened and read.

It ran thus:

"We desire thee here at dawn to ply thy music. He who bears this will warn thee of a certain matter."

That was all. No signature, nor seal, nor date; but it was in the King's character. Jean addressed himself to the figure again.

"You know the contents of this note?"

"I know it."

"What is this certain matter?"

For reply the strange messenger drew forth a white scarf, and placed it in the hand of his questioner. "At midnight," he said, "bind this upon your arm."

"But for what reason?"

The messenger paused a moment. "His Majesty was not misinformed then," he said, "in counting you amongst the ignorant. Know that at midnight all the holy bells of Paris will call true Catholics to a sacred work. The Huguenots must die!"

Jean's face grew blanched. The Huguenots must die? As in a vision he beheld stern old Paul Froissart and his daughter Marguerite crossing that little square, with trees—and it was sunset. He pulled himself together, and kissed the King's letter, and bound the white scarf upon his arm after the manner of his visitor. Deep in his heart he whispered that *two* Huguenots should live! But how was he to save them?

"My mission is concluded," said the man in black armour. "Monsieur, I retire."

"Not yet," said Jean. "Tell me," he continued, "how you entered here. The King's messenger should hardly come as a thief in the night."

"Monsieur, your servant admitted me—aye, even to this chamber. I remained silent, awaiting your convenience."

"Your pardon then," said Jean. "I have been discourteous. Will you not raise your visor?"

"I will not," was the reply.

"And if I—" suggested Jean, advancing.

"At your peril, Monsieur!" and the King's messenger laid his hand upon his sword.

"Good," said Jean, and he took a piece of gold from a purse on the table, and held it towards his visitor.

"Monsieur," said the man in black armour, "you mistake. Put up your gold. Farewell;" and he turned to quit the chamber.

"But one question," demanded Jean.

The man paused, and bowed.

"Why are you in secret?"

"Monsieur, I will tell you. I am one of the unknown leaders in to-night's—to-night's"—he hesitated.

"Massacre!" suggested Jean.

"It is not so," answered the man; "no massacre, but a sacrifice to God! Farewell."

A terrible clash of bells rang out into the midnight air.

"The signal!" cried the full fierce voice through the visor. "Death to the Huguenots! Death! Death!"

Jean rushed to the lattice and flung it open, and looked out. Dark bands of men were gliding through the city. He turned again towards his visitor. He had gone.

The King's letter lay open on the table. Jean read it through once more. Yes, he must obey the King's command, and stand before him in the dawn. But what of Marguerite? She must be saved at all hazards. How? He stood pondering a moment, but the cries in the streets told him the necessity for action.

He swiftly donned his hat and cloak; saw that his sword swung free, and taking up the King's song, hurried from the chamber.

Down in the hall he found Armand—his old doorkeeper—intent on trying the point of a poniard on the palm of his hand. Jean passed him with a shudder, and, leaving the house, crossed the garden and made for that narrow labyrinth of quaint and ancient houses.

Frightful as were the scenes around him, he had no time to spare for help or pity. He strode on, his naked sword in his hand and the white band on his arm winning safety for him from his co-religionists. He met a savage, unkempt fellow with a bloody javelin. The fellow hailed him, and pointed to the white band he was wearing. Jean stopped.

"The house of Froissart, the Huguenot," he asked. "Which way?"

The fellow grinned. "You would pay off some old score, Monsieur? Ho! ho! My regrets; I myself have performed your office," and he wiped the bloody javelin on his knee. A deadly sickness seized Jean; his senses swam; a mist seemed to rise between him and the man. "Which house?" he gasped. The fellow pointed to the open portal of an ancient dwelling. "That one," he said. With a cry Jean reached it, and entered. He heard the fellow in the street shout, "Death to the Huguenots!" but the silence of the fatal house appeared more dreadful. He entered a room on the right: empty and desolate. He entered a room on the left: old Paul Froissart lay dead across the hearthstone, with an open Bible in his hand. No sign of Marguerite!



"My King!" cried Jean, "safety lies with thee!"

He heard a party of horsemen riding down the street, and driving a band of Huguenots before them. Shrieks and groans—the air without was full of them!

He left old Froissart, and sought the upper rooms. On every side his eye encountered the results of wanton havoc.

He entered a small chamber—a kind of lumber room. The dawn was now peeping in at the casements. He

stumbled over something; bent down to see what it was.

Marguerite!

With a cry he raised her in his arms. At first he thought her dead; but no. In a moment she opened her eyes, and scanned his face in a strange, dazed manner. "Hush," he said, "be not afraid. It is I, Jean Nicholas Moreau—thy—thy friend." Apparently she did not hear his words, or, if she heard, did not understand them. She closed her eyes, and lay quite passive in his arms.

Down in the street he heard the clatter of the horsemen, and the groans of the dying Huguenots. What could he do to save her, now that he had found her? He looked about him anxiously—and the dawn at the casements gave him advice. It was time he stood in the presence of Charles, prepared to do his pleasure. In an instant he had formed a desperate plan: to bear the girl in his arms safe through the cruel streets until he had laid her at the feet of the King. And then, he told himself, protection would be certain; safety assured.

Tenderly—with all the great pent-up love of his heart set free—he bore his unconscious burden from the little room, and down the stairs, and so into the street.

A great babel of cries, and a hoarse murmur of an awakened city, seemed to surround him on every side. Several dark forms wearing the white scarf sprang towards him as soon as he appeared. He shouted in their faces that he was a Catholic; and they seemed inclined to let him pass, until one of them, with a pointing finger, cried, "Froissart's daughter!"—then the danger of his position increased a hundredfold.

"Let me pass!" he cried. "Stay me at your peril! The girl is dead, and I bear her body to the King!"

The murderers laughed, and a voice shouted, "We are with you!—set forward!"—and he found himself at the head of some dozen wretches, eager for blood and gold—the very dregs of old Paris.

In the light of the spreading dawn, the horrors of the streets became revealed, and everywhere scenes of blood and

death arose before his eyes. Men, women, and children; wounded, dying, dead;—some slain in their first terror; others, after much resistance. Those amongst the Huguenots who had had courage to arm, showed by the little groups of Catholic slain, that lions were in their ranks as well as sheep.

Street after street proclaimed the hideous work of that fell night, right up to the very gates of the King's palace.

In the long upper chamber with the many casements, and the wondrous painted ceiling, Charles and his sycophants, with all his Court, had danced the night out, and the dawn in. Looking down from the casements stood the Cardinal of Lorraine. Did he, in the coming day, find his heart at peace, and his mind at rest, as his eyes dwelt upon the city: that casket of his sacrifice unto the Lord? He gave his attention to a little group of persons drawing near and nearer to the palace. He perceived they were led by a young man, who bore a slender, fainting girl in his arms. The savage wretches who surrounded these two, observing the Cardinal, greeted him with a hoarse shout and a waving of weapons.

The young man looked up at the casements, and met the eyes of the Cardinal. His Eminence flung open the casements, and beckoned kindly to the young man. A figure joined the Cardinal—a pale, waxen-faced, mad-looking creature with a fowling-piece in its hands. This was the King, changed in one night well-nigh beyond recognition!

When the young man saw Charles, a sweet peace entered into his heart, and his step grew strong and light as he advanced with all that he loved best in his arms. The goal of safety was reached! Surely all the danger now lay behind him. He looked up and smiled. "My King," he cried. He saw the Cardinal seize the King's arm, and whisper in his ear. He saw Charles give a wild look round him.

"My King!" cried Jean, "safety lies with thee!" and he raised the girl as high as he could towards Charles, not a fear in his heart, not a tremor in his voice.



He saw the King lean out from the casements; he saw two mad eyes scanning his form. He heard the King cry in a strained, harsh voice, "Who is it?"

And before he could reply, his savage escort shouted as one man, "Froissart's daughter!" He saw a puff of smoke, staggered back as under some sudden blow; felt the form in his arms contract, shiver, and slip from his grasp to the ground. He stood dazed; his body swaying; his eyes fixed on the casements.

As in a vision, he saw the Cardinal draw Charles back into the long chamber; and heard the mad King cry, "Froissart's daughter!" and then, with a terrible laugh, "Death to the Huguenots!"

That was all; he saw and heard no more. Without a sound he staggered forward, and fell senseless.

### III.

IN spite of the Pope having struck a medal for remembrance, most men strove hard to forget the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's Day. And, indeed, the callous slaughter of some thirty thousand persons is scarcely a happy subject for recollection! So men strove hard to forget, and some of them, no doubt, succeeded. Perhaps the Cardinal of Lorraine was one; perhaps the Duke de Guise was another; perhaps Catherine de Medici, with her watchful eyes for ever on her son, thought even he had forgotten. But Charles IX., King of France, could not forget. Waking or sleeping, the terrible cries of that night rang for ever in his ears; and in his dreams he saw the dead Huguenots, bloody and pale, rise up before him from vault and field. "Thou art the man!" they seemed to murmur, and they stood before him a great condemning army—that came at *midnight* and never left till dawn.

The King slept ill, his physicians said; and they gave him drugs to make him sleep the better. He slept no better, and a year went slowly by.

Catherine de Medici took her son in

hand; she reasoned with him. The Huguenots were dead, she argued; the green grass waved above their graves.

"They rise again," said Charles, and he gave his mother a strange look.

Often he wandered alone about the palace, and none dared speak to him.

Sometimes in the night the guard at the door of the King's bedchamber heard him cry, "What blood! what blood!"—and they saw the physicians go in, and come out again with white scared faces.

A rumour went throughout the whole of France that the judgment of God had stricken down the King; but none might speak of it; Catherine's spies were legion, and no man's life was safe.

The physicians tried to cure the King by strange diversions. Any mountebank fellow that knew a trick, or had a bear that danced, was welcome at the Court. Jugglers, tumblers, mummers to sing and act; to all the palace door swung wide.

Sometimes the King would show some flitting interest in the games; at other seasons he would sit with the old look of horror growing in his eyes. His physicians would watch him then, for often he would cry, "What blood! what blood!" by day as well as by night.

Many times he stood at the casements in the long chamber, and looked down with a sad wistfulness on that rambling old tenement built nigh to the river, with a garden that enclosed it on every side.

Frequently he sent a messenger to the old house and commanded that Jean Nicholas Moreau should appear before him.

The messengers went again and again, but they never told the King how the old house lay deserted, and how no man could tell them whither its occupant had gone. Indeed, Charles never questioned them; he simply waited for his favourite.

The King was mad!

A year went by, and now the royal doors were closed against the mountebanks. Another rumour spread throughout the land: that Charles was dying.

In a small chamber where few sounds came, the King lay on his bed. Day in and day out the physicians strove with all their skill to bring him sleep. His



"The King is dead!" she muttered. They replied, "Long live the King!"

eyes, like two deep flaming stars, shone in his sunken face; and those who saw him found the eyes haunting them in after hours.

The physicians strove, and failed. The dreadful eyes stared out; there seemed no power on earth to close them.

And now the King mumbled and muttered without cease. He still cried out, "What blood! what blood!" but he added a new horror. This was counting. "One—two—three—four—five," and on, and on, all day, all night, right up into thousands; only to lose count somewhere in the lone night, and to begin again, "One—two—three—four—five," with the dawning. When he lost count he would shriek out: "Justice, oh God! Justice!—the blood that is on me—how much blood? The souls that damn me—how many souls? Justice! Justice, oh God! I will not be guilty for the souls I have not slain!"—and with a fierce, wild energy, "One—two—three—four—five"—only to lose count again and to shriek aloud for justice.

The physicians stood together in a

little group; they merely whispered now, and watched the King. All they could do was done, and all, was nothing.

As they stood watching, Catherine de Medici entered the chamber with a pale-faced, bearded man, in long sad robes which hid his form. A new physician; a pilgrim from the East; one learned in strange diseases, so she told the group of watchers.

The new physician gazed upon the King, who lay busy with his counting. There was no sound in the chamber save that monotonous voice. Catherine de Medici came close to the physician and whispered in his ear.

"The King sleeps not," she said, "neither day nor night."

The physician nodded.

"Canst make him sleep?"

The physician regarded her fixedly. "I can," he answered, in a low, firm voice.

"Fulfil thy word," said Catherine, "and ask what fee thou wilt."

For a moment they both stood motionless and looked upon the King. Then

the physician drew forth a vial, and, bending over, poured its contents into the mumbling mouth of Charles. There was a pause. For a moment the monotonous voice went on with its weary counting, then ceased.

"He will sleep," said the physician briefly.

There was utter silence in the chamber; every eye was turned upon the King.

Suddenly Catherine bent down and put her face close to that of her son. Then she slowly raised it with the most terrible expression man ever saw. It passed, and she smiled upon the physician.

"The King sleeps well," she said; "tell me thy name that I may reward thee."

"My name," answered the physician wearily, "it is a name the King loved once—Jean Nicholas Moreau."

There was strange silence in the chamber for a moment. Then Catherine spoke.

"Jean Nicholas Moreau," she said in a toneless voice, "there are secrets the world must not know, and rewards the world dare not question. A secret is thine, and a reward is thine. Go in peace."

But the physician did not move.

"Madame," he said, "I know the re-

ward that is mine, and the manner in which I shall receive it, for I know you, and have known those who have gone from your presence, as I shall go: into a nameless grave. I am prepared, and therefore I am ready."

Catherine bowed slightly, and, going to the door of the chamber, beckoned in a page.

"Conduct Monsieur," she said, "and see that he leaves our palace secretly and unseen. This key"—producing one of peculiar pattern, at sight of which the page's face blanched—"this key will give him entrance to the narrow corridor in the west wing, down which the Duc de Brisson walked some months ago. Monsieur will enter alone, the corridor is dark, but he will feel his way; thou wilt lock the door behind him. Take three of the guard with thee; begone."

The physician bent low, and whispered some words in the dead ear of Charles:

"A life for a life, my King!"

Then he drew himself up, and bowing to Catherine, followed the page from the chamber with a firm tread.

Catherine turned to the physicians, and placed her hand on the breast of her son.

"The King is dead!" she muttered.

They replied as with one voice:

"Long live the King!"



## THE CARLYLE OF ART.

AN APPRECIATION OF S. H. SIME.

BY WALTER C. PURCELL.

THERE are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, and it is exactly the things of which the philosophers never dream that Mr. Sime delights to picture. If an artist choose to picture Richard the Third on Bosworth Field, there is no reason why another artist should not picture the witches in "Macbeth." If the mountain and the meadow, the hills and the streams, which, in Ruskin's picturesque phrase, fill the hills with winding light, find a thousand portrayers, why should not the nightmares with which every well-fed Briton is infected not find an artist of their own? Mr. Sime is the artist of nightmares, and, art being all-comprehensive, who can say that he does not fill his appointed place in the artistic economy of things? When Mr. Sime pictures a mermaid, as is portrayed in our illustration, he does not give us the mermaid of tradition, a soft, alluring, voluptuous entity, but an all-devouring monster of the crocodile species, the mermaid that one might expect to see in his dreams.

Mr. Sime's weird grotesques have appeared in the pages of "The Sketch," "The Favorite," "The Idler," and "Pick-me-Up," whilst the illustrations which he did for the latter paper for Mr. Arnold Golsworthy's weekly theatrical article—signed "Jingle"—attracted a good deal of attention. The inimitably light, dainty humour of Mr. Golsworthy attracted Sime, and they have done a good deal of work together. In fact, they have derived inspiration from each other, and an instance of this came under my notice recently. The proprietor of

a popular monthly told me the artist sent him a drawing of "The Mermaid," and the same evening he showed it to Mr. Arnold Golsworthy, and asked him if he would write a few verses to accompany it. With a facility born of genius, Mr. Golsworthy immediately wrote the following powerful verses:—

O thou mariner, riding acrest of the swell  
Of the glittering spray-spattered sea,  
Take thou heed of the bubbles and spumings  
that tell  
Of the Hag of the Ocean—the Mermaid of  
Hell—  
That is lying in wait there for thee!

When the moon is smudged out, and the night  
chaos-dark,  
And the waves surging angry and high,  
She is more to be feared than the ravenous  
shark,  
As she lashes along in the trail of the barque  
With her hideous, spluttering cry.

Though the men at the wheel fiercely strain eye  
and ear,  
Yet their striving shall never avail;  
For the Hag in the deep, with a maddening leer,  
Writhes alongside the rudder, the doomed ship  
to steer  
On the rocks in the path of the gale.

Comes the word, that the Mermaid has fastened  
her grip  
On them all—and despair stamps each face;  
And they know that there's never a hope for  
the ship,  
As each turns up his eyes with a prayer on his  
lip,  
Or a groaning and shrieking for grace.

Still the Hag of the Sea to the rudder below  
Grimly hangs, as a cumbering clod,  
Till the rocks smite the vessel a murderous  
blow,  
And the din rises over their mad screams of  
wreck  
Like the roar of a merciless god.



The Mermaid.  
Drawn by S. H. Sime.



Wide her gills will dilate at the sound of the thud,

As she belches forth bubbles of glee,  
At the thought of her feast 'mong the weeds  
and the mud;

For her meat is man's flesh, and her drink is his blood—

And they call her the Ghoul of the Sea!

Mr. Sime is, if you like, a fantastic artist, but in all his fantasy there is a moral, and in his every line there is a thought. Take, as an example, the picture which we give of "The Felon Flower;" did ever before black and white drawing depict the weirdness, the sadness, and one might say the picturesqueness of the plunge into doom with the hope and the certain promise of the hereafter that this drawing of Mr. Sime's insinuates? He is fond of a dark background, though he can, on special occasions, dispense with it, as he has done so effectively in the drawing which we reproduce of Emil Sauer, and which those who have had the pleasure of seeing, not to speak of listening to, that eminent



"Where's the war?"



Old Lady, *log.*: "What are those idiotic people making all that fuss about?"

pianist, will recognise as being more true to life and more full of life than any photograph could possibly be. Notwithstanding all the strides the photographic art has made, it has come to be recognised that in depicting, for instance, a battle scene, it lags far behind the lively pen of the artist. We do not know whether Mr. Sime has ever taken a photograph, or what is his opinion of photography in general, but, judging by the inwardness of things, we should say that he could scent a photographer's shop round the corner, and that he would cross over the street to avoid it.

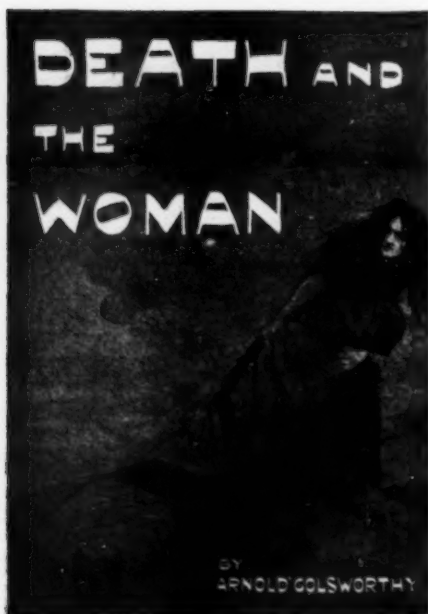
The writer of this article has never had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Sime, but he has in his possession what is considered an excellent photograph of the artist, and he is struck by the strange resemblance between his face and that of another eccentric genius whose name for half a century was in everybody's mouth.

Mr. S. H. Sime has the face of Thomas Carlyle, and the resemblance is not casual, for, to give him his real description, Sime is the Carlyle of art.



He has got the same overbearing forehead, the same deep-set eyes—which can look into futurity—the mouth half mobile, with a strong chin to VOL. X, NEW SERIES.—AUGUST, 1900.

back it up. Had Mr. Sime lived in Carlyle's time and been a resident of Cheyne Row, one could fancy with what delight the old philosopher would have received



A Book Cover.

Mr. Sime's incarnation of his lurid description of what one might call "the indescribable scenes of the French Re-

volution." Carlyle was as eccentric in his use of the English letters as Mr. Sime is in the use of English lines, and when history comes to be written it will probably be found that the author of "Sartor Resartus" is less known to fame than the drawer of "The Mermaid." Some twenty years ago every sixth standard boy, although he could not quote a line of Carlyle's, used to swear by the Chelsea sage, and sneer at Ruskin, because Ruskin always acknowledged (the better word would be pretended) that Carlyle was his master, and now everybody reads Ruskin and Carlyle is—dead. We do not wish to say that Mr. Sime's art will be as transitory as Mr. Carlyle's prose—but one may say that in fifty years hence the artist who has been able to describe the utmost limits of the grotesque will be more studied than the artist in words who tried to change the English language and failed. When it comes to the merely grotesque and what one might call unmeaningness, there is no modern artist that can show what unmeaningness is like Mr. Sime. And yet when one looks at the accompanying drawing of the stag—a bulk, a hump, and all the rest, one



The Stag—His Lament.

These forest shades my spirit chafe—  
I hear the hunters' horns,

I wish I knew a certain, safe  
And speedy cure for horns



The Felon Flower.  
Drawn by S. H. Sime.



Sal.

begins to believe that Mr. Sime had some notion in his head over and above the mere idea of decorating the entrance hall of a menagerie.

It has been our pleasure in this country, although we have led the way for fifty years or more in the black and white art, that our caricatures have always been good-natured, and instead of emphasising the bad points of a political opponent, we have delighted to show up his good qualities. For instance, which particular Tory in England would have his dreams disturbed by the caricatures of Carruthers Gould in "The Westminster Gazette?" Mr. Sime has often gone into the domain of caricature, and has not only shown himself a master in technique, but a master in conception. The accompanying drawing, which represents Mr. Beerbohm Tree lecturing, is a good example of Mr. Sime's work in his exuberant mood. Mr. Tree has too many hands, and when one looks at it, in the first instance, it seems like a puzzle, but if you take in the contour of the whole figure, and look at the pose of the real hands, the picture is as full of life and nerve as the coils of a cobra.

Mr. Sime has himself said that "caricature is in the nature of a sarcastic remark," and he argues that it is never a portrait, but a comment.

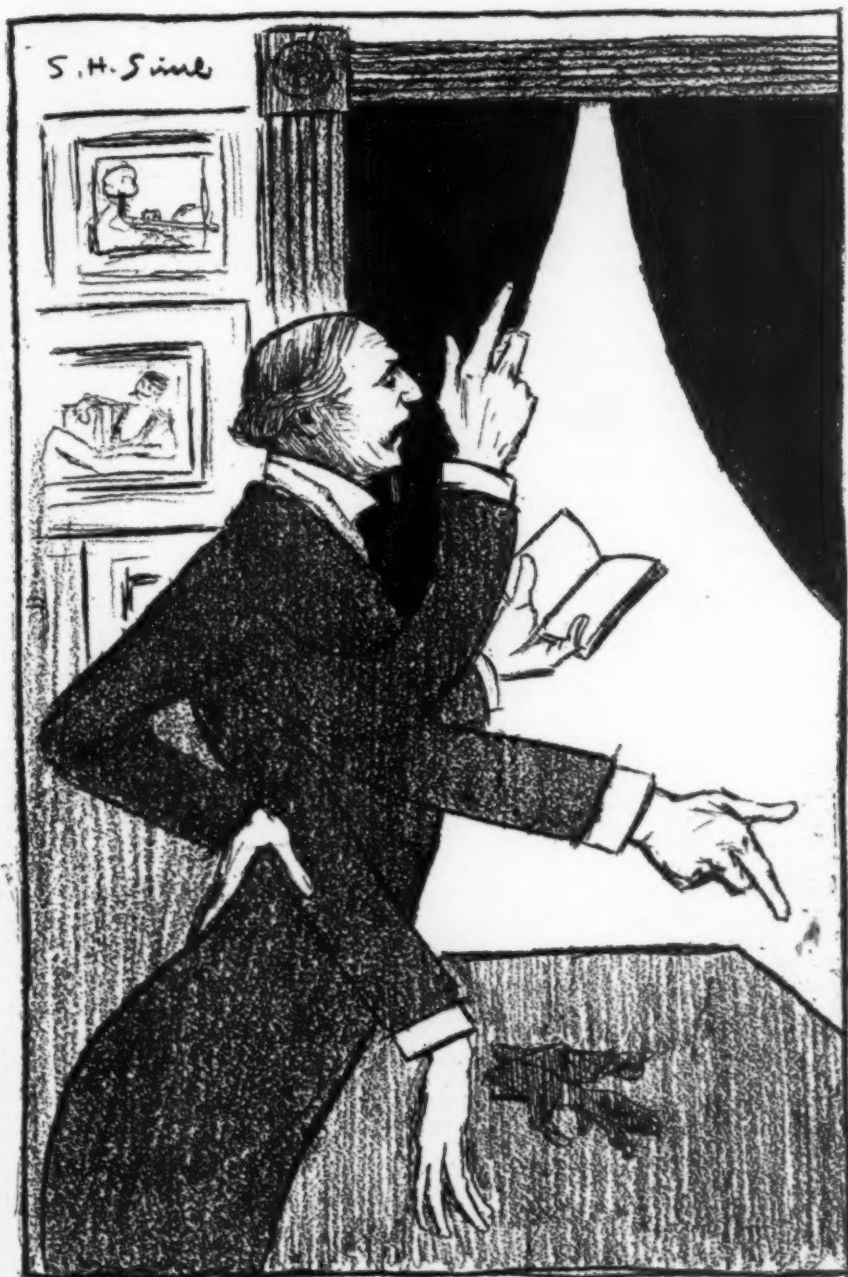
As regards the personal matter, Mr. Sime has had a unique experience. Instead of being ashamed, he is proud of the fact that, as a boy, he worked in a colliery, with all the dust and the thousand inconveniences appertaining to the life. He afterwards worked for a linendraper, looking after the things which hung outside the shop. Then came a brief experience with a barber; he did the shaving and young Sime the lathering. After that the artist went in for signwriting, and did so well with it that he started on his own account, and so found sufficient time and energy to join the Liverpool School of Art. After winning a South Kensington Medal, he came up to London, and worked for the halfpenny comic papers, and what he considers was his first drawing was accepted by Raven-Hill for "Pick-me-Up." It seems the irony of commonplace things that the



What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals.

*Shakespeare.*





Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree lecturing.

man who in Yorkshire worked for five years in a coal mine should be editor of what is acknowledged to be one of the best artistic and literary magazines in London.

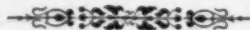
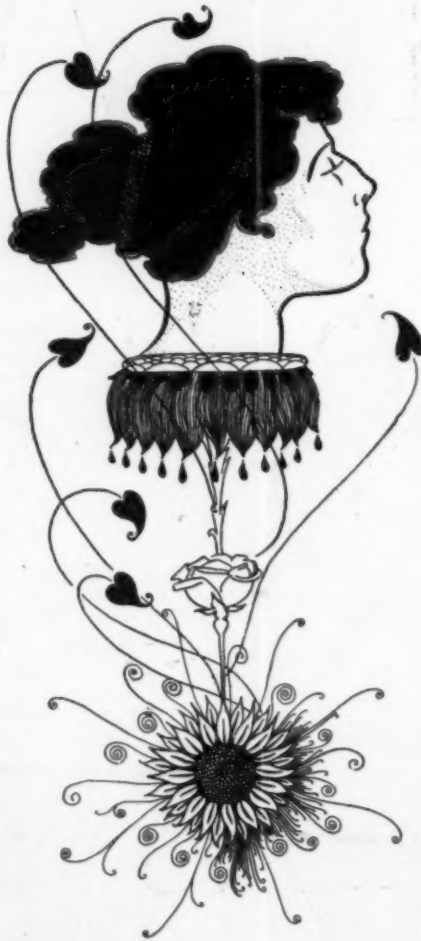
For the moment Mr. Sime's ambition seems to be centred in the well-known monthly "The Idler," of which he is the proprietor, art editor, literary editor, and business manager in one. The magazine is pervaded entirely and utterly by his personality, and if it were only for the many examples of his own peculiar art which each number brings, it must have a fascination for no inconsiderable number of the literary and artistic public.

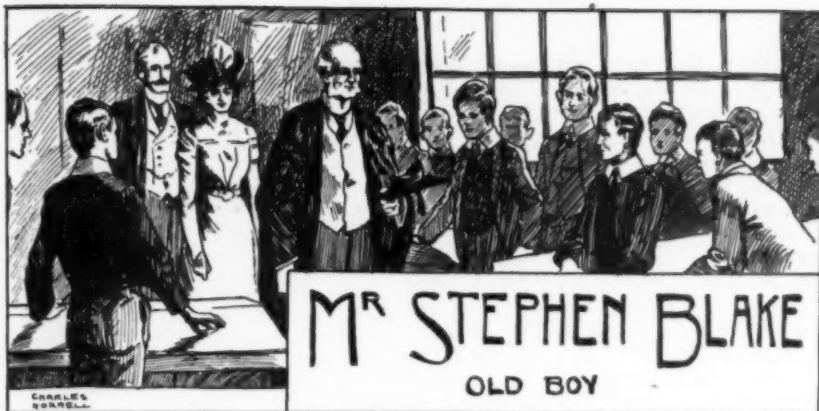
Like many of his compeers, Mr. Sime is a more prominent figure in Bohemia than in the outside world. A year or two ago, I noticed that the artistic work of Miss M. S. Pickett appeared to be influenced by Sime's art, and her quaint and fantastic drawings attracted my attention. When I learnt that Mr. Sime had married this lady, it seemed to me to be the natural sequence of things. Mr. Sime and his wife live in a flat—like so many other people who are engaged in one or other of the arts—situated in

Great Ormond Street, but their real home is on their Scottish estate of Aberfoyle. Mr. Sime is a member of the Langham Sketching Club, and he joined the Society of British Artists at the same time as Mr. Eckhardt and the late Mr. Manuel. His London headquarters are

the Yorick Club, where he may be often found after dinner, discussing in a quiet, but very argumentative voice the topics of the day. A friend of his has told me Sime is inclined to be reticent concerning himself, but ever ready to discuss writers—from Montaigne to Meredith. "I verily believe," he added, "that after half an hour's conversation with him, assuming you were ignorant of his name or his work, you would go away with the impression that you had talked with a man of leisure and a philosopher." He was indicating that Sime's conversation is far removed from what is known as "shoppy," and that he never talks of himself except in reply to a direct question, and has an utter detestation of anything which savours of pretension or cant, and in

saying this I find I have paid an unintentional, though well-deserved compliment to Sime in calling him the Carlyle of Art.





BY W. PETT RIDGE.

A MAN of my age—I shall be twelve in about ten months' time—is not likely to forget the first time that he fell in love, and the eleventh of this month is as clear in my memory now as ever it was. I remember that it was a warm afternoon, and our form was writing essays on "Queen Elizabeth—was she a good Queen?" I hate essays, as do Thornhill and Welling, who sit on either side of me, and beyond the fact that Elizabeth was one of the wives of Henry the Eighth—what a man he was!—we could remember little or nothing about her. Thornhill and I hit upon rather a good idea, and I wrote "There is no doubt that, taking everything into consideration, Elizabeth was a good Queen, and led a good career;" whilst Thornhill wrote "There is no doubt that, taking everything into consideration, Elizabeth was by no means a good Queen, and her career was one open to criticism." Welling, in order that he might not be charged with copying, wrote that "owing to the incomplete records which had been handed down to us it was, at this period of time, difficult to say whether Elizabeth as a Queen had been worthy of admiration or otherwise." Having done this, it seemed to us that one of us at any rate was safe, and Welling went to sleep while Thornhill and I played a furtive game of noughts and crosses. The rest of the form seemed drowsy; Mr. Legge, our master, working up for his degree at London University, was busy at his table. The flies buzzed

on the window panes that looked out on the churchyard. We could hear, faintly, the drowsy old organ trying to bestir itself and to rehearse the "Wedding March." Suddenly there were footsteps in the corridor, and a swish of skirts. Mr. Legge slipped his books into a drawer, and stood up.

"Boys!" he said warningly.

I nudged Welling, and we all aroused ourselves. Through the doorway came first the Headmaster (we call him the Boss) looking very flushed, conducting the most delightful looking girl I had ever seen in the whole course of my existence. She was tall, slim, and she had the pleasantest face under her large hat, with just a touch of thoughtfulness about it. The Boss handed her down the one step into the room, and we stood up. Then came a large pompous man with a red face and a spiked moustache and an aggressive waistcoat, holding in one hand a brand new silk hat, and between the fingers of the other a long half-smoked cigar.

"Boys!" said the Boss, in a flurried, nervous way, "we are greatly honoured to-day by the presence—Won't you sit down, Miss Blake?"

"Thank you," said that delightful creature. She had a quiet voice. "I am not tired." She glanced rather anxiously as she spoke at the elder man, and, taking his silk hat, placed it on the table.

—By the presence of Mr. Stephen Blake, the well-known financier: of one of the pillars of the great City of London,

one of those, Mr. Legge—have I your attention, Mr. Legge?" Mr. Legge had been gazing admiringly at Miss Blake, and started as he was spoken to. "One of those, Mr. Legge, who by great ability and cautious dexterity have made the name of England respected, honoured, and trusted as a commercial nation. You are no doubt aware that Mr. Stephen Blake was once a pupil of this Academy. I remember him very well: I was then in the position, Mr. Legge—pray favour me with your notice—in the position, Mr. Legge, that you occupy at the present time. He was then a mere lad, seated on the forms that you now occupy, and I recall him to my memory as a thin, eager-faced boy with a wonderful turn for mathematics."

Mr. Stephen Blake patted his spiked moustache, laughed in an important deprecatory way, and said: "No, no, nonsense!"

"You'll pardon me," said the Boss, with great firmness, "I must crave permission to repeat my words. A wonderful turn for mathematics. After a time, sir, you left this school, and for a long space we lost sight of you. Then," went on the Boss with great impressiveness, "I began to see in the journals which chronicle with more or less accuracy the news of the day the name of one Mr. Stephen Blake. And I said to myself 'Blake, Blake? Surely I remember that name!' Slowly the assurance came to me that the great man whose projects loomed large in all the financial papers was indeed the small, thin-faced boy to whom I once had the great honour of imparting knowledge, and I fear, at times—er—correction."

Mr. Stephen Blake was much amused at this. He laughed so loudly that the



"I am, if I may say so without presumption, accustomed to the applause of multitudes."

windows overlooking the churchyard trembled.

"Boys, Mr. Blake is doing us the high favour of paying us a visit to-day. Need I say how grateful we are for this, and need I say how much he has added to this graciousness by bringing with him his charming daughter, whose face is—er—like the sunshine in our dull old school?"

For the first time we cheered. I led the other boys, and I think she noticed this, for she smiled at me specially in bowing acknowledgment. I got as red in the face as a turkey cock.

"Boys!" said the Boss, "I have finished. Mr. Stephen Blake will now

address you: give him a hearty welcome. (Mr. Legge, see that the boys give our honoured guest a hearty welcome)."

Mr. Legge hurried down the side of the forms urging us all to enthusiasm, and, standing at the back, kicked the boarding to add volume to the applause. Mr. Stephen Blake stepped forward. His daughter took a chair now, and, leaning forward slightly, watched him with interest and reverence as he spoke to us. Someone had passed the word along that there would surely be a day's holiday over the affair, and we were all ex-

cited. The smaller boys at the back stood on forms to miss nothing of the scene: the rest of us looked anxiously at the stout red-faced man who was on the raised platform. He waited until the cheering had finished, and then pulled at his yellow waistcoat.

"Gentlemen," he said loudly. "On behalf of my dear daughter"—he turned and touched her shoulder affectionately—"and myself, accept my thanks for your reception. I am a public man, and in my small way I suppose what you may call a political person."

The Boss said "Hear, hear," very feelingly.

"—And I am, if I may say so without presumption, accustomed to the applause of multitudes. Only last week I addressed an audience of some five thousand souls on the subject of 'Thrift,' and I held their attention for—was it an hour and a half, my dear, or an hour and three-quarters?"

"An hour and a half, father," she said quietly. The sweetest voice you ever heard!

"For an hour and a half, and that, as you may guess, was no mean task. But I confess that the difficulty of addressing the forty young men before me now is greater, far greater, than any I have for some time experienced. Nevertheless, as I am a man accustomed to encounter difficulties, and, as I may add," here his yellow waistcoat seemed to swell, "to overcome difficulties, I shall try to give you lads a few words of advice and of counsel for the future."

"Good!" said the Boss approvingly.



Two of them were broad-shouldered men in silk hats.



"As I look at you I cannot help sending my mind back some thirty years to a time when I, too, as your excellent Headmaster has told you, was a lad seated upon those benches, wondering vaguely, in the intervals of—er—not learning my lessons," he beamed largely and we all laughed, "wondering what my future would be like. Some of my contemporaries I have seen to-day. For the most part they have become Kentish farmers of a not very successful pattern, dull of mind if sound of body. Their speech has no accent of what I may, without offence I hope, term culture: their manners are not those, I venture to say, that obtain in any West End drawing-room."

I was watching her carefully, and I noticed that her pretty face gave a faint wince whenever her father made a blunder in speech. But this only seemed to emphasise her genuine and obvious admiration.

"I lived with my poor old mother in a little house away over there near the Park, and she paid two and ninepence a week for rent, and saved every penny she could to pay for my schooling here. To-day she, I regret to say, sleeps in the churchyard just below the windows, and it will be my duty when I leave you to pay a visit of respect—me and my daughter—to her grave. It's what we must all come to, rich *or* poor, male *or* female."

"Hear!" said the Boss very feelingly.

"I can remember when I was a boy at this school that someone came down from London once to give us lads good advice. He told us to work for the good of the country at large, to respect the feelings of others, to give liberally, to be gentle to our fellows, to exert ourselves to make other people happy."

We cheered because we thought that he expected it. Besides the Boss gave the signal.

"Ah but," went on Mr. Stephen Blake, raising a fat fore-finger, "he was wrong! He was in error! He wasn't in it! If I'd acted on the principles that that old gentleman laid down I should never have made money; I should never have become the public character I am; I should

have no title to be addressing you this afternoon. It is by studiously avoiding all these precepts that I am *what* I am. Small as I was then, I was what may be termed an acute sort of lad. It didn't take me long to find out that if I wanted to get on in the world the leading principle was 'Self.' That was the main principle that I acted on. Self first, I always say, Self second, and turn round once and then Self again." He repeated this with emphasis because he noticed that the Boss was looking away rather intently at the windows. "You won't find that at the head of your copybooks, but it ought, all the same, to be printed in every schoolroom in letters of gold. By ignoring the feelings of others, by not wasting my money, when I made it, on other people; by always inventing, night *and* day, ingenious plans for getting the best of everybody, I've come to the proud position that I occupy to-day." The Boss coughed gently. "Believe me or not, boys, just as you like, but that's the truth, and there's no getting away from it. On the other hand, you begin to put in practice some of these platitudes what are offered you by well-meaning but mistaken persons with no real experience in the world, and you'll come a cropper, my lads, and it'll serve you right. Mind you, I'm not blaming them that tells you different. They do it from, I dessay, the best of motives, but the fact of the whole matter is, they don't know. I *do*! That's just the difference. I've had my way to make in the world, and I haven't kept me hands in a muff, or done it by begging people's pardon. People say nasty things about me sometimes. They say I am brusque in my manners; they say I am reckless in my acts; a blackguard paper the other day called me unscrupulous. Do you think I care? Not a bit of it!" His red face became almost purple with passion. "Not a bit of it! When I hear nasty little snacks like that I simply turn to my bank pass-book and I look at the total, and I say to myself, 'Stephen Blake, you're all right. You keep straight on, and don't you care for anybody.'"

He pulled at his cigar, which had gone out, and then threw it in the corner.

Several of the boys made a note of its position.

"Moreover," he went on aggressively, "the man who turns his cheek to the smiter sort-o'-thing is never respected in this world. The man who studies the comforts and the pockets of other people is looked upon as an amiable idiot. The man who sacrifices himself for the sake of his fellow men is openly derided. Mind you," he wagged his fat finger at us and stepped forward in a confidential manner, "mind you I'm not saying that all this is as it should be. If this was a perfect world, it would be otherwise. But it's *not* a perfect world, and we have to take it as we find it, and my last words to you boys, are words that I trust you'll engrave on your memory and keep there always. Look after yourself, and let other people go to"—He stopped himself suddenly. "To their own destinies," he said. He took from his waistcoat pocket his valuable watch. "Time presses," he said, resuming his oratorical manner, "and I must say no more. From the stress and turmoil of London life, I have snatched a day's rest; a day which at the request of my dear daughter has been spent in the Kentish village that was my birthplace. I shall ask my friend, your Headmaster, to allow me to leave something tangible in the shape of money prizes—"

More applause from us at the signal of the Boss, now more at his ease.

"—And to say how I hope you'll all get on in the world like I have. You may not all arrive at a position like mine, but you can all try. Boys, good luck to you!"

We gave three cheers for Mr. Stephen Blake, and then I called out, "Three cheers for Miss Blake," and the roof nearly came off. She smiled very



"Have to warn you, sir, that anything you say at the present time may be used against you in evidence."

charmingly, and took her father's arm. Mr. Legge rushed to the door to open it: she shook hands with him, and it strikes me Legge would have willingly given up all chances of a B.A. at London University to have kissed her glove.

There was no more work that afternoon, and the conduct of Queen Elizabeth had no further attention. Instead, we all stood at the long open windows, which look out on the churchyard below and waited until the party came out of the Boss's house, and paid their visit to the grave, which had a small wooden cross at its head. A London train came in at the station, and we watched the few people who arrived. Two of them were broad-shouldered men in silk hats, who, after a brief chat with the stationmaster, made their way up the short hill in the direction of the school-

house. We boys knew every resident of the village by sight, and these two men in silk hats were strangers. When they came to the wicket gate of the churchyard they stopped there, and one of them lighted a cigarette: the other took off his silk hat and fanned himself with it. They both looked across the graves as the party from the school-house came. By craning our necks out of the long window we could see Mr. Stephen Blake and his daughter and the Boss; the air was so still that we could hear them talking below. Mr. Blake's voice was indeed the kind of voice for the open-air: in a room it was too large; and every word that he said came up distinctly; when *she* spoke—I could only just see her—it was difficult to hear because her voice was low. When I am older I shall take care that the girl I marry has a quiet voice like Miss Blake's.

"Now this is very annoying," we heard him say. "Here's my poor mother's grave absolutely neglected. Why is this now? They must have known quite well that they had only to send me a line, and I'd have posted off a cheque by return of post. I never stint over a matter of this kind. What's fifty or a hundred pounds to me, eh?"

The Boss made some remark.

"Exactly, my dear sir. As you say—a mere bagatelle. Now, my dear, you must remind me directly we get back to town, to send for a man and have drawings made for a suitable place here. We'll have a family vault kind of arrangement so that when my time comes—"

She touched his arm gently and spoke to him.

"Yes, yes, my dear, I know, I know. Same time one's never sure what may 'appen, and it's just as well not to leave everything to the last. We'll have something set up like Lady Marden's place over there, only it shall be more sumptuous. See what I mean?"

His daughter had had some flowers in her hand, and these she placed quietly at the head of the small green mound. He did not pay any attention to this, but went on talking to the Boss in his loud, bustling, dogmatic way.

"One of them stained glass windows for the church wouldn't look bad, would it? With a notice underneath saying who'd given it. Nothing ostentatious, you know, but at the same time striking, so that people shall notice it. Let some of 'em see what Stephen Blake who used to play chevy chase on the hill has rose up to."

The Boss remarked that this would be an incentive to other lads.

"Exactly. That's what I mean it to be. I'll get it mentioned in the papers when I get back to town. They're always ready to put in a bit about me; sometimes I wish they wasn't. What a'you make the time, my dear?"

She replied, looking at her watch, that but twenty minutes remained to catch the next train to London.

"Then," said Mr. Stephen Blake importantly, "we must be bustling along. Three engagements we've got this evening! all of 'em at swell places. I fancy," he laughed boisterously, "I fancy I get invited for the sake of my daughter. What?"

The Boss remarked that he would do himself the pleasure of accompanying them to the station. They moved away from the grave, but first Miss Blake took a leaf from the short laurel shrub growing near. As they started Thornhill nudged me to watch the two men in silk hats who were also moving. They walked smartly towards Mr. Stephen Blake, and when they met him they stood on either side of him.

"Pardon me, sir," said one of the men, "Mr. Stephen Blake I believe?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Blake effusively, "more old school-fellows, I suppose. Sorry to say I can't recall your names!"

"My name," said the first man, "is Mackworth, my friend's name is Laing."

"Strangers, surely," remarked the Boss.

"We're detectives belonging to the City Police in Old Jewry, and we hold a warrant," the first man produced from his pocket a folded slip of blue paper, "for the arrest of Mr. Stephen Blake."

"Father, dear," she cried. The other detective took his arm.

"Have to warn you, sir, that anything

you say at the present time may be used against you in evidence."

"What is the charge?" he asked in a low voice.

"I'll read the warrant, sir," said the detective agreeably, placing one foot on the iron railings of a grave and clearing his throat. We could not catch all the words, but some of them came to our ears. "Fraudulently misrepresenting. Intent to deceive. Falsely swearing."

"Father, dear," said his daughter, "we will all go back together. You can explain everything to these gentlemen in the train."

"Yes," he said stupidly, "explain everything. In the train."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Blake," began the Boss elaborately, "that this little *contretemps* should have thrown a cloud, however slight, over the visit of yourself and your charming daughter, and I trust—"

"Come," said Stephen Blake to the officers feebly. "One of you must give me an arm."

They went across the churchyard and down the hill to the station. School was over five minutes later, and as soon



"If you please, Miss Blake, we're awfully sorry for you."

as Mr. Legge had dismissed us, Thornhill and I scampered down like mad to the station in order to see her once more. The train was coming in as we arrived, and she, very white of face, was waiting alone on the platform. We lifted our caps and went up to her.

"If you please, Miss Blake," I said, panting, "we're awfully sorry for you."

For the first time the tears came to her eyes. She bent and kissed us both. A cheeky young beggar of an office boy, who has always been our enemy, was looking on from the window of the station, and we scarcely knew whether to be pleased or annoyed. She tried to say something to us, but she could not. The train ran in, and I opened a carriage door for her; but as I did

so, the two officers brought Mr. Stephen Blake, limp and helpless, from the small waiting-room, assisted him into an empty compartment, and the stationmaster locked them in. The train started, and we saw her pale face and wet eyes looking wistfully at us.

Then a fortunate thing happened.

The office boy, as we were going away, depressed and silent, shouted after us, "Who kissed the gal?" Whereupon Thornhill took my satchel and I went back and gave that impudent little brass-buttoned beggar the best punching he had ever had in all the days of his

life. It was a good thing for us, for after it my eye wanted some attention, and distracted our thoughts, and gave us something fresh to talk about.

All the same I find myself thinking now a good deal of her.



### BIDE A WEE AND DINNA FRET.

Is the road very dreary,  
Patience yet.  
Rest will be sweet if thou art weary,  
And after night cometh the morning cheery!  
Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

The clouds have silver lining,  
Don't forget.  
And tho' he's hidden still the sun is shining,  
Courage instead of tears or vain repining;  
Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

When toil and cares unending  
Are beset,  
Bethink thee how the storms from heaven descending  
Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending;  
Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

Grief sharper stings doth borrow  
From regret;  
But yesterday is gone and shall its sorrow  
Unfit us for the present and to-morrow?  
Nay, bide a wee and dinna fret.

H. T.





"QUEEN to play, and mate in three moves!" I whispered to Sir Charles Fellowes, my host.

We were in the smoking-room, looking on at a most interesting game of chess played between two members of a large house-party that Sir Charles, Ex-Ambassador of St. Petersburg, was entertaining. My remark had a strange effect on Sir Charles. He gave a visible start, and the expression on his face was one that led me to suppose my words had awakened some unpleasant memories.

"Strange, you should say that," he said after a pause, shaping his iron-grey moustache with his long, nervous-looking fingers, "for I had the words on the tip of my tongue. They recall a crisis in my diplomatic career, which I shall never forget. It is said that everyone, some time or other, is confronted with a grave situation. I met mine at the commencement of my life."

"Check!" called out one of the players.

Sir Charles started again, then lapsed into silence.

In a few minutes the game was over,

and the two players joined our group by the fire.

"Very good play!" commented Sir Charles, "and I congratulate the winner. I was just saying to my friend here—nodding towards me—that a game of chess always sets me thinking of an incident in my Ambassadorial career."

"Let us hear the story!" we chorussed. Sir Charles gravely nodded, lit a cigar, and commenced:

"I have always regarded the lives of Diplomats and Ambassadors as being one big game of chess, but they play with real Kings, Queens, Knights, and Pawns. By the latter, I mean the thousand and one minor people who revolve round the centre; but all help to play a part in the great drama of life. Most people think that the lives of Ambassadors and Diplomats run on a pretty even tenure. This is not so. The responsibilities thrown upon the shoulders of Government representatives are often very heavy. The greatest tact, shrewdness and forethought must be shown when dealing with Kings and Queens—aye! and Pawns, too.

"It was in the fifties that I was appointed British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. My position, I need hardly say, brought me in contact with men and women of the highest social standing, but none were more fascinating to me than Princess Dravotchsky, a charming little brunette with whom every man fell in love as a matter of course."

"And you were no exception?" I queried.

"I fell head over heels in love the first time I set eyes on her," admitted Sir Charles. "You see I was very young and foolish; being as susceptible as most men," he added.

"I had just been waltzing with Princess Dravotchsky at a very brilliant ball, when she asked me to take her into the conservatory. Imagine my distress and surprise when we were seated, to see her burst out into a torrent of weeping. Never before had I realised how sweetly bitter tears could be. In vain I tried to soothe her; in vain I expostulated and strove to learn the cause of her grief. Between her sobs, she managed to make me understand that she was very unhappy. The situation was an embarrassing one. At any moment the conservatory might have been full of people, and a scene would inevitably have ensued. But there are limits even to a woman's grief. Calming herself, she begged me to accompany her home at once. Need I say that such an opportunity for declaring my love was not lost by me, and I joyfully consented. Even Ambassadors are very human!"

"We slipped out unseen by a back way, and ordering her carriage, together we drove homewards. She told me she was about to be forced into a marriage which was utterly distasteful to her. Imploring my intervention and help, she again gave way to her grief. The bare idea of so fair a girl being tied to a man whom she held in such aversion, repelled me. In another moment I had declared my love, and that if she would make me the happiest of men, she need have no fear of a distasteful alliance. Before the drive was over I had won the Princess. She consented to be my wife.

"When we reached her house, she had

completely regained her self-possession, was very happy and very bright. She was to call at the Embassy the following afternoon. As I said 'Good-bye,' she whispered very shyly: 'Now it's queen to play, and then—then mate in three moves!'

"I said something about her being my queen, or some such triviality, adding that there was only one move so far as I was concerned, and that was to get married. Then I left her, being driven back to the ball-room in her carriage. I explained to her chaperon that I had been dancing with the Princess—she had pleaded indisposition, so I had driven home with her. I expressed a hope to her chaperon that I should be allowed to accompany her back. She readily consented.

"As I was crossing the ball-room, I saw a handsome young Russian drop a programme. I picked it up, and was about to give it to him, when my eye fell on a hastily scribbled pencil note at the bottom. It read: 'Queen to play: mate in three moves.' At the same moment the owner turned round, and I handed him his programme. He thanked me courteously, and after exchanging a few pleasantries, we parted.

"I was puzzled. I argued with myself that it was a mere coincidence, but circumstances seemed to point otherwise. Then I remembered that I was in a country where plots and counter-plots ran riot, being worked by the most skilful scoundrels in the world.

"Well, gentlemen, to tell you the truth, the words—'Queen to play, and mate in three moves' got so rooted in my brain that I could think of nothing else. I had come to the conclusion that they were of evil purport. I would not, I dared not think who might possibly know the meaning. I banished the Princess from my mind. Instead, the handsome face and figure of the young Russian—the Duke de Pettskoff by name—was ever before me. The rest of my evening's enjoyment was entirely marred. I was relieved when I learnt the Princess's chaperon claimed me to accompany her home. I spoke but little. All the time the footsteps of the horses

seemed to say—  
'Queen—to play—  
and mate—in—  
three moves;  
Queen—to play  
—and mate—in—  
three moves.'

"My duties next morning kept me busily engaged at the Embassy. We were working at high pressure then, for the Crimean War was threatening. I received despatches from England of the utmost secrecy and importance. I never let them out of my own private room.

"I waded through my heap of correspondence, and, with the assistance of my secretary, completed my duties by three o'clock. Then I divided my attention between a most important despatch from the War Office and a cigar. Hardly had I settled down, when my man

entered and announced Princess Dravotchsky. She swept into the room with a queenly air, her face radiant with love and happiness. Directly she entered, all fears and doubts left me. No man could have been more completely fascinated than I, or more in love. She rattled on in the merriest strains about anything that would amuse me. She pleaded so prettily for my intervention in her marriage, which her people wished to hurry on, that I promised I would go to her father to plead my own cause, whereat she was perfectly satisfied. When she brought out her cigarettes, took one herself, offered me one, and lit it, I felt as happy

VOL. X, NEW SERIES.—AUGUST, 1900.



"We slipped out unseen by a back way."

as a man could be. I can see her now, sitting opposite me, with her bright young face aglow with youth and health. She had just asked me to hand her that 'horrid old war paper,' as she called the document from the War Office, when I inhaled a great cloud of smoke into my lungs. I knew nothing more until I regained consciousness an hour later.

"I was alone in the room. At first I could not recollect where I was. I felt dazed and stupid. Then it suddenly swept across me that I was the centre of a foul conspiracy. The Princess had drugged me by means of a cigarette. She was probably in the employ of the Russian Secret Service, was an old hand

at the game, and every card she played would prove trumps!

"These were the hurried thoughts that crossed my excited brain as the horrible truth forced itself upon me. Then I made the dread discovery that the document from the War Office had gone! It contained a brief outline of our troops' intended manoeuvres in the Crimea. The whole of the carefully prepared scheme lay bare before my eyes. The Princess was in league with the Duke de Pettskoff—she was the 'Queen' and had pencilled the note on Pettskoff's programme. I recollected having seen her dancing with him. Now she had played—aye! the very devil, too. There were two more moves, and I thought I saw them. As I lived, I vowed they should never come about.

"A great shock to the nerves is often followed by a strange, unnatural calm. This was the case with me. In a moment I had gained complete self-possession. I saw how I should act, and act at once. I summoned my secretary:

"Did you see Princess Dravotchsky leave the Embassy this afternoon?" I asked him.

"Yes, your Excellency."

"How long ago?"

"About an hour."

"Nothing in her demeanour that attracted your notice?"

"Absolutely nothing, your Excellency."

"Do you know where the Duke de Pettskoff lives?"

"Yes."

"And the Princess?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Then write what I tell you. Use half a sheet of plain paper. Ask no questions; know nothing of what you are doing: it is a matter of life and death. Copy that writing as well as you can—I placed before him an old letter of the Princess's—it is not difficult to imitate. Now begin: 'King to play—mate in two moves. See me to-night at home.' That is all. Append no name, date, nor residence. Put it into Russian, and see that the Duke de Pettskoff gets it as soon as possible. You are not to deliver the note yourself, but give it

to one of the servants. Insist on his waiting for an answer. Follow him all the way. Never for an instant let him out of your sight. Now, go!"

"Gentlemen, that hour's waiting for my secretary's return was the longest hour I have ever known. I had played a bold game. If the Duke answered, I knew their pass-word; if not, nobody would be any the wiser, but I should have lost valuable time."

"It was worthy of a British Diplomatist," I remarked.

Sir Charles gravely bowed his head and continued:

"On his return, my secretary quietly entered my room. He bore an envelope in his hand. I opened it hurriedly, my heart thumping like a sledge-hammer. This is what I read: 'Queen to play—mate in one move. See you ten, to-night!' She had played her first move—she had stolen the document. The Duke had played his move—he thought no one had discovered the theft, and he was going to see her. It left me the last move. What was it to be, I wondered.

"Never before or since have I felt such a thrill of excitement as I felt then.

"Order my carriage for 9.30," I said to my secretary. "You are to accompany me to Princess Dravotchsky's. Bring a loaded revolver. Don't be surprised at anything I may say, or anything I may do. More depends upon your silence than you dare think. Be ready to come with me at 9.30. Now, not a word to anyone!"

"Then I was once more alone, turning over in my mind the possibilities of a check to my plans. A false move on my part would have meant disaster to England. A miscalculation spelt defeat for our brave soldiers. I sat down to quietly think over my plan of campaign. If I failed, there was nothing for it but to send in my resignation. No hands of any clock moved so slow as that night. As the hour of departure gradually approached, my nerves were at as high a tension as they could possibly have been.

"The carriage is waiting, your Excellency," my secretary announced, entering the room when I was deep in thought.



I hastily scribbled a pencilled note as follows:—'Queen to play—mate in one' towards the Princess's home, with my secretary.



"'Spare the Duke's life—only his life!' she cried out."

move,' placed it in an envelope, and a few minutes later was bowling along "It was a quarter to ten when the servant opened the front door.



"Take this to the Princess,' I said to the man, handing him the envelope, 'and ask if she will see me.'

"In a few moments he returned, requesting me and my secretary to follow him. I had by Providence hit on the pass-word!

"Should anyone wish to see us and the Princess, show them up; they are friends,' I whispered to the servant, as he opened the door.

"The Princess was busy writing at the far end of the room. It was not until I had closed the door, and said: 'Queen to play—mate in one move' that she started and turned round. Then there swept over her face such a look of fear as I had never before seen equalled.

"The game is up!' I cried, running forward. 'Death as a Secret Service spy, or deliver up that document you stole from me this afternoon. Your country will show you no mercy; your Government will not own you; they will deny you. They will say—'We do not know the woman, treat her as she deserves.'

"She looked like a beautiful tigress at bay. For a moment she stood with flashing eyes and heaving bosom; then she broke out into a torrent of abuse, lashing me with words of hate and bitter sarcasm. Suddenly a clear, magnificent voice rang out, which told that its possessor was born to rule, and to be obeyed. It said: 'Silence! The tongue of that woman is worse than the sting of a scorpion!'

"The Princess ceased her scathing abuse, and I turned hurriedly round. There, in the shadow of the room, stood Nicholas I., the Czar of all the Russias, and by him was the Duke de Pettskoff!

"Sire,' I said, 'the Princess has in her possession a document which she stole from me this afternoon. Either your Majesty must make her give it up, or I send in my resignation, at the same time declaring your Majesty was mixed up in an affair which would cast a blot on your throne that could never be effaced. The whole civilised world would cry shame. My secretary is my witness.'

"A dark shadow played across the Czar's face.

"That document from the English War Office, or your exposure!' I said again.

"I know nothing of this woman,' replied the Czar.

"Princess,' I said, 'your own ruler denies you. It is death for you and the Duke de Pettskoff.'

"For answer, the Princess flung herself between me and the Czar. Letting down her lovely hair, she shook out the dark tresses, in which was concealed the stolen document. It was screwed up into small pieces; they showered upon the floor.

"Spare the Duke's life—only his life,' she cried out. 'Do with me what you will, but give me his life!'

"Never before had I heard such pleading, nor seen a woman look more lovely in her agony of fear and grief. Then I knew that she loved the Duke, and a great pity took hold of me which prompted me to save him.

"Your Majesty must give me your word of honour that you do not know the contents of the stolen document,' I said, turning towards him.

"The Czar, on his oath, answered in the negative.

"I must extract the same promise from the Duke!'

"The Duke also swore his ignorance.

"Then I give you my word of honour that your Majesty's connection with the affair shall be kept a secret!'

"The Czar gave me his hand, and said, 'Had I but such men as you in my Government, my life would be in safe keeping. You English are a strange race. There is honour among you: we know not what it is in Russia!'

"There were tears and despair in his voice.

"I thank your Majesty for your gracious words,' I responded. 'Neither your Highness nor your great people can ever know how deeply our gracious Queen is beloved and revered. Honour to whom honour is due, sire!'

"There was a pause—one of those pauses which mark the turning point in a career. It was mine.

"Whenever you are in want of a friend, come to Nicholas I., said the

Czar, breaking the silence. 'He has done with secret plots.' He will not try treachery again!

"'I thank your Highness,' I replied simply.

"I bowed to the Princess: 'I shall be compelled to have you detained at Her Majesty's pleasure, Madam. I will do my utmost to see you are leniently dealt with. You must come back with me and my secretary to-night!'

"I had checkmated my opponent; her plan to place the documents in the Czar's hands had failed. The Czar and the Duke moved towards the door.

"'Sir,' he said to me, 'you and I are on our honour!'

"In another moment he was gone.

"Half-an-hour later the Princess was given in charge of the police, but how changed she was from that woman of a few hours back!

"Shortly after this, war was declared, and, sending in my papers, I returned to

England. I explained as much as was necessary to our Government. The Queen, on hearing of the affair, with her gracious kindness, intervened and obtained for the Princess a free pardon after the war was over. The real truth never leaked out. The Czar was as good as his word, and proved a staunch friend. I think it is partly owing to his high opinion of me that I have attained my position in diplomatic life.

"Shortly after this affair England's glory was heightened by the victories at Alma, Inkerman, Sevastapol, and the famous charge of Balacava. I shudder to think what might not have happened, had not Providence guided me to write 'King to play—and mate in two moves.'"

"And the Princess?" we queried.

"She was married to the Duke, but I never saw her again. Now, you know why I am a bachelor," and a shade of sadness passed over our host's face.

## LE RÉVEIL.

TO EILEEN (ÆTATIS SUÆ XVI).

Good-bye, good-bye, divinely tender years,  
Whose coy, delicious days enfold a tale,  
Beside which wond'rous Bardic songs would pale;  
The maiden knell it is that fans those fears  
To toll life's tocsin with its trembling sighs,  
While waking woman peeps from out those eyes.

C. H.-W.



Mr. Maxim at  
eighteen.

THERE is perhaps no more interesting man in London at the present time—not even excluding war heroes—than Mr. Hiram S. Maxim. For the matter of that, Mr. Maxim is a hero of the war, *the* hero of the war. For have not his mechanisms of death oftentimes proved the ruling factor in the many engagements—but all in good time, and, like a good story-teller, I must start at the beginning.

I realised fully that the readers of THE LUDGATE would expect much of me when I bearded this remarkably docile and good-natured lion in his den. Lionised he is indeed, which accounts for almost his first words to me: "From nine o'clock of one morning to one o'clock of the next I am always busy, with never a moment to spare." Nevertheless, Mr. Maxim was able to afford a few minutes to give some details of his inventions, and—none the less important—of himself.

There may not seem much connection between coach-building and gun-making, but it is a fact that Mr. Hiram Maxim began his business life as an ap-

## A DEALER IN DEATH.

BY COLSTON MOORE.

prentice to a coach-builder. This was not a profession of his own choosing, as evidences the fact that six months had not elapsed ere he decamped, and engaged himself as a common machine hand to some big works in Fitchburg, U.S.A. With his marvellous brain he soon became an expert in his business, and broadened out his path of usefulness by studying mechanical drawing. Needless to say, in this, as in all the work whereto he has set his hand,

Mr. Maxim was successful, in fact, he became an expert, and even now, in spite of his sixty years of hard toiling, he can still give points to many highly paid men in his employ.

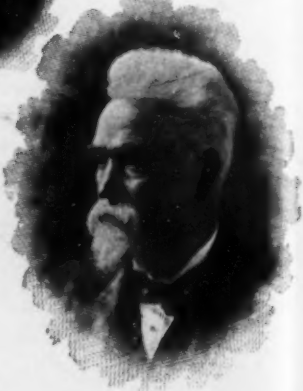
An important



At forty-five.



At fifty-eight.



At sixty.

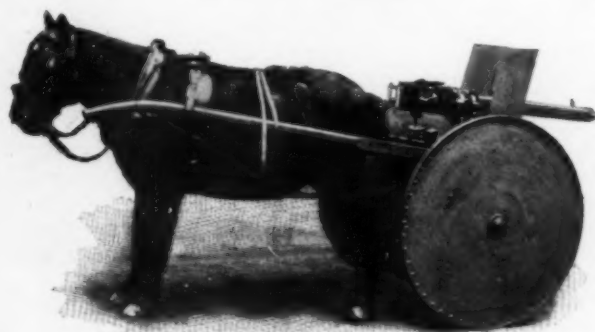
feature in Mr. Maxim's career was his going to Boston, and his subsequent employment in the shops of The Novelty Iron-works Steamship Building Company of New York. It is with wonderful inventions that Mr. Maxim's name is coupled, and shortly after his appearance in Boston specifications of his first invention were filed. What was Mr. Maxim's first invention? I suppose everybody has heard of the mouse trap that claims this honour, so I shall not dilate on its merits, nor on the merits of a certain bicycle that he built when quite a youngster, and which aforesaid cycle was the cause of much trouble in the vicinity of its peregrinations; but really the first important invention was an automatic gas

when I happened to be playing about with an ordinary military musket, I was very greatly surprised at the strength of the recoil. The energy of this recoil was all wasted, and, to me, it seemed absurd that such should be the case. And so I set to work, and found that this energy could be used to reload the gun with the necessary ammunition. In the South Kensington Museum is the model of the earliest 'Maxim,' and it bears a label to the effect: 'This apparatus loads and fires itself by force of its own recoil, and is the first machine ever made in which energy from the burning powder is employed for loading and firing the arm.'

"Your invention caused great excitement at the time, did it not?"

"Excitement! Why, yes, everybody almost, from the Prince of Wales downwards, came to see me about it. In fact, I had to use over two hundred thousand rounds of ammunition simply explaining the gun to visitors. At first, as you may well believe, no one would credit my statements. As a matter of real truth, no one quite understood the real significance of my invention.

"When it was first rumoured in the English newspapers that an American engineer had successfully made a gun which would actually load and fire itself by energy derived solely from the burning powder, everyone was incredulous. But the gun had really been made, and was on exhibition before any announcement of this kind took place. The little workshop where this new gun was constructed was situated in Hatton Garden, and when it was fully realised that such a weapon had been made all the 'notables' of London flocked to Hatton Garden to see the wonderful arm and fire it. Those who were skilled in the manufacture of guns, and in naval and military tactics, regarded this novel piece of artillery as



The first 'Maxim' ever devised. It had quaint shield-like wheels.

machine, a machine widely used in the land of his birth—the Almighty States. Mr. Maxim's work in the regions of electricity has been really stupendous, but wonderful indeed as his investigations were in this quarter they are not what render him the popular personage he now is. The inventions which have achieved undying fame for the name of Hiram S. Maxim were brought to light in 1881 and 1882. The designs of the famous firing and self-loading gun were then first committed to paper, and, if I remember rightly, it was in 1883 that the first "Maxim" was made.

"How did you come to invent this wonderful contrivance?" I ventured.

"Well, you see, it was like this," replied Mr. Maxim. "A long time ago,

a complete departure, and it was said at the time by those best able to judge that it could not fail to open a completely fresh epoch in the manufacture of arms. The simplicity and rapidity of fire, together with the great lightness of the arm, and, more than all, its automatic action, gave it so many advantages that it soon became apparent that it must inevitably take the place of every other form of machine gun. And this has been borne out by subsequent events."

We have long heard of the Maxim Gun in our little wars. We often read how the natives have been mown down like grass before its hailstorm of bullets. In the present war, however, notwithstanding that the small automatic gun has been very much in evidence, it is the "Pom-Pom" which has proved to be the artillery surprise. The so-called "Pom-Pom" is nothing more nor less than a Vickers-Maxim 1-pounder, using cast iron projectiles, each of which is provided with a percussion fuse and an exploding charge. These guns are identical with the original Maxim except as regards size. The ordinary Maxim uses rifle ammunition, and, of course, is too small to use explosive shell. The "Pom-Pom," however, may, as I have already implied, really be considered as a piece of artillery. The advantage of these large projectiles is that they explode upon striking, and produce a cloud of smoke and dust which is easily discernible. This enables the gunner to see exactly where his projectiles are striking, which is not possible with small guns using rifle ammunition.

During the present war in South Africa there have been several cases



At the closing of Wimbledon Range in 1888, H.R.H. fired a "Maxim" under the inventor's auspices and was photographed in the act.

where a battery of artillery has been put out of action by a single one of these "Pom-Poms." And in some cases batteries of six small Maxim guns have been put out of action by one of the large guns. The Boers purchased a few, which were originally intended for the Italian Government, several years ago, and then established a little factory of their own where the "Pom-Poms" were made.

At the beginning of the war, the British were not supplied with "Pom-Poms," but their destructive properties in the hands of the Boers soon made themselves manifest, and the War Office was not long in purchasing all of these guns that were made or could be made in the time, and also vast quantities of ammunition.

Most inventions come up step by step, but the automatic gun seems to have been an exception, for no one had ever



made an automatic gun at the time Mr. Maxim commenced his experiments at Hatton Garden. So that in this case the original inventor was not only the first to produce automatic guns, but was also the first to manufacture them on a commercial scale and introduce them into the Service. It was many years after the Maxim advent before any other gun-making concern even attempted to make an automatic gun. At the present time, now that smokeless powder has become common, several automatic guns have made their appearance, all worked by the gases, it being remembered that the early Maxim guns all worked by the recoil of the barrel. Mr. Maxim was, however, the first to patent a gas-operated gun, and he made hundreds of these guns before anyone else essayed to do so, and, even at the present moment, the gas-operated guns made by Vickers, Sons and Maxim are much superior to any of the imitations which have since made their appearance.

"I believe it stands to our credit as a nation that we were the first to order a 'Maxim' of you?"

"Yes," observed the Father of Guns, "that is the truth. The English Government were the first to give me an order. The order specified a gun that would not weigh over a hundred pounds and

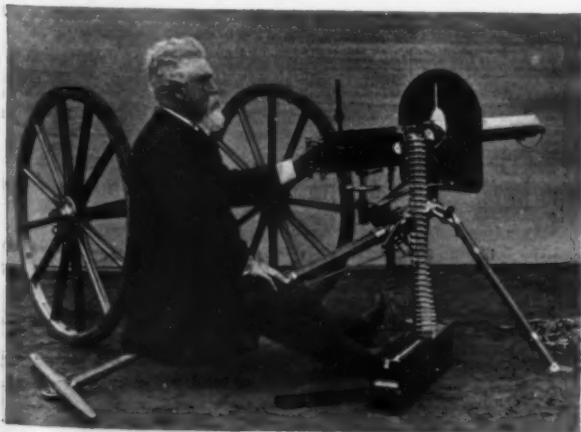
would fire four hundred rounds a minute. I supplied one that weighed forty pounds and fired two thousand rounds in three minutes."

If it had not been for Mr. Maxim's imaginativeness (genius I venture to call it) his brilliant invention might have failed, as Lord Wolseley suggested, on account of the clouds of smoke emitted, or rather generated, on the firing of the gun. This had to be remedied, and so very soon after, that wonder of wonders, almost vying with the gun itself for honours, smokeless powder, was produced. This powder was made by a special combination of nitro-glycerine and gun cotton, and it speaks well for Mr. Maxim that although men more learned in the chemical nature of the affairs concerned were competing, striving hard to be the first to file particulars for letters patent, he brought the fruit of his labours to the Patent Office fourteen days before anybody else.

Whilst on the subject of smokeless powder, I must call attention to a very serious point in Mr. Maxim's life. Such an important invention could not help but arouse the ire of many a man who had been working in the same direction, and it is not to be wondered at that his patent was challenged as to its validity. Many people claimed priority in

patent rights, and one man went so far as to absolutely assert that Mr. Maxim's smokeless powder invention was not his own but the claimant's. Litigation of a very serious and very expensive nature set in, but it stands to the credit of the subject of this article that he has always been able to uphold the validity of his patents.

"Ever since my invention was accepted for patent rights, I have been persecuted and blackmailed times without number," said Mr. Maxim. "Even now I am not at the end of it."



This is a "Maxim" inlaid with gold. It was made for the Sultan of Turkey. It has detachable wheels.

Our talk then drifted away on to flying machines.

"I believe you are busily engaged on the completion of a machine for aerial navigation?" I suggested.

"Well, not just at present. I am so busy with other things, especially with my electrical works, that I cannot find time to complete the flying device I have begun."

"But do you think traffic through the air will soon become an accomplished fact?"

"Without the slightest hesitation I can say that flying machines in the immediate future will be an accomplished fact."

"The importance of such a machine cannot be too highly gauged," continued my informant. "In war, for instance, I think there is nothing so valuable, except guns. The air-ship can be used as a gun. Take, for instance, this case: an air-ship hovering over an enemy's city can drop—unseen, a very important point—bombs into the heart of that same city causing endless destruction. Illuminated shells could also be dropped enabling an officer in the unseen ship to make a hasty sketch of the citadel."

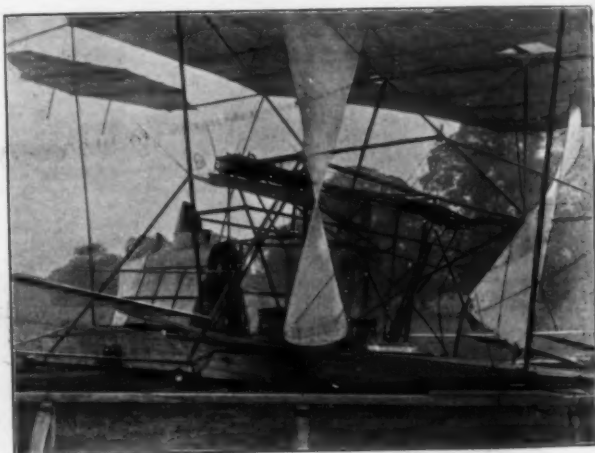
"The experiments in this direction must be very expensive?"

"Yes, like in everything else, you pay dearly for your experiences with flying machines. Accidents are frequent, and tools and machinery, which nearly all must be of especial kinds, run away with lots of money. But, as I said before, transportation through the air is a certainty of the immediate future."

The first experiments carried out in England were made in Kent in Baldwyn's Park, with a view of ascertaining accurately how much power was required to perform artificial flight on a large scale. Professor Langley and various others had experimented on a small

scale with an apparatus only weighing a few ounces, but Mr. Maxim started out with the object of learning what the lifting effect would be when much larger apparatus was employed.

However, in the first experiments at Baldwyn's Park, the apparatus, although much larger than anything which had ever been employed before, was not large enough to be considered a practical flying machine. In these first experiments, it was found that on an aerial plane set at a slight angle above the horizontal, and driven with a screw propeller at a speed of forty miles an hour, as much as 133 pounds could be carried with the



Mr. Maxim's flying machine after being thrown off the track.

expenditure of one horse power. In Professor Langley's experiments, which were on a smaller scale, as much as 250 pounds were carried with the expenditure of the same force.

Mr. Horatio Philips, who appears to be one of the cleverest engineers in existence, also made experiments on a small scale, and also succeeded in lifting, with the same amount of force, somewhere in the vicinity of 200 pounds.

When, however, Mr. Maxim attempted to make a large machine it was found that size was a most important factor. Professor Langley was of the opinion before this large machine was built that



These men built the flying machine under Mr. Maxim and were sworn to secrecy.

it could not be so economical as a small one, and Mr. Maxim himself expected that he would not be able to carry more than 100 pounds to the horse power on a large machine. When, however, the machine was made, it needed such a multitude of wires and stays to give it the necessary rigidity, that it also required a great deal of power—more than was expected—to drive it through the air at a suitable speed, so that the lifting effect for the power employed fell off. Hence it became necessary to employ more than twice as much power as was first intended, the greater part of this being wasted. The machine, however, had a lifting effect of about 10,000 pounds, or, say, 2,500 pounds more than its own weight.

In these experiments it was intended to run the machine along a railway track, and with very delicate apparatus to find what the lifting effect was both fore and aft, so as to get the centre of gravity directly under the centre of the lifting effect. But it was found impossible to run the machine at any considerable speed without one side leaving the track before the other, as shown in our illustration. Suppose, for instance, that it required a speed of forty miles an hour to lift all four wheels off the track, it was found quite impossible to run the

machine at anything like that speed without one side lifting off. It therefore became necessary to provide an upper track, so that the wheels could only lift about an inch off the supporting track.

The experiments demonstrated that when the wind was blowing across the track, the lifting effect was a great deal more on the windward side than on the lee side. In the last experiments which took place, the speed attained was forty-two miles an hour, and the lifting effect became so great

that the upper track, which had been arranged for holding the machine down, was broken, and the machine rose above the track. When the engines were stopped, the wheels settled down into the turf.

However, as a considerable quantity of the broken track became entangled in the screws and machinery, the machine was very badly damaged, in fact, although Baldwyn's Park was rather a large place, there was no room obtainable for a track greater than 1,800 feet in length, and this was found too short to conduct the experiments in a satisfactory manner.

However, the experiments demonstrated that both lifting and propelling effects could be produced by an aerial plane, and by screws running in the atmosphere. Before these experiments all the military powers of the great nations had been experimenting with balloons. Since they were made both the Americans and the French have been experimenting with machines on the same lines, and Lord Rayleigh, in a late lecture before the Royal Institution, spoke in very flattering terms of Mr. Maxim's efforts. They cost about £20,000, and they will not be renewed, as before stated, until Mr. Maxim again finds time to attend to them personally.

Lord Wolseley, about eighteen months ago, presided at the dinner of the North London Rifle Association, and in an after-dinner speech he lectured the Volunteers on the great advantages of being able to shoot straight. He had much to say on the value of accurate fire, and remarked: "Two things are necessary to the British Empire—accuracy of fire, and Mr. Hiram Stevens Maxim."

I have discoursed at length—by Mr. Maxim's aid—on this gentleman's wonderful inventions, and now about himself. There are few more entertaining men in London, and few who can more quickly see the humorous side of things. The following story will serve as a proof of his pleasantly humorous character. At a recent "celebrity" tea Mr. Maxim entered with two pictures of whales cut from an encyclopædia pinned on to his breast. Many guesses were made as to whom he was supposed to represent, and it turned out to be "The Prince (prints) of Wales."

Mr. Hiram S. Maxim has a strong opinion of his own on the Chinese question, which will be found to differ from the view generally held. The following story will explain.

After one of the "fearful massacres" of missionaries occurred, a meeting was called to pass a vote of condolence with the relatives of the deceased and to condemn the Chinese. Mr. Maxim was invited. He promised to attend if

allowed to speak for twenty minutes. This was agreed to. The meeting assembled, and the time came for him to speak. He arose and argued so forcibly against the motion that before he sat down an amendment was passed condoling with the Chinese, and condemning the English and other missionaries for interfering with Chinese rights.

The speech Mr. Maxim made was taken down in shorthand, and then transcribed and sent to the Chinese Amba-

sador in America. Li Hung Chang was the next to receive the speech, and he in turn had it beautifully inscribed in Chinese characters and sent to the Emperor. Very shortly after, Mr. Maxim was decorated for his courageous act. He has many other decorations, besides those our portraits show, but the others have been gained purely from his work as an inventor.

And now a word for Mrs. Maxim, a portrait of whom I am able to give here. One can assert without fear of contradiction that there are few more cultivated women in London. A more charming hostess cannot be imagined, such a gracious manner pervades every action that

one is made quite at ease at the outset. If all American women are like Mrs. Maxim, no wonder Englishmen, and Europeans in general, quickly fall victims to their charms. Mr. and Mrs. Maxim are both to be congratulated on their choice of a mate.



An early portrait of Mrs. Maxim.



### A SONG.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,  
 I ne'er could injure you ;  
 For though your tongue no promise  
 claim'd,  
 Your charms would make me true.  
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,  
 No stranger offer wrong ;  
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest  
 Another with your heart,  
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
 And act a brother's part :  
 Then lady, dread not here deceit,  
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;  
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
 And brothers in the young.

R. B. SHERIDAN.



## - - THE WOMAN'S WORLD. - -

BY LADY IRENE.

IF it be true that manner makes the man—and who dare deny it?—it is equally positive that fashion makes the woman! And if to-day we could only live up to our gowns, both as maids and matrons, blessed indeed would be all mankind. For Dame Fashion to-day is in one of her sweetest and most benign moods. With wondrous self-abnegation has she renounced all eccentricities and exaggerations. Gone are the bulky, bulging sleeves, and rejected is the swathed skirt. Variable and inconsequent as ever, not only has Fashion discarded, but disdainfully she disowns all past enormities. Yet, judging the "will be" by the what "has been," this simply means in the near future she will cast off her present self-restraint, and with redoubled zest fascinate us with some sufficiently irrational whim. Otherwise how avoid monotony? And to be wholly rational is so stultifying! If you doubt the truth of this assertion, regard, I pray you, the many object lessons that surround you of the male biped, who in dull uniform garments struts his little hour side by side with our radiant, mutable selves.

Yet though there may often be times when we deplore, although we obediently follow Fashion's dictates, yet to-day we may pat ourselves on the back, and eulogise the harmonious sense of proportion and the nice instinct for colour which we, her true votaries, possess. A type of perfection, uniting the useful and the beautiful, is this sketch of an autumn gown. It is built of fancy tweed, which is to be the thing this autumn, with strappings on coat and skirt of a darker cloth. This one particular costume, which through the courtesy of Mr. Williamson, 66, Duke Street, Grosvenor

Square, I am permitted to reproduce here, hails from Vienna. It is made in



One of Mr. Williamson's productions.

a rather dull green tweed, with strappings of Robin Hood faced cloth, and it boasts a *chic* that bespeaks the master-hand. Partly because it was reasonable in price, and partly because my capacity of acquisitiveness is an unlimited quantity, I ordered its double for my own adornment. I chose a tan tweed, with strappings of golden tobacco brown cloth. And now let the next few months bring forth sunshine or rain, I shall at least have one



Madame Bonheur's Creation.

dress which is equal to either occasion. For, needless to emphasise, added to its other attractions, the fit is perfect.

Before adventuring on my round of autumn visits, I called at Madame Bonheur, 34, Welbeck Street, W., and after most mature deliberation, passing in review a variety of fascinating frocks, I finally selected the two I have had sketched.

The first is a pale heliotrope panne silk. The little straight bolero is edged with a narrow guipure, and insertions of the same adorn the skirt. The vest is a still paler shade of heliotrope crêpe de chène, held in place by narrow straps and bows of black velvet. The hat, which also comes from 34, Welbeck Street, is a black crinoline trimmed with a trail of mauve and pink convolvuli, completed by a bow of somewhat immoderate dimensions of black tulle.

"Sweet Simplicity" I trust you will think has put her distinguishing finger on my evening frock. It is composed of accordion pleated white crêpe de chène. The skirt glories in five little flounces, each edged with one row of black chenille. The berthe and sleeves are of thick lace, delicately outlined with a fine black chenille. The waist-belt also is black, with a buckle in dull gold daintily enamelled in black. A frock neater or completer it would be difficult to conceive. And remembering how depleted our purses are, what with charity bazaars and the thousand and one functions of the past season, I will whisper to you that Madame Bonheur's charges are always pleasingly moderate.

Dead and gone are the riotous revelings of the July sales. And, alas! many of us sorrowfully regard overloaded, groaning wardrobes, piled high with bargains for which we seem to have no possible, probable use. At this juncture it were wise to turn one's thoughts on the tea-gown—the gift of all the ages—an absolute necessity when visiting at country houses, and an ever-graceful, delightful comfort in one's own home. Among the stores there will be sure to be found some seven or eight yards of satin or brocade, or soft-falling cashmere—too much for a blouse, and an insufficient quantity for a dress. This remnant lends itself delightfully to the tea-gown, the length of the skirt depending to some extent on the length of the stuff. The tea-gown gracefully submits to be supplemented, when conditions demand it, with a front bearing but scant relationship and sleeves of even yet more distant kinship. For instance, a brocade with some dominant note in pink could form the

back and train, Medici collar, and draped revers. The sleeves and little V pointed yoke to be in guipure lace, boasting an



An Evening Frock from Madame Bonheur's.

accordion pleated front of pink chiffon or gauze, descending in restful straight lines from the yoke to the hem. This

mode, ever fashionable and ever pleasing, admits of infinite variations, according to the remnants at one's disposal.

Another model equally successful, and yet still more economical, for it lends itself with sweetest amiability to home manipulation, and demands but the minimum of material, is the Empire tea-gown. An elongation of some nine or ten inches of a good skirt pattern gives the necessary basis for the bodice; to the top portion of this there must be attached a yoke of amplified length. The stitching which joins one to the other to be decorously and decoratively hidden beneath a long sash brought under the arms and tied at one side. Picture to yourself such a gown of Parma violet faced cloth with a yoke of Maltese lace and tucked muslin, three-quarter length sleeves of the cloth, with baggy under-sleeves caught tight at the wrists—such as our grandmothers delighted in—of the lace and muslin completed by a wide Pompadour silk sash, with white ground and blurred violets, tied in a careless bow just beneath the left arm, the ends falling quite to the feet. Such garments costing—as compared with their real value—nothing, are enough to make the prudent bitterly repent their circumspection—since they have no stores of remnants—and the reckless glory in their rash audacity, and long for the December sales, wherein they may pluck and snatch fresh laurels to bedeck themselves and worthily further the cult of the sartorial art.





Pigeon Plucking.

## AT THE FRONT OF WAR.

BY A. NOMAD.

PHOTOS BY LESLIE W. FORD, OF QUEENSTOWN, S.A.

AT six o'clock on a lovely, dewy morning in early February, our little party met at the Queenstown railway station, all ready to start on our expedition. One of us, Captain O'Hara, of the Frontier Mounted Rifles, was going to rejoin his corps after a few days' leave; the rest being four inquisitive women-kind and one small child afflicted with scarlet—or yellow—fever in its most malignant form, were simply bent on getting as far through the British lines as the authorities would permit, on seeing all there was to see, and on returning to inform our feminine friends, with ill-concealed triumph, that we had been to "the Front."

I was one of the women-kind, and perhaps the most inquisitive of them all;

the others being my mother, my sister, and her little girl, and Captain O'Hara's cousin, Miss Niel. We were provided with a pass from the military authorities, permitting us to leave the town, and we and our luncheon basket soon occupied a compartment in the long train, otherwise crammed from end to end with soldiers, regular and irregular, all jumbled up together, and all frantic with eagerness to get back to their respective posts before a certain promised "big fight" should begin. The station was crowded with Volunteers and their weeping women-kind; one big fellow had two small children clinging to his knees, who fairly howled when he got into his carriage, and they had to be dragged away from him.



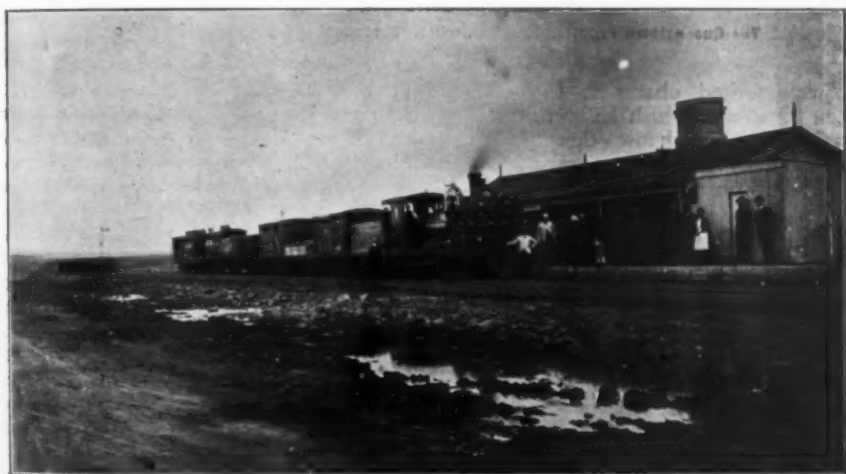
Selling off captured stock at Queenstown.



Presently we moved away through the sweet familiar country, with its stretches of emerald veldt, its winding rivers and mighty mountains, and odorous mimosa woods; the old familiar country, where all my life I have wandered at my own sweet will, but which now seems to me most sadly changed. Go where one will, one finds a picket stationed, and in my own domain and home, men, most of whom have never set foot on South African soil until two months ago, arise from the earth to order and direct my goings. Even from the train the obnoxious

played in the trenches about the gangers' cottages.

Poor Tommy! how forlorn and dirty and miserable he looked, working away at his entrenchments! How pleased he was, too, with our little gifts of grapes or peaches, and how we regretted having brought such a small supply. Truly it is not so much for the stress and danger of battle that the soldier must be pitied, as for the months of weary waiting, of dull garrison duty, of continual watchfulness and anxiety, which drag their slow length along for nine-tenths of the time that he is out on active service.



Cyphergat Railway Station; a poor place, but it was taken by the Boers and retaken by the British.

kharki was visible here and there amongst the trees, or on the green grass slopes, reminding us of the "red cloud of war" which hangs so heavily over our poor country. Every little bridge and culvert we passed had its guard tent and its group of soldiers leaning on their rifles and watching us eagerly for the gift of a newspaper or magazine. Occasionally, on a lofty krantz or kopje, we caught a glimpse of breastworks dark against the sky, with the threatening mouths of great guns, and sentries pacing back and forth. Under these frowning fortifications natives were ploughing peacefully, and children

Now the dewy freshness was gone from the morning, and the last mists had lifted from the Stormberg's rugged sides. The bright high sun, shining out of a speckless sky, revealed with microscopic distinctness long lines of tiny white tents far away on a kharki-coloured plain. This was General Gatacre's great camp at Sterkstroom; and here we presently alighted for awhile, while Captain O'Hara went in search of the General to obtain his permission for us to proceed.

Sterkstroom is a tiny village set amongst magnificent mountains—one of many South African villages which would probably have dozed on for ever



The Queenstown Frontier Hospital, where Boers and Britons are alike nursed.

in well-merited obscurity, had it not been for events which have all at once made their names known throughout the world. For forty years it lay basking in the African sunshine, and ripened its rosy peaches and its golden grain. And then, one December day, came the thunder of great guns, and the tramp of many feet broke the dreamy silence of the years.

Now those feet have trodden all greenness from its plains, and from its rocky heights great cannon look down upon it. And everywhere is "the gentleman in khaki," playing or working, but always most obviously bored. He crowded the station and stared at the train, greeted vociferously his comrades who descended to join him, and discussed in loud tones and frank language the conduct of the war, the abilities of his officers, and the probability of an imminent "burst up" with the Boers. Everyone seemed to expect a fight very soon, and we began (some of us) to wonder why we had ventured so far.

But we scorned the idea of retreat, and when Captain O'Hara rejoined us we took our places in the train, and were soon moving on again; on and up, with ever fresh great mountains unrolling themselves in an unending panorama. Almost at the same moment that we steamed out of the station, an armoured train, a long, black, snake-like object, went crawling off along the branch line

in the direction of Pen Hoek. We watched it from our windows as, grim and steel-clad, and with an indescribably furtive look about it, it slipped away across the veldt and vanished from our ken.

Now we had slowly and painfully climbed the mighty flank of the Stormberg, and were steaming through the famous Stormberg Pass, from whose giddy heights we could see, beyond wooded kloofs and headlands, a dim blue dream of mountains a hundred miles away. It was a splendid desolation. For mile after mile there was no sign of human life, except here and there a native kraal set in a shady nook, or a group of soldiers patrolling the line, or perhaps a railway cottage, heavily fortified, its windows packed with sandbags, and its verandahs concealed behind breastworks of stone.

Another tiny town in a green valley; another station verandah crowded with soldiers; another camp with its lines of tents, its grazing cattle and groups of ox-waggons. This was Cyphergat, the farthest British outpost, except that at Molteno, two or three miles further on; and here the train rapidly emptied itself, the soldiers streaming off in the direction of their different camps, while we stood on the verandah and listened to an animated account, delivered by three voices at once, of the fight that took place here after the Stormberg defeat. They told

us how the Boers, after shelling the station with a big gun which they had taken to the top of the Loopersberg, came down and made the stationmaster give them up the keys, after which they rifled the buildings and took formal possession. We were told that on the first sign of reinforcements from Sterkstroom, the Boers retreated, field gun and all, and in a quarter of an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

Almost on the summit of the Loopersberg, which is a high, rugged hill opposite the station, we could distinguish the gleam of white tents. Where the Boer gun stood is now a British picket, and at the foot of the hill is the camp of the Frontier Mounted Rifles.

The day was still young, and very leisurely we strolled in that direction; so leisurely, indeed, that Captain O'Hara, waxing impatient, began to enquire anxiously how long we thought it would take to get to Pretoria at that rate of progression. The plain was all alive with troops of cavalry returning from watering their horses, and military cooks hovering over fires and preparing a dinner of gigantic proportions. Close to the station we picked up a tiny, slender bullet—a Mauser fired from the Loopersberg during the action. The little slip of lead looked scarcely capable of stopping a cat, much less a man; and as it lay meekly in the palm of my hand I found it hard to realise that of the tall strong men who have fallen fighting for England since the war began, nearly all have been laid low by this tiny foe.

The camp received us joyfully; we were the first ladies, we heard, who had visited it during the two months of its existence, and we were likely to be the last, as a general move on the part of our troops, and considerable activity on that of the enemy, were shortly to be expected.

But while we were still exchanging compliments, there was a sudden alarm. The battery mules (not quite unknown to fame) were suddenly discovered to be nobody knew where, except that they had last been seen wandering off in the direction of the Boer lines. The universal opinion was that unless immediately

brought back to camp, they must inevitably be cut off. So several of our kind hosts disappeared suddenly; it was boot, saddle, and away! And just as the rescuing party galloped furiously out of sight in one direction, the missing mules came peacefully grazing over the rise in another!

When this excitement had subsided, the man who had stained his grey horse kharki-colour with Condry's Fluid, thought we ought not to miss seeing it. So we were taken to where the poor dear beast was picketed, and stood rubbing his nose against his neighbour for comfort, and eyeing as much of himself as he could see with strong disfavour. However, as a work of art he was a pronounced success, with much more secure from Boer bullets than he might otherwise have been.

After much desultory strolling, we were taken to a roomy mess tent and a really comfortable luncheon. I could not help picturing some anxious women-kind sitting at home with heavy hearts, while the objects of their loving pity lay under cool canvas revelling in all the luxuries of civilisation, even down to the Worcester Sauce, and indulging, by the way, in a hundred mad pranks and practical jokes.

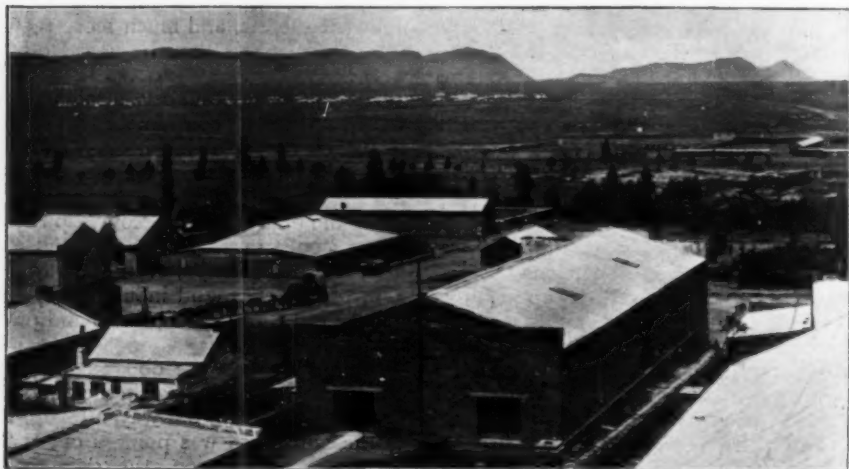
At length we were obliged to make our adieux, and walk back in the direction of the station. On our way, a blue peak to the northward was pointed out to us as the Boer position, the defence of which resulted in General Gatacre's defeat at the hands of a Boer Commando which, it is said, consisted almost entirely of local rebels.

The consternation which spread over our peaceful country-side, on this news becoming known, is a thing never to be forgotten. Hitherto the war had seemed far from us, and continual skirmishing with native tribes has so injured most Colonists to the idea of strife, that we looked on at the progress of events with comparative calm. But this was something very different; the army sent by England for our defence had been driven back, the "red cloud" was sweeping down to our very doors. Disaffection and unrest were in the air

we breathed. It seemed to us that the impossible had happened.

That the local Boer, of all created beings, should have achieved this: the quiet old fellows who stand, as I have seen them a thousand times in the *Nachtnaal* week, so unobtrusively at the street corners, discussing in gentle tones their sheep or their mealies, looking with soft diffident eyes over their great beards. The simple farmer people, content with so little, kindly, hospitable, retiring; doing right according to their lights, and living their primitive family life three centuries at least behind the rest of the world. The men who have

hottest flame. Dim blue eyes kindle, the plough-shares are dropped, and the gnarled workworn hands go instinctively to the old "roer," grown rusty from disuse during inglorious years amongst the family treasures, in the long red waggon-box under the bed. The sons are called home, many of them from English schools, where they are acquiring the knowledge and the ways of the newer race; in their soft fingers the old gun is laid; side by side with their fathers they go to Field Cornet or Commandant and announce themselves ready for the fray; none is too young and none too old to fire a shot for liberty's or friendship's



General Gatacre's base camp at Queenstown.

been known to go on year after year ploughing and tilling the surface of the earth, and reaping peacefully the kindly fruits thereof, while knowing that ten feet below lay golden ore enough to make them millionaires in a week if they chose to gather it. The silent men we, of the superior, cultured race, pass by with such indifference, caring nothing for what their thoughts of us may be, as they stand looking after us in the hot, sleepy street of the up-country town.

Then comes a day when the old blood-bitterness awakes, the old racial hatred, long merged in a kind of puzzled respect for the more civilised race, bursts into

sake. When they meet in the village at *Nachtnaal* time, their talk is no longer of mealies. When the English ladies pass them coldly by, and the English fine gentlemen push them aside with contempt for some of their habits (which it is useless to pretend are all pleasant) depicted very visibly upon their features, it is not only mild curiosity that follows them on their way from the blue eyes, as the groups close together again and the low-toned talk is resumed. But we never notice, we never see. And we laugh at the notion of the Piets and Christoffels, with the sight of whom we have been so familiar all our lives,

actually firing with intent to slay at the soldiers of their sovereign liege.

Suddenly a panic spreads over the country. We are warned to hold ourselves in readiness to fly at a moment's notice to the protection of our laager, and we wait trembling for the signal. Long trains of wounded begin to arrive, and to fill the improvised hospital. Terrible tales drift down to us of an army broken and demoralised, flying blindly through the darkness; of the Boer left singing hymns of triumph amongst his rocky fastnesses.

Ah! Piet and Christoffel, standing there so quietly and gossiping over your eternal pipe, would anyone have thought you capable of this?

Unrest was in the air to-day, as we climbed into the train and bid goodbye to Captain O'Hara. There was subdued excitement in every face we saw, and heads seemed to have a tendency to lean very close together, voices to drop to subdued whispers. An old Boer, who had been reading the Martial Law Proclamation, posted up in Dutch on the verandah, watched us with the wistful uncomprehending look which I have seen a hundred times, on as many stern bearded faces, since the war brought such sorrow on us all.

And just as the train began to move, a solemn sound came booming over the mountains to eastward. Once—twice—thrice it came, a noise that might have been distant thunder, had it not been for the spotless sky and the grave blue stillness of the summer noon. Almost at

once the engine quickened its pace, and the rattle of the empty train drowned all else; but we sat with blanched faces and looked hard into each other's eyes. The battle had begun!

To come down the Stormberg Pass is quite a different matter from climbing up it, and very quickly we left the camp behind us. With that unwonted sound still in our ears, we looked suspiciously at the long, irregular dongas which in some places run beside the line for miles, and the kopjes further off, ideal places for a Boer sharp-shooter. But we

reached Sterkstroom without mishap, to find that the armoured train had arrived before us, and had not been so fortunate as ourselves.

We learnt afterwards that it had scarcely proceeded any distance before the Boers opened fire on it, and, the shells dropping unpleasantly close, and our men being unable to return the fire, there was nothing for it but to return with all speed to camp. Here we found the monster blowing off steam on a siding,

puffing and snorting with an air of deep annoyance at its own impotence, and looking with its grim steel walls as impregnable as an ironclad. Already a body of men had been sent out against the enemy, and the camp was quiet again; but the Boers followed up their advantage, and by the next day fighting was general. Our Queenstown streets were choked with captured cattle, and the dreary lists of casualties, the trains with wounded and prisoners, began once more their melancholy procession.



Corporal Rudd, of Montmorency's Scouts.  
Recommended for V.C., but killed on the fatal  
23rd February.



## SAVED BY A LIE.

BY ERNEST SHIEL-PORTER.

It was the last night of the Denning Shakespearian Company's visit to Milverton, and the theatre was packed. The piece to be presented was "The Merchant of Venice," and everybody, from the great Vernon Denning, who was busy changing his classic features into those of the wily Jew, down to Johnny Elton, who played the Clerk of the Court, was looking forward to a good finish to the week's record business.

Charlie Grasmere, a handsome young fellow of twenty-six, who was cast for the somewhat thankless part of Antonio, stood at the wings chatting quietly with Nerissa, better known in the profession as pretty little Essie Darville. She had only joined the Denning Company four months previously, but ever since the first day she had been very friendly with Charlie, who had made himself rather useful to her in a little affair of lost luggage. The friendship

soon ripened, as most friendships between young people of opposite sexes have the knack of doing, into love, and in due course their engagement was made known.

The only drawback to Grasmere's happiness was the fact that his professional engagement was not on such a sound footing. The truth of the matter was that he was far from well, overworked in fact, and being none too robust he was beginning to show it in his work. The fault of "missing his cues," which brings down invariably the wrath of a manager, had been his, and Denning had been very outspoken in his remarks on the subject. Naturally, Grasmere began to lose his confidence somewhat, a bad thing for an



He made himself useful to her in a little affair of lost luggage.

actor cast for heavy parts. On this Saturday night he was feeling utterly depressed in spite of his sweetheart being so near him.

"How are you to-night, Charlie?" she asked, looking at him anxiously.

"Still weak and ill, dear," he replied. "I don't know what the end of it will be. I want rest and change, but I don't know how to manage it, unless I throw the whole thing up for the present, and you know, of course, that I cannot afford to do that. Denning slated me again last night for missing my cues, but if he knew how ill I was he would not wonder at it. It will be cruel work though if I have to throw it up, for you know what straitened circumstances I am in. And it will make all the difference to both of us, won't it, little girl?"

"But won't Mr. Denning make some allowance for you, seeing you are so unwell?" Essie said.

"That is just the worst of it, Essie! Denning is a fine fellow, and a thorough gentleman. But he never had a day's illness in his life, and so has very little sympathy for others in that respect. I told him what a state I was in last night, but he laughed at the idea. So I must try to pull through as well as I can. But there goes the overture, and I must hurry round."

After pulling her aside into a dark corner and giving her a kiss, Grasmere crossed to the prompt side to meet his friends. From the other side of the curtain came the buzz of conversation from a crowded house. Denning and his company were general favourites in the great port of Milverton, and the Mayor and lesser dignitaries, as well as the naval and military officers, had all come down to give him a good send-off.

When the curtain rose the house presented a brilliant spectacle, the scarlet, blue, and gold of many uniforms, and the gay dresses of the ladies, standing out in strong relief from the black mass of the humbler playgoers.

Antonio entered with his friends. His first words, "In sooth I know not why I am so sad!" were hardly truthful, though they were the words of the play. He did know why he was sad—far too

well. If things went on in the way they had been doing lately he would be thrown out of an engagement, and that would mean an indefinite postponement of the day when little Essie would change her second name to Grasmere. The thought of this, for a time, stimulated him to throw all his remaining strength into his work, but even as he played he knew a collapse was looming later in the evening.

In the third scene it was as much as he was able to reply readily to the bitter taunts of Shylock, but he managed to pull through, and the curtain fell on the first act and rose again in response to the hearty applause. Denning himself, not usually given to praise, congratulated Grasmere on the improvement in his acting. But Charlie knew full well that his difficulties were not yet over.

And in the fourth act he felt worse—worse with a splitting headache, and shivering from head to foot. And then the climax came. The famous trial scene was half gone through. Denning, in that severe test of dramatic power, which only a born actor can hope to rise equal to with all the force at his command, was superb in his mordant cynicism. Antonio was speaking his words in faltering accents, and the people, thinking it good acting, and knowing nothing of the actor's true feelings, were listening intently. And at last he came to the words, "Tell her the process of Antonio's end, say how I lov'd you, speak me fair;"—and then he stopped. He remembered vaguely the prompter's voice, distinct though whispering—"Speak me fair in death." It seemed to contain a hideous meaning. In vain he tried to bring his lips to frame the words. "Speak me fair—in death," he murmured faintly, and then, seeing a mingled mass of lights and perplexed faces—he fell to the stage unconscious.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Charles Grasmere regained his senses the curtain was down, and there was a great uproar behind the scenes. Men were rushing to and fro, and everybody seemed terrified. The unfortunate



actor's first thought was "What would Denning say?" He shuddered. "A bad break-down, and on treasury night, too." Then he wondered why he was left with only Essie beside him, gazing at him with such a frightened face. With her help he gradually regained his feet.

"Never mind, darling. I'm—I'm better now," he said, "but why do you look at me like that?" And then a sharp tongue of flame shooting out above him gave him the answer. He knew the awful fact at a glance. Something much more terrible than his break-down had happened—the theatre was on fire!

Essie cried in his ear, "Charlie, some of the boys have been smoking on the quiet, and the scenery at the back is ablaze. It is fearful. Denning is off his head with rage—and all the people on the other side laughing and joking, little thinking of the terrible death in

store for them. If they try to crush out quickly it will be awful!" The poor little woman broke down with a choking sob. There are some natures which, in ordinary circumstances, display little resource or ingenuity, yet when they are put to the test they emerge with credit.

Grasmere's nature was one of these, for his head was clear in an instant, and he cried, "Where is Denning?"

"In his dressing-room," Essie said, and Charlie went as quickly as his weak legs would permit him to see if he could render any assistance.

Forcing his way through the knot of excited actors into the room, he found Denning in a state of utter frenzy. With him was the manager. While the stage hands were fighting the flames, the principals were trying to think of a plan for getting the people out without a panic.

"What can we do—what can we do?" Denning was shouting. "To tell them the news would

mean one of the biggest crushes ever known."

The flames were spreading rapidly, and soon the curtain would be on fire. The stage hands and actors worked right manfully with the fire buckets, but unsuccessfully. The theatre was an old one, and not equipped with modern apparatus or a fire curtain. The audience, all ignorant of the real cause of the delay, was stamping impatiently. And yet Denning could suggest and do nothing. One of the coolest men in ordinary circumstances, in this critical moment he was helpless. He turned on Charlie.

"Here, Grasmere, can't you suggest some plan for getting them all out quickly, without a crush or panic? An ordinary excuse won't send them, they will stay to hiss. Good God! If they learn what is the matter, and lose their heads, they're doomed!"

Charlie thought for a moment, and then dashed down to the prompt side. His hair was singed, and his costume

licked by the omnivorous flames as he did so. When he stood before the curtain he was greeted by a yell of disapprobation from the gods, and then there was a deep hush.

For a moment he stood silent, and then—hastened by a blast of hot air from the back—he spoke—spoke more clearly than he had ever spoken in any part—spoke, and speaking, lied roundly and well.

"Ladies and gentlemen, owing to the sudden outbreak of war between England and France, and to the fact that the port of Milverton is at this very moment threatened by a hostile fleet, the performance will be discontinued, and you are advised by the authorities to return home as quickly as possible. The cooler and more orderly you are the quicker you will get out."

One huge shout of defiance to an invisible foe, mingled with snatches of "Rule Britannia," and other patriotic songs, and then the vast audience began to move out quickly yet quietly, the officers looking at one another with puzzled faces. The orchestra, their faces growing paler as they felt the heat approaching, with admirable presence of mind, rose and played the National Anthem.

The theatre was soon emptied. The dense crowd had melted away, each person learning at the door the real news; and as the last man left the curtain caught, and the whole building was soon one blazing death-trap, but, thanks to one resourceful man—without the victims.

Charles Grasmere, who had glanced back to see the stage one mass of flame, with a

fervent "Thank God!" sprang into the orchestra and followed the musicians to the door. Although satisfied that so many lives had been saved, a sickening fear welled up within him that Essie and his friends might be lost. Running quickly past the deserted box office, he mingled with the excited crowd outside the house, and pushed his way round to the stage door.

"Thank God!" again, for they were all out safely, and the first to greet him was Essie.

With tears of love and pride coursing down her cheeks, she simply grasped his hand and whispered brokenly, "Charlie, I am proud of you!" and from sheer emotion could say no more. And Vernon Denning, the great tragedian, for once



An affair in which he and Essie Darville both played leading parts.

in his life looked utterly ridiculous as he wrung Grasmere's other hand, saying with a genuine shake in his voice, "Charles, my dear fellow—I—I—am an ass—and you are a hero!" And a cheer from the crowd, who had recognised Grasmere by the light of the burning structure, echoed Denning's words.

The Denning Shakespearian Company did not leave Milverton the next day as arranged. A theatrical company without scenery is rather at a disadvantage. But whatever Denning and the rest thought of the next week's enforced holiday was anything but regret. They felt proud that one of their crowd had proved himself a real hero though clad with the garb and artifice of the stage, and they were glad to stay and do him honour.

On the Thursday there was a grand banquet, followed by an interesting ceremony in the Town Hall, from which Charles Grasmere made his exit with a cheque for a thousand pounds in his pocket—a presentation cheque subscribed to by thousands of the English people, who admire pluck and resource whether on the battlefield or at home.

And exactly a week later than that memorable evening, there was a still more interesting affair in which the young actor was concerned—an affair in which he and Essie Darville both played leading parts, with the Mayor of Milverton acting the part—and well too—of the doting father, to say nothing of Colonel Slashington as best man. And the best of it was there was no villain in the whole of the proceedings, for Denning forsook the rôle on that occasion and beamed benignly on everybody.

To-day Charles Grasmere is well on the way to become one of our finest actors. He is seldom unwell now, for a perfect rest and good living will often do a lot for a man who is worried by the pinch of poverty, and helps to bring out the best that is in him. But although his cheque put him on his feet, he says to intimate friends when they are talking of that eventful night, "Ah! but you should have seen Essie then, and heard her say, 'Charlie, I am proud of you.'" He is glad and content, for out of his failure came success, and failure is bitter, but success is sweet!

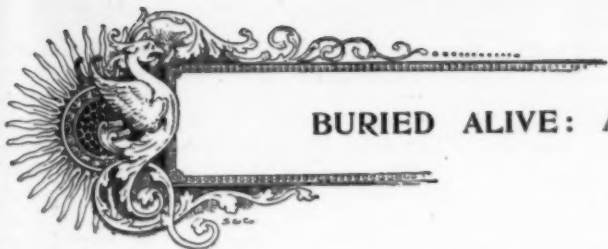
### AH, LEAVE ME NOT!

Ah, leave me not, sweetheart, so soon  
To lonely thoughts and wistful sighs!  
The night is young. Behold the moon  
Hath not yet climbed the eastern skies!  
Tell me again love's rosary  
Of sweet words, low and soft;  
A thousand times, it could not be  
By thy lips told too oft.

Ah, leave me not! With thee away,  
Sad thoughts of ill my heart affright,  
And pleasure scorns the fairest day  
Until thy presence makes it bright;  
'Tis but a moment since we met,  
So, sweetheart, bide a wee,  
And in thy love let me forget  
The parting soon to be.

BERYL





## BURIED ALIVE: A SKETCH.

BY S. BARING GOULD.

AMONG the ghastly pictures in the Wiertz Gallery at Brussels there is not one that sends so cold a shiver through the marrow of the visitor as that of the man who, in time of cholera, has been buried alive. The vision of Napoleon is horrible, the mad woman devouring her children is revolting, three minutes after death is imaginative and wild, but that horrible scene in the vault when the buried man tears open his coffin, scattering the rats, and glares out at the spectator from under the riven lid, is of surpassing, unspeakable horror;—and it is a horror that chills the heart, in the thought that even so it may happen to him.

Fortunately we, in England, are not so liable to be buried alive as are those in countries where an interment takes place on the day after death, and the dread of it is so great that, in our own country, a burial rarely takes place till tokens of decomposition have set in. It was not always so, and it is not so now on the Continent. Considering how little we know of the duration of time in which suspended animation may continue in epilepsy, when death is so clearly simulated as to be easily mistaken for death, it were well if interments were never permitted till there are evident tokens of change in the condition of the body.

The writer perhaps feels more strongly on this point than many owing to his having had brought to his notice three cases, of which two ended in burial where there exists great doubt whether death had really taken place, whereas the third was one of rescue at the last moment. This last was the case of a lady in the West Indies, who apparently died through the shock of the house being struck by lightning. She was laid out as dead, and placed in her coffin, but,

though motionless and pulseless, was in perfect possession of her faculties, and knew what was being done for her, heard what was spoken about her, was well aware what was in store for her. Previous to the closing of the coffin, whilst her father stood beside her, taking the last look, conscious that this was a supreme moment, by an effort of the will she strove to open her eyes, and succeeded so far as to raise one lid. Her father saw the movement and stopped the funeral. A surgeon was sent for, she was bled, and as the blood flowed, recovered flexibility. Ever after she had a start in that eye of which she had succeeded in flickering the lid.

Tertullian, in his treatise on the soul, written about A.D. 200, mentions the case of a relation who—there can be little question—was buried alive in the Catacombs. He says, "I know about a woman, the daughter of Christian parents, who fell asleep peacefully in the very flower of her age and beauty, after a singularly happy, though brief married life. Before they laid her in the grave, and when the priest began the appointed office, at the very first breath of his prayer, she raised her hands from her side, and folded them in the attitude of devotion, and after the holy service was concluded let them fall back into their lateral position." He goes on to tell how in a certain cemetery "there is a well-known story among our own people," about a corpse that when the tomb was opened was found to have moved to one side, and Tertullian concludes that it had removed to give place to the body that was to be laid beside it. To us it seems more likely that the supposed dead had revived in the tomb and moved aside in a struggle for breath, and then had died of suffocation.

Tertullian speaks of such stories being

not uncommon, and he accounts for them in an odd way, by supposing that some "lingering remnants of the soul" abide with the corpse for a while, and are only slowly withdrawn from it.

The other two instances to which the writer has referred as coming more or less under his notice were these. A naval officer dined with an aged friend one evening, and fell dead on his way back to his lodgings after dinner. He had no relatives in the place, where he was only staying for a fortnight. He remained for several days, the body flexible, and without manifesting any change. He was finally buried, but the writer believes that his friend was never after easy in his mind about this case, doubtful whether the man were really dead, and believing that he ought to have interfered and insisted on the funeral being delayed.

The third case was very similar, in the South of France.

Can there be much doubt that St. Andrew Avellius was buried alive? He died, or at all events his pulse stopped, on November 10th, 1608. He was at once conveyed to the Church of the Theatines in Naples, and laid out there. Crowds came to see him, and he remained unburied for an unusual number of days. His cheeks did not lose their colour, nor did his limbs lose their flexibility; his eyelids were lifted, and his eyes appeared as bright and full of expression as when he was alive. Moreover, blood continued to exude from some sores he had on his head and body. Nevertheless he was buried.

A most painful instance of burial alive occurs in the last October volume of the *Bollandists*. The supposed dead man, whilst being carried to burial, made a desperate effort, and moved his head. This was greeted with exclamations of "A miracle! a miracle!" and went some way towards establishing the unfortunate wretch's claim to canonisation. Perhaps the best known instance of burial alive is that of Zeno, Emperor of the East, who died on the night of April 29, 491. His end is variously related, and a certain amount of mystery hangs about it. The story of his burial alive does not rest on contemporary authorities. It is

to this effect. He was subject to epileptic fits, and during a banquet on the night in question, fell from the table in one of these. His chamberlains undressed him, and believing him to be dead laid him on a plank. At daybreak a shroud was thrown over him, and the Empress Ariadne hurried on the funeral. That same day he was laid in a tomb closed with a slab of marble. Ariadne placed guards in the church, and imposed on them strict orders, under pain of death, to allow no one to approach, and on no account to open the tomb. They obeyed, and in spite of the lamentable cries of Zeno, which they heard after the lapse of some hours, and which continued for some time, they made no effort to release him. Only after the lapse of a fortnight was the tomb opened, when the unhappy Emperor was found dead, seated—and he had torn the flesh off his arms with his teeth. No sooner was Zeno put out of the way than Ariadne called Anastasius to assume the purple, and married him forty days after the burial of Zeno.

Hamadāni, an Arab poet, fell, struck with apoplexy in 1007. As he was supposed to be dead, he was buried, but revived in the tomb. His screams were heard, and the vault opened. He was drawn forth alive, but the agony and horror he had undergone had so shaken him that he did not long survive his restoration. Duns Scotus, the subtle doctor, as he was termed, is also said to have been buried alive. He died in 1308, and when, some time after his death, his sarcophagus was opened, the body was discovered turned over, and in such a condition that little doubt was entertained that he had been buried in a state of lethargy, which had been mistaken for death. In a curious and scarce book published at Frankfort in 1798, a writer, who calls himself only "H. v. E.," appeals against too hasty burials, and quotes instances to show that in Germany in many cases interments were hurried on before death was established. He mentions an instance of a lady of noble rank who died in childbirth, and was at once consigned to the family mausoleum. The husband died shortly after, and when the family

vault was opened, the woman was seen, seated on her coffin, which she had torn open and from which she had escaped. She was dead, supported by the angle of the wall against which she had sunk, as in darkness and despair she had seated herself on the coffin from which she had succeeded in releasing herself. Another instance mentioned by the same writer is that of a student of the University of Ingolstadt, who apparently died and was laid out. Two old women were commissioned to remain with the body all night, and they saw nothing to make them suppose he was not dead. Next morning he was placed in a coffin and fastened down "with wooden pegs," and the body was taken to the courtyard of the house in which the student lodged. Just as the funeral procession was about to start, the young man heaved up the lid of the coffin, and thrust forth his hands bound together by the old women with a rosary. He declared that he had been conscious the whole time whilst prepared for burial.

In "The Hanover Magazine" for 1791, the Clerk of the Royal Palace, named Wuth, gave an account of his own experiences. He says, "When I was a lad I had a serious illness. I was given plenty of medicine, but got no better. Presently I fell into a condition of body so rigid and pulseless that my parents believed I was dead. Nevertheless I retained entire consciousness, and both saw what went on around me, and also heard all that was said. I heard my mother and sisters crying, and heard them discuss the summoning of a certain woman to lay me out. One of my sisters was ordered to fetch her, whereupon the eldest objected that the woman was a witch. Her objection was overruled, and my youngest sister went in quest of her. To this day I can see, whenever I recur to that momentous time, the figure of the stout, broad-shouldered Katherine, and recall how she put on a pretence of crying along with the rest. I saw my father prepare the board on which I was to be laid, when removed from my bed, by covering it with straw—that is to say I saw him pass me carrying the straw. Presently

old Katherine put her fingers on my eyelids and closed them. I was washed and prepared for burial. I never for one instant lost complete consciousness, and till the old woman closed my eyes I could see whatever passed within their range. I felt no pain whatever; and as I somehow did not realise what was in preparation for me—burial alive, I felt no alarm and uneasiness."

Unfortunately Herr Wuth does not say how he came round and his burial was prevented.

Cardinal d'Espinosa, Prime Minister to Philip II., died, as it was supposed, after a short illness. His rank entitled him to be embalmed. Accordingly the body was opened for that purpose, and lungs and heart were exposed. At that moment the blood began to flow, the Cardinal awoke, as from a trance, and had sufficient strength to arrest the hand that held the knife of the anatomist.

On the 23rd September, 1763, the Abbé Prévost, author of the famous novel, "Manon de l'Escaut," had a fit in the forest of Chantilly. The body was conveyed to the nearest parsonage. He was supposed to have died of apoplexy. But the local authorities, desiring to be satisfied as to the occasion of his death, ordered a post-mortem examination. During the process, the poor Abbé uttered a cry of agony—it was too late, the surgeon's knife had touched a vital point.

The following rests on the authority of Dr. Schmidt, a physician attached to the hospital at Paderborn, where it occurred in 1835.

A young man of the name of Caspar Kreute, of Berne, died in one of the wards of the hospital, but his body could not be interred for three weeks, for this reason:—During the first twenty-four hours after drawing his last breath, the corpse more than once re-opened the eyes, after they had been closed, and at intervals the pulse could be felt feebly beating. On the third and fourth day, portions of the skin, which had been burnt to test the reality of his death, suppurated. On the fifth day the corpse altered the position of one hand. On the ninth day a vesicular eruption appeared

on the back. For nine days the forehead was contracted, giving the face an expression of frowning. The lips remained red till the eighteenth day; and the joints preserved their flexibility from first to last. He lay in this condition in a warm room for nineteen days, without any alteration than a wasting of the flesh. Till after the nineteenth day no discoloration, no odour of decomposition was observed. Kreute had been cured of ague, and had laboured under a slight affection of the chest, but no adequate reason for his death could be found. We can hardly doubt that with proper restoratives the unfortunate young man might have been brought round.

In 1680, at Dresden, when the plague was raging, a woman, named Elizabeth Krembaum, the wife of a bookbinder, was thrown as dead into a plague pit along with twenty-five corpses, but revived as the earth was being thrown in on her, shrieked out, held up her hands, and was drawn forth. She survived her partial interment thirty-nine years. In 1634, a poor piper, named John Bartendale, was convicted of felony at the York Assizes, and condemned to be hung. The sentence was carried out on March 27th outside Micklegate Bar, York. After he had remained swinging for three-quarters of an hour, he was cut down, and buried near the place of execution. The officers of justice had accomplished their work carelessly in both particulars, as it afterwards transpired, for he had been neither properly hung nor properly buried.

The same day, in the afternoon, a gentleman, one of the Vavasours, of Hazlewood, was riding by, when he observed the earth moving in a certain place. He ordered his servant to alight; he himself descended from his horse; and together they threw off the mould, and discovered the piper alive. Mr. Vavasour and his servant helped him out of his grave, and the poor wretch was removed again to York Castle. He was again tried at the following Assizes. It was a nice point at law whether the man could be sentenced to execution again; intercession was made on his behalf, and a full and free pardon granted him.

Drunken Barnaby in his "Book of Travels" alludes to Bartendale, at York:

"Here a piper apprehended,  
Was found guilty and suspended;

What did happen is no fiction,  
For cut down and quick interred,  
Earth rejected what was buried;  
Half alive or dead he rises,  
Got a pardon next assizes,  
And in York continued blowing—  
Yet a sense of goodness showing."

Perhaps the most curious case is that of Francois de Cville, who wrote an account of his own adventures. He was wounded by an arquebus in the siege of Rouen in 1562, whilst ascending the wall, and fell back into the moat, where he lay unconscious. When the dead were buried after the engagement, he had earth thrown over him and some other corpses that lay near. His valet, hearing where he had fallen, came in quest of him, to recover his body and give it more respectable burial, and took with him an officer of the guards. They dug up together two or three bodies that had been partially interred, but they were so covered with mud that they were not recognisable, and they reburied them. The servant and the officer were leaving, when the former said that one of the corpses was not completely covered, as the hand was out. They went back, and were in the act of heaping earth over the hand, when the moon shone out and sparkled in a diamond on one of the fingers. The guard stooped to recover the ring, when the valet exclaimed that it was that of his master. The body was now disinterred again, and removed to the Huguenot camp, where the surgeons scouted the idea that it had life in it. The faithful servant, undeterred, conveyed it to a house where it remained for five days and nights without token of consciousness, but with fever replacing the icy coldness that had possessed it in the fosse. Before he was recovered, he was flung out of the window by some soldiers of the enemy, but fell on a dung-heap, where he lay for three days and nights. Finally he recovered, and on



the expulsion of the Protestants from France, retired in 1585 to England. He wrote his own life in 1606, when aged seventy, forty-four years after his double burial. There is a horrible book entitled "*De Miraculis Mortuorum*," published at the beginning of last century, that narrates a series of tales concerning discoveries made in graves, discoveries that pointed to a continued low state of vegetative existence after the soul had left the body—stories of their nibbling at their shrouds, smacking their lips, turning over in their coffins, retaining their colour, opening their eyes, uttering exclamations, and the like. Almost certainly the stories of the Vampyres prevalent in many countries are due to interment before death has really set in.

In 1732 a commission was appointed to enquire into the condition of affairs in some villages in Servia, where the people were in a condition of panic in the belief that the dead revisited their homes and sucked the blood of their relatives. The Commissioners dug up a number of those who had been recently interred, and found many of them not only incorrupt, but with joints flexible, colour in their cheeks, and the eyes still fresh. They drove stakes through all such, though some groaned and cried out when so treated. The whole account, which is infinitely horrible, is printed in Horst's "*Zauberbibliothek*" (1821). The Commissioners, who had received orders from Vienna to act, were quite unable to account for the phenomena, and it never

for a moment occurred to their minds that the case was one of a widespread cataleptic or epileptic epidemic having come on the Servian peasantry, and that these bodies were not really dead. The fresh air revived them, and when they showed signs of restored animation they were at once condemned as Vampyres and a stake driven through them. The Commissioners acted under Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, who was Stadtholder of Servia at the time for the Emperor Charles VI.

The following sad circumstance occurred in November, 1891, in Montauban.

"A young married lady, Madame Joffis, who lived at Mirabel, near Montauban, had a cataleptic seizure when in child-bed two days ago, and there was no sign of returning animation, which indeed was not expected, as the lady's friends all believed her dead. The funeral was arranged, and carried out, and the mourners returned to the house. Shortly afterwards the undertaker casually remarked that when the corpse was put into the coffin he noticed that the bed was slightly warm where the body had lain. On hearing this the husband instantly went to the burial ground and had the coffin taken from the grave and opened. To his horror he then found the body turned over, the shroud torn, and the fingers of one hand bleeding, as if from a desperate attempt to remove the coffin lid. But it was too late; his wife, who was undoubtedly alive when buried, had since been suffocated."







"La Lorgnette," an amusing and truthful satire on human raillery, is the work of Pons (de Verdun); it has been printed by Gustave Masson in "La Lyre Française."

AT Luxembourg it is my way  
 To take my spyglass and to spy.  
 I spied a lame man yesterday,  
 Laughing at one who'd lost an eye;  
 In turn the one-eyed laughed to see  
 A dumpy hunchback, while with glee  
 The hunchback, skilled in raillery,  
 Fooling a deaf man all his bent,  
 Kept a whole crowd in merriment.

Five or six paces down the street  
 A little singer next I meet—  
 He at a dancing master giggled,  
 Who at an actor smirked and wriggled.



He points at poet.

A little farther on I find  
 A man, whose gravity profound  
 Showed plainly mathematic mind—  
 He points at poet strolling round  
 In dreamy search of rhyming sound.

I pass along, and think the scene  
 At last must surely alter quite.  
 Not so; I spy a Capuchin  
 There grinning at a Carmelite;  
 The Carmelite at abbot spruce;  
 The abbot spruce at a gendarme;  
 The gendarme at a satined goose  
 Whose gait bespeaks the Law's alarm;  
 His Worship, with a waggish air,  
 Surveys a goodman standing there

Just come by coach—mistake who can  
 A true Limousin gentleman—  
 His handkerchief in one hand flying,  
 His pocket-flaps the other tying.  
 Such the world's way—where'er you be  
 Each laughs some neighbour fool to  
 see;

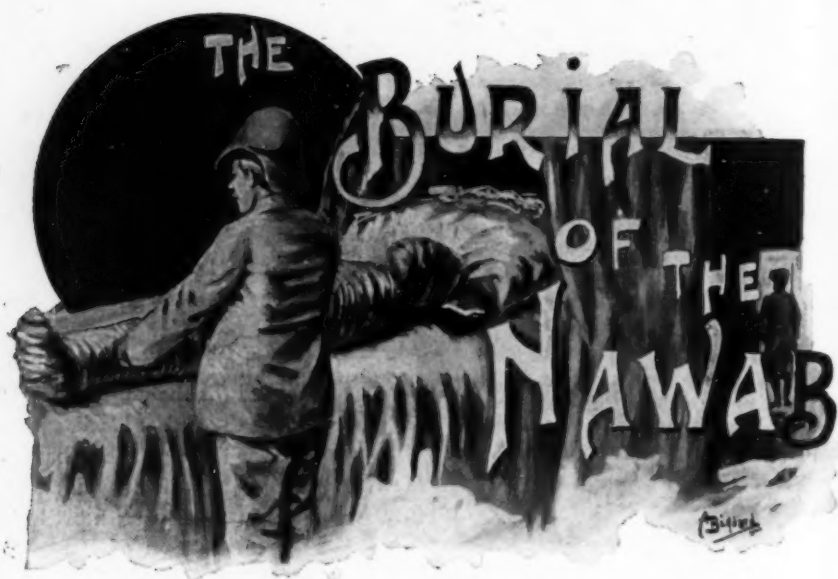
And looking backward up our street  
 You'll own the proof is quite complete.

Tired out with all the sights I'd met,  
 I sat and called for the gazette;  
 A little fellow, dressed in black,  
 Stole up and whispered at my back,  
 "Good evening, sir—'twixt you and me,  
 I've laughed at your glass heartily."

HUTCHESON MACAULAY POSNETT.



The Carmelite at abbot spruce.



BY TRISTRAM K. MONCK.

THE Nawab would see the Police Commissioner if he would step this way, and accordingly the said Police Commissioner did step along the corridor indicated by his guide, and was soon ushered into the presence of a little, keen-eyed man, resplendent in crimson silk and jewels, who was the afore-mentioned Nawab. The Police Commissioner salaamed.

"Greeting." The Nawab inclined his head stately, indicating an adjacent chair with a sweep of his hand. "Be seated at your ease, Feringhee; the ears are then ever more open. First, let me crave your pardon for summoning you to my side at this season of the year, when big game naturally attracts you more than does your calling. Yet when I say that I need a man of more than ordinary skill and daring, you will, I feel assured, forgive me thus disturbing your enjoyment. The name of the Sahib Harold Benyon is well known to me as the synonym of a man who has an experience far beyond his years, and who has unravelled many an intricate mystery." The Nawab smiled affably.

"Your Highness supplements the honour which he has paid me by desir-

ing my presence, with praise which is, I fear, unmerited," replied Benyon modestly.

"Those who know me well," answered the Nawab, "say that I have never praised or depreciated a man beyond his due."

Benyon inclined his head.

"And in what does your Highness desire my aid?" he asked curiously.

"In the preservation of my life."

"Eh? Is it possible that so gentle a sovereign's life can be in danger? Your Highness must be the prey of a delusion, for on every side have I heard your name extolled as belonging to a ruler who had but the interests of his people at heart."

Benyon glanced enquiringly at the Nawab.

"Such has been my aim in life," said the Nawab slowly; "and it is not against the people that I desire to direct your skill, for they, I know, esteem my rule. No, Sahib, it is against one of the blood royal that I must guard, and him I know. But first let me tell my tale. You are aware, Sahib, that when my father died three years ago, I came to the throne, which caused jealousy to

Segtha Ram, my brother, the son of my father's second wife, who had hoped to rule. We are of the same age, a fact which serves but to increase his hatred of me. Had it but depended on me alone, I should have resigned my position, and let him reign as Nawab, but your Queen, whom the gods preserve! was pleased to favour my claim, and I became ruler of this State. Segtha Ram I had thought till yesterday had accepted his defeat, but such is not the case evidently, for on retiring to rest, Avi Mun, one of my trustiest counsellors, came to me in great perturbation, and told me that a plot was on foot to assassinate me, that half my Court had been induced to turn traitors, and that the conspirators now only await a favourable moment to murder me!"

Benyon thought deeply for a few moments, and then said:

"Who is the head of this movement?"

"I do not know, though I shrewdly suspect that it is Segtha Ram. Who but he should desire my death? None else would profit by it!"

"You know then no names, your Highness?"

"None, Sahib, else had they been dead by now."

"And this Avi Mun, is he not some relation of your Highness?" asked Benyon.

"A distant cousin, Sahib, my truest friend, beloved by the people, and who would die for me."

"Was he desirous that your Highness should arrest your brother?"

"Very," replied the Nawab, after a slight hesitation. "He was convinced of his guilt, and as a proof of the same gave me a scrap of paper, with a message written in the hand of my brother."

The frown cleared from Benyon's face.

"Ah!" said he brightly. "And this message, your Highness? Have you it by you?"

"It is here," replied the Nawab, opening a sandalwood box which stood on a small table at his elbow, and taking a small scrip from its recesses handed it to Benyon, who rose to receive it. The Commissioner carefully unrolled it, and scanned the solitary line it contained, which was:

"The time is now ripe, brethren."

"Well, Sahib?" said the Nawab. "That shows but scant light on the subject. Is it not so, my friend?"

"This is the handwriting of your Highness's brother?"

"So Avi Mun says."

"Has your Highness then never seen it?"

"No, hardly ever. You will readily comprehend that we rarely, if ever, corresponded, whereas Avi Mun has often noted it relative to State matters," replied the Nawab carelessly.

"I see! Your Highness's brother is



"It is here," replied the Nawab, opening a sandalwood box.

in the Government?"

"Segtha Ram is to this State what the Prime Minister is to England," answered the Nawab.

"Thank you! That is all the information I require from your Highness at present. Have I your permission to retire?"

"Come and go as it pleases you, Benyon Sahib," said the Nawab graciously. "And if you save me from my enemies, as I trust and feel sure that you will, rest assured that you will not find me ungrateful!"

Harold Benyon bowed, and, taking his departure, straightway proceeded to conduct his investigations with stealthy intentness, whilst ostensibly pretending to look at all that was curious in the palace, as was in keeping with the rôle he had assumed of visitor to the Nawab.

That evening Benyon retired early to rest, to work out the problem which had been set him. He had a theory, which had been strengthened during the day by sundry events, yet the theory had not blossomed out into a fact, and it was this latter which the Commissioner desired. Dawn was commencing to break before he thought of retiring to sleep, and he had just risen from his chair when he was arrested from putting his thought into execution by the sound of rapid footfalls along the passage leading to his room, and the next moment Avi Mun, breathless, turbanless and dishevelled, dashed into the room, crying brokenly:

"Sahib! Awake! The Nawab has been assassinated!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Benyon, horror-struck at the suddenness of the



"Sahib! Awake! The Nawab has been assassinated!"

tragedy. "What have you done to discover the assassin?"

"I have stationed a guard around the chamber door, with strict orders to allow none to pass within unless they have a pass from me."

Benyon smiled approvingly.

"You do not need to go far for the assassin," said he meaningly. "Only one could benefit by your ruler's death."

"As the Sahib justly observes, only one could have done the crime," replied Avi Mun smiling. "And that one is going to be arrested within the hour."

Again Benyon smiled approvingly.

"Write me out a pass," he said briefly. "I was a surgeon before I became a Government agent; I should like to see the Nawab."



"But—"

"Pardon me, I am at the present moment Plenipotentiary for British affairs in this locality, as well as special Ambassador at the Court here on special service," remarked Benyon with a great deal of bounce. "Therefore, in the great Queen's name, I demand to see the Nawab's corpse."

Avi Mun bowed profoundly as he wrote out the required order, which Benyon pocketed, and then, without bestowing a backward glance on

Benyon returned to his chamber, and taking a medicine chest from under his couch, returned and hurriedly bound up the Nawab's wound; then, as a tremor of the Nawab's eyelids indicated returning consciousness, the Police Commissioner administered an anæsthetic. His next step was to see Avi Mun, to whom he stated that the Nawab was dead, as he had told him.

"I am leaving on the morrow," he concluded. "And as I desire to see the burial done, and justice have its way be-



The procession was watched somewhat interestedly by two persons.

the native, left the room and went direct to the Nawab's death-chamber.

The scroll which he held gained for Benyon an easy entrance, and hastily glancing at the Nawab's inert form, he realised, to his surprise, that he was not dead. A blue hole somewhat high up on the left breast gave the solution as to how his death had been attempted, and a closer inspection revealed that the bullet had drilled its way out of the body through the omoplatus without breaking the bone.

fore I go, the Nawab must be buried to-night, and Segtha Ram beheaded to-morrow."

"The wishes of the Great White Queen's emissary shall be respected."

"Then when the sun rises let the bearers be without the chamber of Death. I have spoken!"

Avi Mun bowed profoundly, and when he raised his head again Benyon had disappeared.

The sun had barely raised its lurid crest above the eastern horizon, before the heavy tramp of soldiers was heard

without the death chamber. This came to a stop, and six men, bearing a shutter-like platform on their shoulders, entered the room.

"In the name of Avi Mun," they exclaimed, addressing Benyon. He nodded, and indicated a tightly-tied, sheeted figure lying on the couch. This they raised on to the platform-like bier, then left the room, and five minutes later were carrying the body through the city, guarded by some three hundred soldiers with Avi Mun at their head, for burial outside the walls.

The procession was watched somewhat interestedly by two persons, the Police Commissioner and a native, whose features were contracted with pain, but who, despite all the agony he was enduring, smiled as he glanced at what the people supposed was his own funeral.

"So you say that you have solved the problem of yesterday?" he said steely. "You know who attempted my life, and who is at the head of this conspiracy?"

"I have. From the first I guessed—"

"I desire facts, Sahib! not guesses," interrupted Benyon's companion impatiently.

"Your Highness, I have the facts. Do you see this written pass? And this message which Avi Mun gave you?"

Benyon placed the scrips before the Nawab, who started.

"Compare the writing."

"It is critical!"

"The next clue, then." Benyon took a bullet from his pocket, together with a pistol and a revolver. "This is the bullet with which your Highness's life was attempted. Do you recognise this weapon?" He handed the Nawab the revolver.

"It is my brother's. His hobby is Western weapons."

"Precisely," replied Benyon coolly. "I found this bullet embedded in the cushion on which you lay. I also found this revolver in the room—"

"Then the case is clear," cried the Nawab, sipping some wine. "By the gods, Segtha Ram—"

"As your Highness says, the case is clear," interrupted Benyon. "This bul-

let was never fired from this revolver; it is too large for the weapon's bore. It, however, was shot from this old pistol, which I filched from the room—"

"Of whom?" cried the Nawab excitedly.

"Of Avi Mun!"

"Then the head conspirator—the arch traitor—the would-be murderer is—?"

"Avi Mun. The case was an idiotically clear one for me to find out who the culprit was," laughed Benyon gaily. "Your Highness now knows on whom to sit in judgment."

"By the gods, he will never see me sit in judgment again," said the Nawab weakly. "Come, Sahib, your arm. I am stiff from my wound, cramped by the somewhat long sojourn I spent in that closet in which you placed me whilst making up that dummy of linen and bricks—"

"Pardon me, your Highness, it was the body of a soldier who had died in the night, outside the western door of your room, a corridor, luckily for the success of my stratagem, usually very deserted."

"True, Sahib, owing to the rambles of the ghost of my grandfather, none ever dared guard that doorway save Bamrah Sing," said the Nawab, rising with difficulty. "Eh me! Where shall I find such another as he? But tell me, Sahib, why did you let this Avi Mun quit the palace? Why did you not denounce him?"

"Because, your Highness, he will bring Segtha Ram back with him to be a scapegoat for his supposed crime. Aye! he will hail himself Nawab ere he reaches the palace—"

"Well?"

"He will thus weave the last mesh in the net I am drawing around him for his destruction."

"And then?"

"Having by his own lips declared his treason—" Benyon paused, then glanced steadily at the Nawab as he added, "Treason is, I believe, punishable, your Highness?"

"Yes!" cried the Nawab. "In my land, anyway, it is. Your arm, Sahib."

I have lost much blood, and am weak. I will await this—this fellow in the Audience Hall."

The surprise of the palace officials can only be termed consternation, when they beheld the Nawab walking in their midst again. At first, deeming him a ghost, they bolted from the Audience Hall, till the Nawab recalled them exclaiming:

"He who warns Avi Mun that I am alive dies ere the sun is a day older! Ayjah Sing," he continued, addressing the gigantic captain of his guard, "summon your men!"

The amazed soldier salaamed, and hardly knowing what he did, summoned the soldiery, who, incredulous that the Nawab yet lived, trooped in to the number of three hundred.

"I demand silence of everyone within the palace," cried the Nawab steelily. "There is a conspiracy afoot that I shall stamp out. If I fail, the Feringhees will do so for me. There are traitors amid my soldiers; let them remain so, and be repaid for their deeds by steel, and let those who are faithful remain true to me, for they shall be amply rewarded."

Half an hour passed, then a dull shouting without the palace announced the return of the funeral cortège. Soon the shouting took shape. Mingled with the tramp of soldiers, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, rose the cry:

"Hail, Avi Mun, Nawab! Death to Segtha Ram!"

A frown crept over the haggard face of the Nawab as he heard the shouts; then he muttered:

"Aye, come in to take your seat, Avi Mun!"

The shouts and the tramp of men grew nearer and nearer, till at last the



"Welcome, Avi Mun," cried the Nawab languidly, as the traitor entered the hall.

latter could be heard in the corridor without the audience chamber, the body-guard drawing up close around the Nawab at a signal from Ayjah Sing.

"Welcome, Avi Mun," cried the Nawab languidly, as the traitor entered the hall, closely followed by some soldiery dragging the hapless Segtha Ram along in their midst.

"Your Highness!" exclaimed Avi Mun in amaze. "You—What cursed jugglery is this?—I have—Curse it! What have I buried?"

"My guard, Bamrah Sing," replied the Nawab blandly. "I am alive!"

Avi Mun's features displayed a wondrous combination of murderous hatred, astonishment, cunning, and foiled am-

bition. With something like an oath, he turned to the executioner, exclaiming:

"Go, fellow; as the Nawab lives your services are not required."

"Stay!" cried the Nawab. "His services are needed, and if not for Segtha Ram, for Avi Mun!"

"Is this the way your Highness rewards fidelity?" demanded the condemned man insolently.

In a clear, concise way Benyon brought his crime home to him by way of reply, ending by saying:

"The wonderful anxiety you displayed to fix your crime on Segtha Ram was the first thing which put me on your track; the rest was easy when once my suspicion was aroused, for a greater blunderer than you it has never been my fortune to meet with."

For a few moments Avi Mun stood dazed, then, addressing his soldiers, cried:

"Remember your oath! I proclaim myself Nawab here! Down with the tyrant!"

Drawing his tulwar, he darted forward, his men remaining motionless, however, whilst he himself was confronted by a hedge of spear-heads.

"Executioner, take this man without, and do your duty," cried the Nawab weakly. "Release my brother! Benyon Sahib,—I—leave me not for a few days.—I desire to thank—you!"

Avi Mun fought like a tiger when he found himself in the grip of his former partisans, and as he was led out to meet his doom, the Nawab, who was destined to rule his country for another decade, fainted.



## IN THE LAND OF THE CONQUEROR.

BY C. C. STRAND.

THE busy Londoner, who, during the summer months, likes to spend his week-end away from everything that can remind him of his business or his profession, is often puzzled as to which of the easily accessible Continental towns is likely to afford him most pleasure. Of those I have myself visited in this manner, Boulogne, Dieppe, Ostend, and Caen, I should unhesitatingly select the latter. There are so many reasons why an Englishman should select Caen as a holiday resort that, to save myself trouble, I will only mention one of

Tennyson, the kindest heart amongst us would not object to see a record of his name in the Doomsday Book.

So that to visit Normandy is for an Englishman something like returning to his half-forgotten birthplace. The town of Caen itself, apart from all other considerations, presents many attractions to the tourist, whether he is in search of the picturesque and the mediæval or merely escaping from the ninety-nine per cent. routine of daily life. By leaving London on a Saturday afternoon and embarking at Newhaven the



Place de la République, Caen.

them. To start with, it is a Norman town, and although we call ourselves Anglo-Saxons, we each of us have a hankering for William the Conqueror and the Conquerors who came with him, and who, up to the present, if we tell the truth, have formed the aristocracy of intellect and daring in this country.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
Tis only noble to be good.  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood

has been so often quoted that it has now become a platitude, and in spite of

same night, the tourist can sleep on board. The steamer reaches Ouistreham the next morning about six, and passes up the canal to the quaint old town of Caen. The Norman is an early riser, and by the time the boat arrives he has thrown open his shutters, and has arranged his wares on the pavement for the invasion of customers, for Sunday is market day.

There are baskets upon baskets of fruit and vegetables, crockery, blouses, and other finery. There is the butcher and the baker, and, by no means least, the candlestick-maker. The latter's shop in itself is worth a visit, as his wares

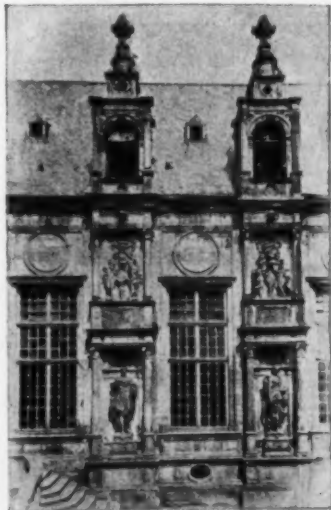


are works of art. Candles beautifully and wonderfully made can be seen everywhere, together with images of saints, crucifixes, and other emblems of the Catholic faith.

The first object of interest after leaving the port is the Church of Saint Peter (Eglise St. Pierre). The spire is two hundred and sixty feet high, and is one of the oldest parts of the edifice, being built in 1308; while the most beautiful part, the five chapels nestled together at the opposite end, were built two hundred and ten years later by Hector Sohier, and took twenty-seven years to complete. It is at the Place Saint Pierre, too, where the two main streets of Caen meet—the Rue St. Jean and the Rue St. Pierre, in which the activity is greatest, and in which are the principal bazaars, cafés, and shops.

Nearly facing the Eglise St. Pierre is the Hotel d'Ecoville. It is in a court, so that unless the tourist looks for it, or happens to see it by chance, he is apt to pass it unnoticed. This, together with the Eglise St. Pierre, is one of the

Eglise St. Pierre, and reached by a short street, is the Castle of Caen. It stands on an eminence commanding the town, and its ancient gateway is well worth seeing. It was built by William after his



The Ancient House of Vallois.



The Ancient House of Vallois.

principal examples of the Renaissance period in the town. It was built in 1538 for Nicolas le Vallois, Seigneur of Eco-ville, and is now used as the Bourse and Chamber of Commerce. Facing the

conquest of England, and formed his favourite residence. It is now used as barracks, and consequently visitors are not permitted to enter.

Close to the Castle is the Church of the Holy Trinity, originally a convent for ladies, founded by Queen Mathilde, the wife of William the Conqueror, in 1066, for the reception of the daughters of nobles desiring to live a monastic life. It is open daily from twelve to two, and all day on Sundays. Like nearly all churches in Caen, it shows signs of decay. I am not referring to the natural decay which buildings of such age must necessarily show, but to the ruin into which a building quickly falls if not constantly watched and attended to.

The Eglise de la Trinité is built on the same level as the Castle, and commands a fine view of the town, and the tourist can see at the opposite side the two spires of the Church of St. Stephen (Eglise St. Etienne), originally the Abbey of Men (L'Abbaye aux Hommes), built by William the Conqueror in 1064 in



Ancient House de Than.

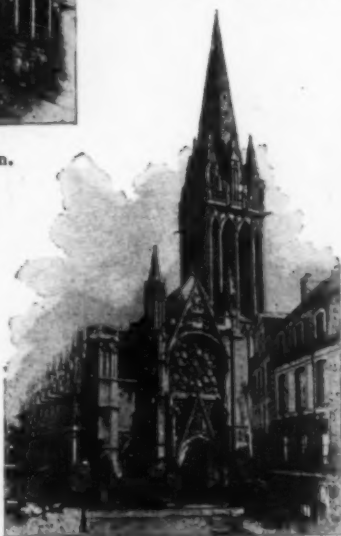
expiation of his marriage to his cousin Mathilde, daughter of the Duke of Flanders, which he contracted prior to receiving approbation to his divorce by the Pope. It is one of the most beautiful churches in Normandy.

The largest square in Caen is the Place de la Republique, which, of course, formerly was called the "Place Royal," and as some of the owners of the surrounding buildings apparently have their doubts about the stability of the Republic, they have, with great foresight, retained the former nomination on their houses.

On one side of the square is the Town Hall (Hotel de Ville) containing the Public Library and the Picture Gallery, which are open on Sundays and Thursdays from eleven to four, but can be visited by foreigners at any time during the day by applying to the concierge. The Museum contains more than three hundred paintings of great value and importance, and naturally a predominance of pictures of the

Battle of Hastings and the Conquest of England by William I. In the centre of the Place de la Republique is a bandstand, and the flower beds around it are laid out in beautiful style. In one of the recesses is a statue of Auber, who, like the other well-known composer Choron, was born at Caen. So were the poets Malherbe, Segrais, and Malfilâtre; the author Daniel Huet, and Andre Graindorge, a weaver, who demonstrated the possibilities of art in the weaving of fine damasks. In the same square are two small bronze groups, exquisitely modelled. They represent two boys birds'-nesting. In the first, the parent birds, which are not of the dove-like nature, are punishing the boys by pecking out their eyes,

blinding one boy. In the companion group, a snake is shown to bite and, I suppose, kill the other boy, probably out of jealousy for being deprived of a meal off the young birds. These bronzes probably illustrate some fable, but it struck me that the punishment more than fitted the crime. However, if the sight of the little bronze figures prevent the Caen boys from in-



St. Pierre.



The Castle Entrance.

terfering with birds' nests, their purpose is well-served.

Caen is a city of surprises. The tourist sees only the outer shell, but its kernel is rich in mediæval architecture. It is the courts and passages between the houses that are so wonderfully artistic. The most beautiful examples of wood carvings can be found side by side with crude beams and raw masonry. Everything appears to be in a state of decay, except the exquisite carvings, the artistic door-panels, the beautiful brass work, and the pleasing old-fashioned arches, staircases, and ceilings,



St. Etienne.

that seem to have been made for all time.

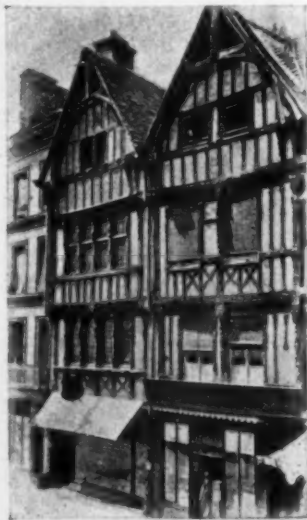
If the tourist walks into one of the passages, perchance he will have to step over a dish of dough for the family bread, left outside to rise, and he will wonder why it is put on the floor of the passage, where cats and dogs may be sniffing about. It is a puzzle difficult for a foreigner to solve. Experiences such as these will fill the visitor with curiosity, as they are recurring throughout the day. He wonders, too, why there are no watercars, when every clean housewife and every crossing-sweeper



St. Etienne.

throws up clouds of dust, as they sweep with brushwood brooms.

Caen is a rare place for dogs, but probably they seem more numerous to the visitor than in other towns, as attention is attracted to them by the fact that they are frequently to be seen drawing small conveyances, such as

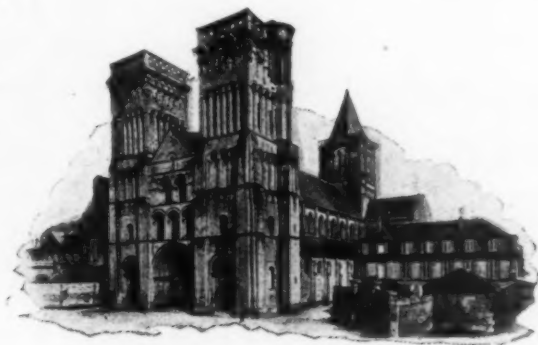


Old Houses in Rue St. Pierre.

milk, fruit, and even luggage carts. After a day's sight-seeing in Caen, I recommend the visitor to try the far-famed dish of "tripe," which is cooked in a peculiar way, and is known and ap-

preciated as "Caen tripe" all over France. But it would be making a task of pleasure to visit them all, just as it would be setting myself a task to describe them.

Leaving Caen on Monday afternoon,

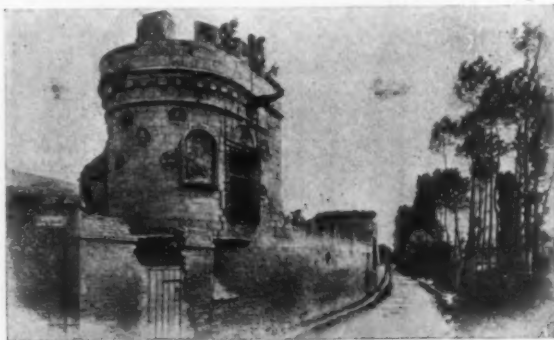


Church of the Trinity, L'Abbaye Aux Dames.

preciated as "Caen tripe" all over France.

The night's rest at a Caen hotel recuperates the tourist for fresh efforts on the Monday, as before the boat sails in the afternoon, he has time to visit the

the tourist is enabled to be at his business first thing on Tuesday morning, and to carry with him the consoling knowledge that he has had a real holiday, every hour of which awakened a new-born interest of one kind or an-



The Tower Des Gens D'Armes (16th Century).

other beautiful churches and interesting museums, such as the Eglise St. Sauveur, Eglise de la Gloriette, the houses of Malherbe in the Rue d'Odon, and Huet in the Rue Jean, and the Museum

other; that he has spent two nights at sea, put on, if I might say so, muscle on his lungs, and enjoyed his home-coming with the same zest as if he had been away for weeks.

## THE POSTER ACADEMY.

BY ITS "HON. SCRIBE,"

AUSTIN FRYERS.

It is said that the "boom" in picture posters is dying out. If that be the case, it is a serious matter for the public, for hoardings are not diminishing in size, nor are posters decreasing in number. It consequently follows—if the statement be true—that we are lapsing into the condition of things which existed before Dudley Hardy invented the artistic poster, and that soon each hoarding will be an eyesore, as it was in the period I refer to.

I do not think there is much in the rumour; in fact, I do not believe it to be true. Within the past year or so, some of the very best posters that have ever been printed have appeared on our walls, such as Mr. Cecil Aldin's "Cadbury's Cocoa" and Mr. J. Hassall's famous series of "Colman's Mustard" posters. It is not only as easy, but it is positively easier to print the design of a first-class poster artist than the confused colour outrage

of a dauber; as the artist understands the limitations of his particular art, and also how to secure the best results in printing. Frequently it will be found

that by the co-operation of art a decided economy is effected, as the genuine poster artist is able to achieve effects by the employment of a few colours, which even a good artist who has not studied the limitations of poster art would not be able to reach even by a more elaborate colour scheme, which would entail considerably more expense in the process of reproduction.

Poster art may be termed the highest expression of the principle of elimination. In other words, how to produce the best picture by the employment of the least means.

No artists at home or abroad have achieved greater success in this direction than the Beggarstaff Brothers. Their famous poster for "Harper's Magazine" is a striking instance of this achievement.



LEWIS BAUMER.

Printed by W. H. Smith & Son, London, E.C.





JOHN HASSALL.

*Printed by David Allen & Sons, Ltd., Harrow.*

A few black lines on a red surface, with the white ground allowed to peep through here and there, and you have a perfect picture of a sturdy beefeater grasping his staff in the grand old mediæval manner of which he is one of the few surviving types. Go near it, and the outlines are not complete; it is a thing of "shreds and patches" in line work. But then, posters are not for near inspection. They are to arrest your attention when "skied" on a hoarding, to strike you at the far end of a street when you enter it on a 'bus. These are the great qualities of true posters, and the effect can only be achieved by a masterly conception of elimination.

To understand thoroughly the effect, you have but to ask yourself what would be the use of a Dutch picture, with all its masterly minutiae, as a poster. Put aside the cost of reproduction—which would be very great—and realise that to thoroughly admire it, even to realise that it had a quality worth admiring, it

VOL. X., NEW SERIES.—AUGUST, 1900.

would be necessary to stop the 'bus, get down, and go close up to it. Such a poster, if skied, would be utterly lost; at a distance it is but a patch of colour.

On the other hand, the Beggarstaff poster to which I have referred has every quality which appeals to the artistic sense in its sturdy, lifelike, and absolutely truthful drawing; while it has the supreme essential quality that it is taken in and understood at a glance by the man in the street.

The picture in the street will never do, for the street is not a place to congregate even for such an ideal purpose as to admire an ideal hoarding, should we ever possess one—the policeman will see to that. The poster must appeal to the man in a hurry to be of any value, advertising or artistic; and that poster possesses the supreme quality which strikes a man as he is running to catch a train, and, by lingering in his memory, induces him to purchase the periodical, cigar, or liquor it advertises, if he find on reaching the station that he has five minutes to spare.



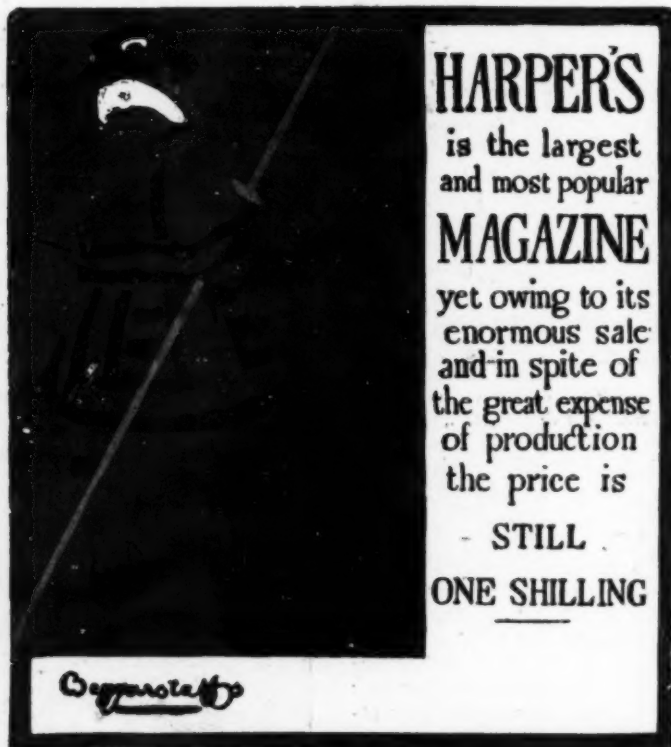
JOHN HASSALL.

*Printed by David Allen & Sons, Ltd., Harrow.*

This, it may be said, is to place the needs of the advertiser first.

Quite frankly I confess it. The poster is the advertisers' medium, and advertisers' requirements must be the first consideration with the poster artist. It is the advertiser who pays for the poster and commissions the poster artist; he must be well served, consequently, by the latter, or he will revert to those horrors

The art of the poster, apart from the advertisement it embodies, is almost wholly decorative. This fact has become so apparent that there has long since grown up a demand for posters which are wholly decorative and are not intended for an advertising purpose. In obedience to this demand Mucha and other celebrated poster artists have produced poster art panels which have a



**HARPER'S**  
is the largest  
and most popular  
**MAGAZINE**  
yet owing to its  
enormous sale  
and in spite of  
the great expense  
of production  
the price is  
**STILL**  
**ONE SHILLING**

Gygisoleff

72 x 40

BEGGARSTAFF BROTHERS.

of the early days of lithography, and fill our hoardings once more with colour nightmares of "fire," "rustic," "perspective," and other weird letters which still have a vogue with fifth-rate theatrical touring companies in the "smalls."

The poster must be an advertisement to have a reason for existence, but it should be artistic if the advertiser desires to avoid insulting the public.

grace, delicacy, and simplicity which constitute a distinct novelty in artistic decoration. Walls decorated by panels, produced in accordance with the principles of poster art, assume a rich and artistic appearance only equalled by mural decorations of the highest excellence within the reach only of the limited circles of the very wealthy.

It is not, however, with this side of



TOM BROWNE.

Printed by Tom Browne &amp; Co., Nottingham.

poster art I am concerned, as the publication of such efforts depends altogether

on the amount of patronage accorded by the public. In the case of the street poster, it is, however, a very different matter, as we are entirely at the mercy of the advertiser, who, by purchasing a space on a hoarding, can affront us with the grossest possible outrage on artistic sense, so long as it does not outrage the policeman's notion of decency.

We have been told sometimes that poster art is the exclusive possession of Continental countries, and this has been advanced as some reason why we should not try to foster that imported exotic, the artistic poster.

If anyone really believed this, the recent International Advertisers' Exhibition at the Crystal Palace furnished ample and convincing proof of the absurdity of the statement. To France undoubtedly belongs the honour of being the birthplace of the artistic poster, and to Jules Cheret is the honour of being its creator. Mucha, too, has retained for France the highest distinction in this delightful and improving art; but, viewing the art and its votaries as a whole, it is impossible, or rather quite inaccurate, to say that England lags behind. Indeed, I will go further, and claim, as I have before now



How Tom Browne settles a knotty point.



80 x 90

*Printed by the Avenue Press, 32, New Bridge Street, E.C.*

HAL HURST.

claimed, that England not only stands in the forefront, but, in one respect—that of humorous expression—out-distances all competitors.

The exhibition at the Crystal Palace afforded an excellent opportunity of testing this view, as there was a most admirable international collection then collected and exhibited in the sections

able. When, however, it came down to the essential qualities, an unprejudiced observer would be obliged to admit that in the expression of humour the contest for first place lay entirely between England and Germany, and that the first easily bore the palm. The humour of the German poster artist is entirely grotesque, and not infrequently coarse,



WILL TUCKER.

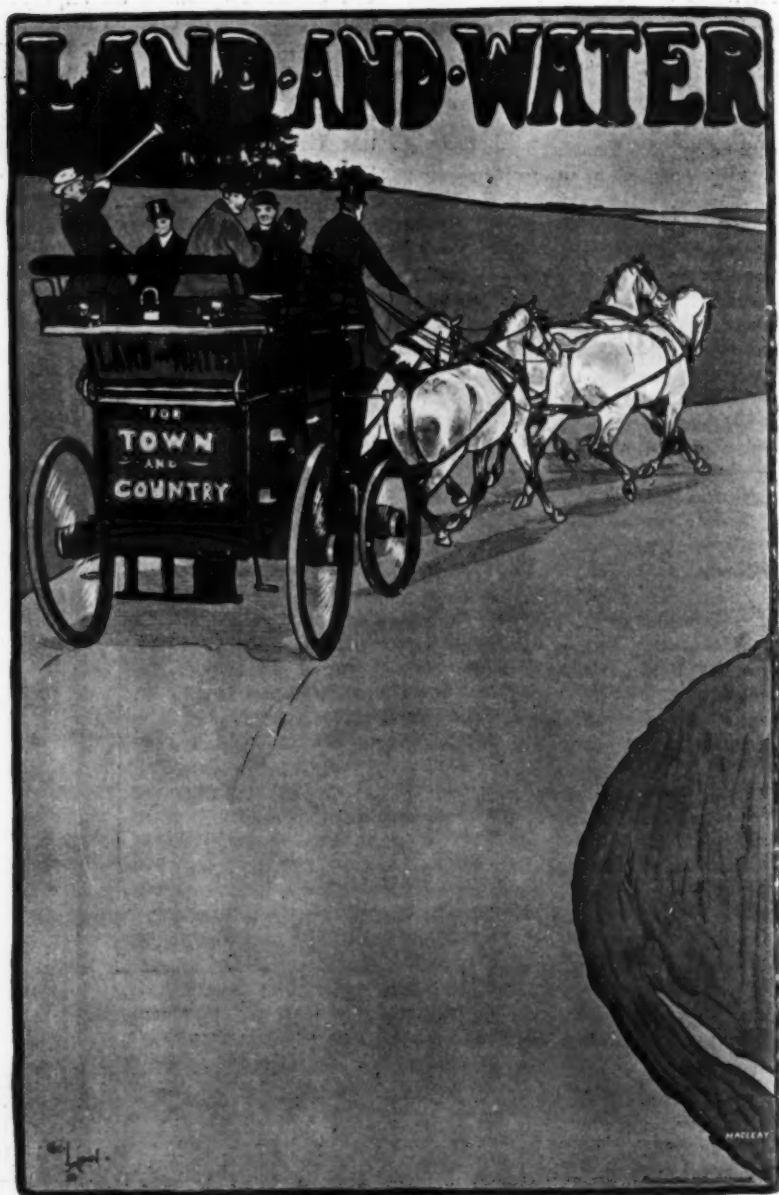
Printed by Waterlow & Sons, Ltd., London, E.C.

allotted to the various countries. In richness and restraint of colouring it would be impossible to surpass the Italian posters; the French, for sheer effectiveness, retained all their well-recognised distinction; Germany, too, with its striking colouring and daring design, demanded especial attention; while America sent examples of beautiful and artistic poster work in every way admir-

whereas in the humour of the English poster artist there is such a refinement and subtlety that to compare it with the German humour is like comparing polished comedy to harlequinade buffoonery.

A typical instance of English poster humour is Hassall's "Colman's Mustard," in which a weary wanderer to Klondyke is shown sitting on the snow warming





30 x 30

Printed by Bemrose &amp; Sons, Ltd., Derby and London

CICIL ALDIN.

himself by a faggot fire, the only suggestion of heat being a tin of mustard, which takes the place of the longed-for flames on top.

I have said a good deal about poster art, and very little about the Poster Academy. The reason is that if I have made it clear why poster art should be fostered, encouraged, and preserved, you will know why the Poster Academy is in existence. It is to do all these things.

The committee of the Poster Academy is entirely composed of leading poster

given to the project by practically all the well-known men is an earnest that their very best efforts will be put forth to give poster art next year its highest expression.

Another proof of the interest taken by the committee is the excellent attendance at the various meetings which have been held to frame the constitution of the Academy and settle the various preliminaries. How knotty are the points which have to be solved may be gathered from the sketches by Mr. Tom Browne



More of Tom Browne's Blotting-pad jottings.

artists who have each undertaken to send in not less than three finished original designs to the Poster Academy Exhibition, which will be held in connection with the second annual International Advertisers' Exhibition at the Crystal Palace next year. Artists or "posterists" in general who desire to become members—the subscription is half-a-guinea a year—should address their applications to me at the offices of the Poster Academy, 20, Victoria Street, S.W., and submit not more than three specimens of their work. Election rests with the committee.

Next year's Poster Academy Exhibition should give an immense impetus to poster art in this country. The hearty and enthusiastic support which has been

which I have sent herewith for reproduction. They were drawn on his blotting pad at our last committee meeting at 20, Victoria Street, and I brought them away in case the housekeeper might think us other than the staid and stolid debaters which is now her estimate of us. I hope the reader will also not conclude that Tom was not attending strictly to business, although his mind for a few moments undoubtedly wandered to the London Sketch Club.



## OUR CAUSERIE.

**A Short Season.** The season gets shorter every year, and the gaieties are crammed into a smaller space. Very few social events take place after the end of June, and next year we may have hostesses giving apologetic entertainments "to see if they cannot brighten up July." The season goes out suddenly like the snuff of a candle, and the day comes when there are only a couple of letters on the eight o'clock tea-tray, instead of the pile of notes and invitation cards which have loaded it up till then. Then one realises that the season has suddenly died, and that all one's daily companions will soon be scattered to the four quarters of the earth.

**And Rather a Dull One.** Truth to say, the season has not been one of the gayest. We have been too much surrounded by wars and rumours of wars, and so many families have been in mourning. The Queen expressed a wish that no large balls should be given, and concerts have been very generally substituted by the hostesses.

**Some Musical Parties.** One of the most successful musical parties of the season was given by Sir Edward and Lady Sassoon. Some six-

teen hundred invitations were sent out, and they were eagerly responded to, for everyone was interested to see the wonderful house in Park Lane which was once the property of Mr. Barnato. It has been entirely redecorated by the new owners, and a colony of French workmen were busy over it for more than a year. The ball-room is an exact reproduction of Marie Antoinette's Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. The difficulty of arranging the looking-glasses so that they should give the correct reflections was very great, no such feat having been attempted in modern times. Mr. Robert Harvey, of Palace Gate, gave a beautiful musical party during the season, and a very successful one was given by Mrs. Jules de Meray, of 1, Rutland Gate. Everything was beautifully arranged, and a very attractive programme was provided. There were songs by Miss Curnow, Miss Norah Newport, Herr Josef Claus, and Mr. and Mrs. Martyn van Lennep, and a 'cello solo by Miss Ethel Benningfield. Miss Curnow displayed a fine voice in a song called "The Voice of the Sea," by Van Lennep, and Mrs. Van Lennep sang "A Youth Once Loved a Maiden" with great success. Some very effective vocal duets by Mr. Van Lennep were sung by the composer and his talented wife, "The Little Boy's Nightmare" about "sein' things at night" being the best. Mr. Frederic Upton told some of those amusing short stories of his which never fail of their effect. Their art lies a great deal in their brevity. I hear that Mr. Upton subjects his stories to a process of condensation—that it is a case of the survival of the fittest. He tries the effect of his stories on many audiences, and cuts out everything that does not get a laugh.

Some beautiful dresses were worn on this occasion, but no one looked so well as the hostess, who wore an entire dress of Venetian lace over pink satin, relieved with little touches of black and brightened by many diamonds. A beautiful diamond swallow was placed at one side of the décolletage, keeping some folds of black tulle in place. Amongst the numerous guests were Prince and Princess Kalauoalhe (introduced by Sir Somers Vine), Lady and Miss Humphrey, the Hon. Massey Mainwaring, M.P., the Hon. Mrs. Campbell, Colonel Brownrigg, C.B., Lieut. and Mrs. Harvey, R.N., Major and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram S. Maxim, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A., and Mrs. Solomon, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. English, Mr. and Mrs. George Terrell, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Fawell, Mr. Henry de Meray, Mr. and Mrs. Frith, Dr. and Mrs. Stuart Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Hyatt-Woolf, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Tiltman, and Mr. M. Devenish. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon was greatly complimented by many of the guests on his clever and charming portrait of the hostess in the Academy.

Many smart weddings took place this season, the wedding of Mr. George Grossmith's daughter being a particularly cheery function. All London seemed to be there, and the display of presents was very fine. A curious innovation was introduced by the Walter Cranes, who gave a party on the eve of the wedding instead of on the day itself. The wonderful old house in Holland Street, which was once the abode of Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour, was crammed to overflowing, and the illuminated gardens were also full of people, as was the great red and white striped tent at the end of the garden. Supper was laid in the tent, and beside the wedding cake was a pretty poster designed by one of the bride's brothers, Mr. Lancelot Crane, with the inscription: "The bride will cut her cake at twelve o'clock." The cake was duly cut, and a loving cup was drank from, first by the happy pair, and

next by the bridegroom with his men friends. The presents were arranged in the bride's boudoir. They were all very artistic, and I particularly admired an eight o'clock tea service with Chanticleer painted on one side of each piece and "Bon jour" inscribed on the other.

There has been a great deal of entertaining at the House this season, and the Terrace has always been gay at the mystic hour of five o'clock tea. Mr. Arthur Balfour has been one of the principal entertainers, continually giving pleasant parties, both afternoon and evening. His eight o'clock dinners in the Ladies' Room have been particularly successful. Mr. Balfour's great friends are the Asquiths, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Brodric, and these always form a happy circle. Mr. Balfour is very popular among his party, though indolent in his work in the House. He is extremely fond of society, as people are apt to be when they are popular in it. Mr. Asquith did not care much for society in his earlier days, but is now quite a fashionable man, sought after by lords and ladies, and very great at drawing-room teas. His clever wife has been a great help to him socially, and she is always greatly in request. Her witticisms are being constantly repeated, and she has a reputation for writing the oddest little letters. Everyone knows what a good reply she sent to Mr. Benson, when he wrote to assure her that he had not meant her for "Dodo" in his novel, which was the book of that season. ("Have you written a book? How clever!" was her only retort.) A little while since Mrs. Asquith received a letter from a friend asking her for the character of a footman. "My dear,—He's a dear!" came back by return of post—surely the most unconventional "character" ever penned. The Asquiths have a beautiful house in Cavendish Square, and entertain largely. The house was a wedding gift to its fortunate owner. Their dinner parties are very successful, and the welcome cigarette is handed round among the ladies when they return to the drawing-room,

Mrs. Asquith being of opinion that there is no occasion to pass a dull half-hour because one is separated from the men.

Sir Charles Dilke is said to be the most energetic and hard-working man in the House of Commons. He is never out of the House, and most laborious in his work. Sir Charles gives a good many nice little parties at the House, when his right-hand man is always Mr. McKenna. Sir Henry Haworth is often to be seen on the Terrace, and is always in great request at the tea parties, being such a charming raconteur. Mr. Atherley Jones, Q.C., is extremely popular in the House. He is the son of Ernest Jones the Chartist. He is liked for his originality and sterling independence, and when he speaks he is always listened to with great respect by the Tories as well as by his own party. He is very popular amongst his confrères at the Bar, and known for the energy he displays in his cases. He speaks impressively and with great facility. Mrs. Atherley Jones is one of the most amiable women in London, and very popular on her own account. The Atherley Jones's live in the one road in London where there are never any houses to let—Pembroke Road, Kensington. It is quite a distinguished road—Mrs. Jopling lives at one end of it, and Frankfort Moore a few doors off, and there are two Q.C.'s besides the one already mentioned. The attraction lies in the beautiful gardens which lie at the back of the houses—lovely green lawns which date from the days when Kensington was quite a country place. Mr. Frankfort Moore spends all his time in his garden, and the greater part of his delightful novels has been written under the shade of his trees.

#### Tea on the Terrace.

"First catch your Member" is the watchword of the person who casually accepts the invitation of an M.P. The visitor enters through the St. Stephen's Hall, and not through the main entrance, which can only be passed or repassed in company with a Member

of Parliament. He must give his card to one of the intelligent policemen who are on guard at the entrance to the Lobby, who dispatches it promptly by a messenger. The guest must first write the name of the Member who has invited him at the top of his card, a stumpy pencil being presented to him by the policeman for this purpose before he has finished fumbling for his own. The card dispatched, the guest sits down in the Lobby, and a good deal of time is apt to elapse before the appearance of his host. It is not always the M.P.'s fault. There are so many places where he may be, that the messenger often has trouble to find him. He may be in the reading-room, in the smoking-room, on the Terrace, or possibly in the House itself—though judging from the multitude of Members who are always chasing up and down the Lobby one would fancy that the speakers never had anyone to listen to them. The wait in the Lobby has a pleasing or an exasperating effect, according to the mind of the beholder. It is interesting to the country visitor, who feels excited by the spirit of unrest which is all around, or feels the contrast between the repose of the lofty walls, the old stained glass, the quiet frescoes, and all this restless life passing to and fro before his eyes. To the townsman it is a bit exasperating; he does not enjoy the rôle of banished peri, and I have known a very distinguished judge to lose his temper and never regain it after being kept waiting half-an-hour by an M.P.—not even under the influence of the largest of strawberries and the loveliest of tea on the Terrace. But, as a rule, ill-humour vanishes when the Member of Parliament appears—the dapper host, bright and pleasant, whose advent is as the key to all agreeable things.

#### Paderewski's Return.

It was a very interesting night at the Philharmonic when Paderewski appeared for the first time since his American tour. He received the most enthusiastic welcome, and was recalled no less than seven times to the platform before he would take his en-



core. Seven times did the slight figure with the sloping shoulders reappear on the platform amidst vociferous applause; six times he only bowed his auburn head, and made off again in the direction of the artistes' room. But the last time he went to the piano, and gave the public what it had been wanting—the opportunity to hear him all by himself. He had played a new concertstück by Frederic Cowen, with the orchestra, but the public would not be satisfied without hearing him play a solo. The great pianist is just as simple and unspoilt as ever. He had a wonderfully successful tour in the States, making over £35,000. He travels with a staff of eight persons, being accompanied by his business manager, Mr. Hugo Görlitz, with two secretaries to assist him, a pianoforte tuner (onerous post), a butler, a valet, a negro servant, and a celebrated chef. This chef was celebrated even before he travelled all over the States with Lord Randolph Churchill, and, of course, he learnt much from his employer, for Lord Randolph was a great *gourmand*.

Madame Amy  
Sherwin.

The only vocalist on the Paderewski night was Madame Amy Sherwin, and it was indeed a pleasure to hear her sing. I stopped my pen in time, for I had nearly written "to see her." The Australian nightingale is one of the very few people who look well when they sing, and her platform manners are perfect. She looked such a sweet vision as she stood on the platform trilling out those exquisite notes which have never been approached except by Patti, that eye and ear were equally delighted. Her sweet smiling face was crowned with a wealth of Titianesque hair, and her pretty pink dress, with its garland of pink and black roses, stood out well against the sombre background formed by the black-coated orchestra. And how beautifully she sang! That fastidious audience recalled her again and again. Madame Sherwin has a very interesting personality. She is quite cosmopolitan. She has been twice round the world, and speaks five or six languages with ease.

She has sang before some of the most curious audiences that one can imagine, before the Court of Japan, and before Maoris and Kaffirs. She says she prefers either the most highly cultured audience or the most ignorant one, and that the two extremes are nearer than one would think.



Mr. Martin Harvey.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

The most popular young actor of the day is Mr. Martin Harvey, and he is immensely sought after in society. Every young lady of seventeen who at all respects herself says she is in love with Mr. Martin Harvey, though doubtless his romantic part in "The Only Way" has a good deal to do with it. He has certainly a wonderful face,

impressed with the stamp of genius. Martin Harvey is quite at his best with children; the training of the clever little lad in "Ib and Little Christina" was a labour of love, and he believes it will be well repaid, as the child is so full of dramatic instinct that it is probable he will be a fine actor when he grows up, and not drift off into the usual limbo of infant prodigies. Mr. Harvey is devoted to his own little children, and makes a rule of spending an hour with them every evening before he goes down to the theatre. He reads history to them, of which they are very fond, astonishing all their governesses with their familiarity with past events.

**In the Dressing-room.** The other evening I had a long talk with Mrs. Martin Harvey in her dressing-room, whilst she was attiring herself for the part of "Mimi." She said it was wonderful how that part had caught on, especially with women. She did not know why they should care for it so, except that a good many of them felt sympathy for unspoken love.



Miss N. de Silva.  
Photo by Window & Grove.

She is always getting flowers and letters from women, and one or two very sweet ones from little girls. Mrs. Harvey's is a case of a perfect vocation for the stage. When she was a little girl she ran away from her convent school, and went to Sir Henry Irving and begged him to give her a part. Sir Henry, always the kindest and wisest of men, told her to go back to her convent and finish her education, and to come to him in three years' time, when he would put her on the stage, which he did. She began by playing pages, and she had a great liking for boys' parts. Sir Henry was very strict about the pages' costumes. No page with a pinched-in waist was ever seen at the Lyceum. The clothes had to be cut exactly like a boy's, and perfectly accurate as to the fashion of the time.

**At the Lyceum.** These were most happy old days at the Lyceum. Sir Henry and Miss Terry were most kind to the juvenile players, and Mrs. Harvey has quite a collection of pretty gifts which she got year after year from the Lyceum Christmas-tree. Miss Terry gave her a Cornelian necklace which she values greatly, and she remembers that when "The Amber Heart" was produced, Miss Terry gave every girl in the theatre an amber heart, and every child a necklace. Mrs. Harvey (then Miss de Silva) got so fond of boys' parts that she went on tour playing Pierre in "Robert Macaire," putting herself down as Mr. Ferro in the bills, and being criticised as a man by the critics. She preserved her incognito until she got to Oxford, but there she was found out, as so many of the students had seen her in other parts. "I should like to play a boy's part again," she concludes. "I am rather tired of a part like 'Mimi'—always creeping and crawling about."

**For Good Luck.** Mrs. Harvey is nothing if not neat. Her dressing-room is neatness itself, and her dress is most fresh and dainty. Her muslin aprons are made of the finest material that can be bought,

and she can wear them ever so long without their wanting to be ironed. Her pretty shoes are all in a row, and everything is ready to her hand. The constant changing of shoes and stockings is said by Mrs. Harvey to be one of the greatest trials of theatrical life. When they had the *matinée* for the District Messengers the other day, and a performance of "The Only Way" in the evening, she counted that she had to change her shoes and stockings no less than thirteen times. Mrs. Harvey's dressing-room is always full of flowers, and she has a fine old Elizabethan chair to sit in when she is making up. A bunch of white heather is fastened at one side of the long looking-glass "for luck," and she has a lot of little charms at the end of her chain of uncut turquoises—a Cornelian heart, "a tiny lucky pig" in gold, and an Egyptian scarabæc some 7,000 years old.

Miss Isadora  
Duncan.

One of the great successes of the past season has been the dancing of Miss Isadora Duncan. Her dancing is something quite exceptional, and can only be appreciated by persons of culture. I could give quite a long list of the things one ought to know before one can understand the full meaning of these "dance-idylls;" ancient Greek art, Florentine art, and all the pictures of Boticelli. She has a wonderful power for expressing ideas through pose and gesture, and her perfectly-trained limbs are obedient to every suggestion of her mind. Miss Duncan began dancing in California when she was four, being taught by her grandmother, who was a dancer; she had lessons from a celebrated ballet-mistress in New York so as to master all the technique of her art. But the technique is entirely secondary; all this study was only the means to an end—the revival of the early Greek dances and the expression of poetic thought through the medium of motion. The beautiful dancer learnt Greek, and eagerly studied the poses of the dancing nymphs on the old Greek vases. She began by studying the statuary, she went on by studying the

vases, which are older than the statues, and then she made up her dances out of the attitudes of the figures. Her classic dances have been watched with the greatest interest by artists such as Tadema, Poynter, and Sir William Richmond—men who are full of the spirit of ancient Greece. Miss Duncan had a great success at a party at Lord Lathom's early in the season, where a very select audience was got together to see her, but she was seen to the greatest perfection at some evenings given at the New Gallery, where she danced in the beautiful entrance hall near the fountain. The company sat round three sides of the entrance hall, or watched the dancing from the gallery, and Mr. Dolmetch and his companions accompanied the dances with their ancient harpsichords and lutes. Several dances were given during the evening, which was commenced by a short lecture from some celebrity (Andrew Lang, Sir Hubert Parry, or Sir William Richmond), and the spaces filled up with appropriate music. These evenings were under the immediate patronage of the Princess Christian and there was an influential committee, of which the Countess Gleichen was the moving spirit. The Countess is a great admirer of Miss Duncan's, and takes a warm interest in her progress. The third evening was the most interesting of the series. Sir William Richmond gave a short lecture on Boticelli and the Primavera, and Miss Duncan then gave a dance suggested by the picture, a very gentle movement, with the gestures and attitudes familiar to us in the paintings of the time. In a dance founded on La Bella Simonetta, the young dancer gave the impression of the joy felt at the sight of the rose, the pleasure of placing it in the garland, and the sorrow felt when its beauty is fled. A Bacchante dance won enthusiastic applause, it was so interesting to see the attitudes of the nymphs on the friezes come to life, but the prettiest of all was the realisation of Ambrogio de Predis' angel playing on the viol. I don't know how the dancer managed to convey an idea of the little angel in the picture having come to life, floating about with sweet and gracious

movements and charming smiles. Her sister told me that the dancer had been practising these expressions for the last week—going about with her eyes cast upwards, and wearing the most angelic expression—a thing which it might be well if other people practised in family life.

**The Lord Mayor's City Worthies.** luncheon to those associated with the Dictionary of National Biography was a graceful act, a thoughtful tribute in City turtle to a production of national importance and utility. In these days of trade unions and restriction of sympathy and expenditure to one's own immediate circle of interests, I take leave to rejoice at the exception. Still, I have been wondering whether many City men, the business brains that have helped to make England great, have found entrance to these volumes.

**The City Man's Retiring Character.** The number of biographies of business men, separately published, might, I think, be counted on the fingers of one hand. The great majority of City men, eminent in their profession, live and die without public notice of their abilities. The true type does not seek publicity, even in days of assiduous self-advertisement. The public, therefore, knows not of him.

**A Touch of Romance.** In Capel Court, dead and buried behind Parr's Bank, the Alliance Assurance, and the Sun Life Office, is the real front door of the Stock Exchange. If the explorer makes his way to it he is rewarded by the only touch of romance, the only air of dignity or reserve, the place possesses. The quiet shadowed court, the quaint rounded doorway leading to the Consol Market, and over the entrance the simple words, kindly touched by time and weather, "Stock Exchange, MDCCCL," and above again, "Altered and Enlarged, MDCCCLIII." He will come away justly impressed, and go on

to the bustle of Threadneedle Street striving to catch another glimpse to renew the charm, but baulked by the North British and Mercantile and a frivolously pagodaed post office, he will find himself again in Broad Street disheartened and amazed.

**In no city but London**  
**A Characteristic.** would the God of Money and Money's Worth so hide his dwelling. No other city would so conceal the beating of its heart. For such, after all, the Stock Exchange is to the practical side of the nation's life. Not its soul: no manufactory of ideas or theories; with such things it has little truck and less patience; but that which gathers up the full material power of the people, and sends it pulsating forth again, to enable them to live. For this view I think there is much to be said.

**The Great Globe Itself.** But, if the Stock Exchange is a solemn temple to the outsider, it is the great globe itself to all which it inhabit; and it presents some of the features of the world — on Mercator's projection—with differences, somewhat vital some may think, but the parallel will serve. For instance, the North Pole would be probably in the north-east corner, where the Klondyke market is not yet thawed into excessive busyness; while the Antarctic is in the south-west corner, ramparted by the classic ice of Government securities.

**A Torrid Zone.** The very real line of extreme heat rises in the far East among the Westralians, sweeps widely northward through the midst of the Kaffir Circus, up again to the centre, hardly distinguishable in the temperate region of the Home Railway Market, then suddenly dashes, vivid and evident, through the tropical district of the American Market, and vanishes by the Yankee door into Shorter's Court, in the north-west angle of the House. Squeezed by the Kaffir Market into



a corner to the north of this line, Foreign Government Securities, Argentines, and Canals and Docks maintain what appears almost a precarious footing. To the south extends the great temperate band of the Miscellaneous and the Foreign Rail Markets.

**The Volume of Business.**

To a stranger, the general din and the mass of people would seem evidence enough that brisk business was proceeding, but an experienced eye and ear would detect the difference at once. The volume of business has been, for some time, small. Nothing tends more to diminish it than political uncertainty.

**The Kaffir Blondin.** Kaffirs particularly have suffered from this cause throughout the Transvaal War. The spasmodic rises which have taken place have not been lasting, and British success in the field has, for the Kaffir Market, only been able to secure a slow, if sure, improvement in the average price of the best shares, other shares being comparatively neglected. Indeed, the Kaffir Blondin donkey has one eye on the Government ringmaster, to see what he is going to do with that Settlement whip, and the other on the empty benches where the public is only slowly beginning to "come in." He is ready to square up to the one or make his bow to the other, as occasion offers. Meantime he is striving to warm himself at the footlights.

**The Slim Transvaaler.**

On the matter of the Transvaal Settlement depends all the question of the re-opening of the two Boer States to business and immigration. There seems every prospect of a large demand both for mining properties and for land when the war is over, and the slim Transvaaler is sure to find some way of indemnifying himself at the expense of the Britisher. Property in the neighbourhood of Johannesburg and Pretoria will rise to the demand of the speculative builder. Such is the reward of patriotism!

**Colonials get a Remove.**

It is good news to trustees, and probably still more so to the unfortunate beneficiaries whose capital is, at present, fast locked in gilt-edged securities, yielding a return of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  or  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., that some of the best Colonial Government stocks are to be thrown open to them. This has been possible in Scotland for some years, and I suppose we have to thank the Imperial idea for at last giving some impetus to the principle in England, even in the form, carefully bound with red tape, that it is proposed to grant to us.

**An Imperial Guarantee.**

The Imperial guarantee for all Imperial obligations is sure to come—in time—and would be a great boon now to the investor. I fear, however, we will be too cautious to try it until the boon is much depreciated.

**A Good Time Coming.**

I am glad, however, to be able to inform any investor who does not happen to see that eminently instructive periodical "The Statist," that the return on investment will, generally speaking, rise, from this out. It appears that, what with the Baring Crisis, the Sherman Act, the Australian Banking strammash, the Venezuelan difficulty, the Kaiser's Kruger telegram, the Armenian Massacres, the Chino-Japanese War, the triple combination to rob Japan of the fruits of her success, the Greco-Turkish War, the Spanish-American ditto, differences with France over Newfoundland, West Africa, and Fashoda, the Boer War, and the present trouble in China, the whole world has had its feet, economically and politically, in mustard and water for the last ten years. If the great Powers fail to screw their courage to the sticking place, and to indulge in a general war for China, the effect will be a conviction in the mind of the general public that they never will do so. An immediate feeling of security will cause a great efflux of money to investment in foreign securities, the total of such investment being much lower now than it used to be. The



ultimate result will be a demand for money for purposes of trade, a flow to meet it, a depreciation of price in gilt-edged securities, and a consequent increase of the rate of return to the investor on his purchases at the reduced price. We, therefore, may live in hope.

**Home Rails.** Home Railway ordinary stocks seem likely to tend downwards for six months or more, as dividends cannot in the nature of things show improvement, owing to costly coal and increased capital charges. So that those people who buy them for a rise may very possibly be disappointed.

**The Ladies' Line.** One of the problems of Home Rails is whether the Central London Railway, when opened to the public, will pay on an all-round fare of twopence. This time alone can show. Serving as it does the great shopping centre, I should suggest that the tip for this, as for most other problems, is *chercher la femme*. Undoubtedly, as loyal citizens, ladies should support the new railway by their short journeys:

Tripping hither, tripping thither,  
Nobody knows why, or whither.

Seeing that the short journeyer will pay the best, I should think the Company might well consider the question of special (above all, clean) ladies' carriages in shopping hours.

**Why, O Why?** Why, O why, is Royalty never allowed to see common things as they are? Why is every great undertaking opened before it is finished? Why must the distinguished opener view everything through the rose-coloured spectacles of palms and crimson cloth, used to conceal the raggedness and deficiency of paint incidental to an unfinished job? In this respect the Central Railway was better than many; also in its comparatively early opening to the public. But it is always thus. I think certain exalted personages must pine sometimes for a little green cloth and crimson evergreens, even deal boarding unadorned, to vary the eternal monotony.

#### Company Law Reform.

Only good can come to the public from any reform of Company Law. If the Bill now before Parliament merely secures that a Company shall not start its business until a proper amount of cash has been subscribed, it will do much good.

#### Three Points.

Three points:—Silver and silver securities will probably gain in value, whatever happens.—Money is likely to be dearer.—The British Government has always been, and is now, more than ever, suffering from hand-to-mouth disease.



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Swinging on a swing,  
Leaving room beside  
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Waiting for the ring—  
Who would dare to  
chide her?

Up along the lane—  
Oh, the sight en-  
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Comes the promised  
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His eyes expectant  
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THE Vesper bell was ringing, and from the convent a long line of silent, white-robed Sisters were wending their way through the cloisters to the Abbey Church, to take their places in the choir. The organ pealed forth its solemn tones, a few worshippers from the farms around straggled in. The service began, but the Lady Abbess was for once absent from her stall.

She sat in the convent parlour, in close conversation with the Lord Bishop of Wartenheim, patron and benefactor of the Abbey, and renowned through the Fatherland for his warlike and irascible disposition.

The Lady Abbess was old and ugly, but never did she look older or uglier than on this particular afternoon, as she sat in the full glare of the setting sun.

"She is a saucy jade!" she hissed through her clenched teeth, "and were it not for her large fortune, I would quickly drive her from the convent walls."

"But thou wilt soon reduce her to obedience when she has taken the veil," returned the Bishop, slyly, "and that she must be forced to do with all speed. It were a thousand pities, Mother, to let this money slip through

our hands, and surely thou wilt not let thyself be baffled by a mere girl!"

"She will never take the veil, of that I feel certain," snapped the Abbess.

"She must, and shall!" cried the Bishop, wrathfully banging his fist on the table until the window panes rattled again. "I will see her grandfather the Burgomaster, without delay; and put it to him that Elizabeth, being an orphan, and possessing great wealth, is likely at any moment to become the prey of a fortune-hunter. Indeed I shrewdly suspect that she has already engaged herself to that penniless young adventuring knight, Wolfgang Von Hartstein!"

"Ha! I did not know of this," interrupted the Abbess with a frown.

"I am almost sure of it," continued the Bishop, "and I will further say to the Burgomaster that for the salvation of Elizabeth's soul it would be as well for her to take the vows in this convent, while her fortune could not be in safer keeping than in that of Mother Church!"

"I trust thou mayst succeed," said the reverend lady sourly. "But Elizabeth is not easy to manage, the minx!"

"Well, well, let us hope she will soon change for the better!" replied the Bishop hastily, in order to avoid another

outburst; "and now for my second mission to Wartenheim."

He hitched his chair nearer to that of the Abbess, and looked round over his shoulder to see that the door was closed.

"The Priory Church contains a relic of Saint Boniface," he remarked in a whisper.

The Lady Abbess said nothing, but she fixed her eyes on him attentively, and leaned forward to hear better.

"Now, why should the Priory possess that sacred relic?" said the Bishop, "when by rights it should belong to the more important church, the Abbey; in other words, Mother, the relic ought to be here."

He paused, but the Abbess still said nothing; she was watching him eagerly.

"Think of the enormous difference it would make to us," cried the prelate, "think of the pilgrims that would flock to the shrine; of the offerings they would leave, and the consequent increase in our revenues. Why, Mother, the benefits are incalculable!"

"We must have it," said the Abbess in a low, concentrated tone. "But how dost thou propose to gain access to the shrine, since it is guarded day and night by a monk secreted in the watching-chamber?"

The Bishop crossed his legs with a complacent smile.

"I have thought of that," he replied, "and devised a plan which must succeed.

After I have seen our worthy friend the Burgomaster, I shall proceed to the reverend Prior, Father Gregory, and make known to him my intention of keeping a vigil to-morrow from midnight to dawn before the relic in the Priory Church. Now, as thou doubtless knowest, Mother, it is not etiquette for anyone to be on guard while the Bishop



"I trust thou mayst succeed," said the reverend lady sourly.

keeps his watch there, so that I shall be able to make good use of my opportunity."

"Tis a bold scheme and worthy of success," said the Abbess, rising as she spoke. "But thou must be an hungered, my lord Bishop, after thy ride hither. Will it please thee to accompany me to the Refectory, where I have caused a meal to be spread for thee?"



"With pleasure, reverend Mother," replied his lordship of Wartenheim, following her nothing loath, "for since thou dost mention it, I feel within me an

The pair had scarcely quitted the parlour, when the door of a large linen press which stood in one corner opened cautiously, and a young girl stepped out noiselessly. She was small and slender, with quantities of flaxen hair, and a pair of very pretty blue eyes, which at the present moment were shining with anger.

"So!" she muttered, stamping her foot. "Ye couple of holy hypocrites! I and my fortune are to be sacrificed to the selfish greed of that sour-faced old Abbess and her grasping colleague! They think to force me to take the veil, do they? Well, I will outwit them both. The Prior shall hear of this ere another hour has passed, and then we shall see who will get the sacred relic. But how to get out of the convent? 'Twill be no easy task, and I must exercise my ingenuity — Ha! I have it."

Elizabeth gave vent to a little laugh, as a brilliant idea crossed her mind, and,

running from the room, she gained the convent gate. The plump and rosy-faced old portress was indulging in a little nap, and when Elizabeth aroused her, started up bewildered.



She poured into her lover's willing ear the whole of the conversation.

empty void that would seem to demand a fat capon or a round of beef to satisfy its cravings, with a draught of rich red wine to bear me up for the coming contest."

"Quick, Sister, quick!" cried the girl, "the Lady Abbess needs thee, and has bidden me take thy place whilst thou art gone. Run, run, Sister, it is of vital importance. Here, give me thy keys, lest anyone should come."

The portress, still dazed with sleep, hastily detached the bunch of keys that hung at her girdle, and then hurried towards the convent. Left alone, Elizabeth proceeded to try which key fitted the gate, and happening by a lucky chance to hit upon the right one first, quickly let herself out into the road, and ran with all speed towards the town. The sun had by this time sunk below the horizon, so that there was little likelihood of her being seen; indeed, she met no one until she had nearly reached the end of the high road, when suddenly the sound of a horse's hoofs behind her made her start aside in an agony of fear.

"Elizabeth! Can this be possible!" exclaimed a familiar voice.

With a cry of joy she ran towards the horseman.

"Wolfgang! Is it thou? Ah! I feared 'twas that hateful Abbess!"

"It would seem that thou hast escaped from the dame's clutches," laughed the knight, as he dismounted and kissed his lady-love. "But this high road is no place for thee at this hour, Elizabeth, and it is lucky that I happened to spy thee, thou little witch!"

"I have good reason for being here, Wolfgang," replied the girl breathlessly. "A plot so dastardly has been hatched by the Abbess and the Bishop of Wartenheim, that it will fairly startle thee with its audacity. Listen, and tell me if thou hast ever heard the like."

Panting with indignation, she poured into her lover's willing ear the whole of the conversation she had overheard in the convent parlour. He looked very grave as she finished, and agreed with her that the best thing to be done was to seek the Prior without delay.

Accordingly he threw his horse's reins over his arm, and, with Elizabeth by his side, took the way towards the Priory. It was about two miles distant from the Abbey, situated on the river bank at the

other end of the town, and standing in the midst of rich meadow lands and cornfields.

The lovers walked quickly, skirting the edge of the town to avoid meeting anyone, and in an incredibly short time the walls of the Priory loomed before them in the dusk.

They reached the gate, and mounting the steps, rang loudly, the tones of the bell echoing with startling effect through the quiet cloisters. There was a long pause, then the pattering of bare feet was heard on the stone flags, the portal was flung wide, and a monk, holding a lantern high above his head, demanded in accents of surprise:

"Who rings at this hour, and so imperatively?"

"Danger threatens the holy relic," cried Wolfgang, baring his head. "I pray thee, Father, give us entrance, for we bear ill news."

The monk hesitated on seeing Elizabeth, but Wolfgang did not wait for a refusal, leading in first his sweetheart, then his charger, tethering the latter close to the gate. Then he bade the monk lead them to the Prior.

"The brethren are at their evening meal," observed the religious, as he ushered the visitors into the small bare guest room. "If ye will wait here, I will apprise the Prior of your coming!"

He departed in the direction of the refectory, but Elizabeth had no intention of being left behind, and promptly followed, in spite of her lover's remonstrances, bidding him come too if he feared to stay there alone. Wolfgang shrugged his shoulders, and stifling a laugh, accompanied her down the long stone corridor. The monk was trotting ahead, quite unconscious of their proximity, and, reaching the refectory door, he pushed it opened and entered, followed by the lovers.

They found themselves in a lofty, oak-roofed hall, on either side of which ran long tables and benches, filled with silent monks eating with downcast eyes, while the Prior and chapter occupied a separate table on a raised dais at the upper end. One of the brothers was

reading aloud from some book of devotion, the monotonous tones of his voice reminding Elizabeth vaguely of a bee humming drowsily among the flowers on a hot summer's day.

The monk who had admitted them, advanced to the high table, and began to inform the Prior of the arrival of the two young people, when, to his terror, his superior arose, and, pointing beyond him, cried with a frown:

"Why hast thou brought this girl hither? 'Tis against all our rules, as thou well knowest!"

The unfortunate brother turned round aghast, and stared at Elizabeth in

speechless horror, but she took no notice of him, and, rushing forward, flung herself on her knees beside the Prior.

"Forgive me, Father, but I could not wait," she entreated, kissing his hand humbly. "Dost thou not remember me? I am the daughter of thine old friend, Adelbert Von Neudeck, and I and Wolfgang are come on a mission of the gravest import."

"Aye, of course, I recollect thee now, little Elizabeth," replied the Prior. "Thy face recalls thy poor father, but who is this Wolfgang?"

Elizabeth glanced round shyly at her lover, and coloured a little.

"Oh! Father, Wolfgang—that is—I mean the Count Von Hartstein, he is—I—"

"I understand," said the Prior gravely, with a twinkle in his shrewd grey eyes, "but your mission, children. I would know what brings you hither? Come with me to my study, and there ye can speak undisturbed."

He rose, and, leading the way through the hall, past the lines of wondering monks, he conducted his guests into a room overlooking the river.

He seated himself in a great, carved, high-backed chair, and signing to the couple to approach, waited for them to speak.

"It hath come to our ears, Father," began the knight, "that the Lord Bishop of Wartenheim has it in his mind to seize the precious relic from the shrine of St. Boniface."

The Prior started.

"Can this be true?" he ejaculated.

"Aye, 'tis true enough, Father," broke in Elizabeth, "for I overheard him discussing his plan with



Something icy cold and heavy as lead closed upon his wrist.

Mother Veronica, the Abbess of St. Mary's."

"To-morrow he will visit thy Priory," continued Wolfgang, "and announce his intention of keeping a vigil in the church between the hours of midnight and dawn. He then, knowing well that all watchers must leave the church as he enters it, will profit by the occasion to possess himself of the holy relic."

The Prior sprang to his feet with a cry of anger.

"Ah! the traitor, he would take us at a disadvantage; we shall be forced to leave our sacred treasure unguarded and will lose it beyond all hope of recovery. By the holy saints, if I dared I would close our doors against this marauding prelate, but, alas! he is too strong, and were I to act thus, he would pour upon us such an army as would raze our well-beloved Priory to the ground."

He paused, overcome with emotion, and hid his face in his hands. The young people stood by in silence, not venturing to speak, until Wolfgang, plucking up courage, touched the old man gently on the arm.

"Father," he said softly, "lend me thine ear a moment, for I think I have a plan by which this wicked plot may be defeated, and the relic saved!"

The Prior raised his head, and a gleam of hope shot into his eyes.

"What is thy plan, my son? Let me hear it, perchance it may help us."

The knight approached, and, bending down, spoke at some length in a low tone, the Prior listening meanwhile with growing satisfaction.

Elizabeth, who had also drawn near, put in a word now and then with a gleeful laugh, ending by dancing joyously round the room.

"Thou hast thought well, my son," said the Prior as Wolfgang concluded, "and if we succeed, thou shalt not go unrewarded. But now, children, ye must depart, for it grows late. Elizabeth, what will the Abbess say when she discovers thy departure?"

"I care not what she says," answered the girl with a pout, "I shall not return there."

"Then thou must go to thy grandfather," said Wolfgang firmly.

"Never!" cried Elizabeth, "he would but send me back to the convent. Nay, look not so shocked, dear Wolfgang; thou shalt take me to my old nurse, who lives hard by with her husband and children. They will shelter me for a day or two at least."

The young man gave way, as he usually did when Elizabeth took an obstinate fit into her head, and after bidding the Prior good-night, the lovers took their departure.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Priory clock was slowly tolling forth the hour of midnight, as the Lord Bishop of Wartenheim entered the church to keep his vigil. Within the sacred building all was still as death, the only sound that occasionally smote upon the ear was the fluttering of a bat high up in the darkness of the roof; through the great east window the moonlight was streaming across the chancel, illuminating the figures on the rood with a weird, unearthly glow, playing at hide and seek among the pillars, leaving here a streak of silvery whiteness, and there a patch of inky blackness; flooding with soft light the chapel of St. Boniface, and resting with a halo above the shrine of the holy relic.

It was here that the Bishop bent his footsteps, heedless of the solemn grandeur around him, thinking only of the prize so well within his grasp. He reached the chapel, and knelt, from force of habit. The shrine was a rare masterpiece of the sculptor's art, rich in carvings of quaint design, and encrusted with jewels, the gifts of many a devout pilgrim. It represented a life-sized recumbent figure of St. Boniface, round whose neck was suspended a cross of diamonds, sapphires and rubies, containing one of the teeth of the Saint.

From the marble sarcophagus upon which the holy Boniface reposed, arose six carved pillars, supporting the watching-chamber, which was composed of oaken trellis work. It was usually occupied by a monk, but at the present moment was left vacant.

The prelate remained in prayer for some moments, then raised his head and

gazed upon the relic. The diamonds glittering in the rays of the moon, seemed to bid him seize them, and, putting forth his hand, he was about to remove the cross from the breast of the saint, when something icy cold and heavy as lead closed upon his wrist, crushing it as in a vice.

With a cry of terror the Bishop en-

deavoured to struggle to his feet, but was forced to his knees again, held down by the marble hand of the outraged Boniface, who, recalled to life by the impending sacrilege, protected thus the holy relic in his own person.

As the hideous truth dawned upon him, and he saw the once insensible effigy rising to curse him, the Bishop,



And the worthy Prior fell into such throes of silent laughter that the tears fairly rolled down his cheeks.



with an appalling scream, fell prostrate on the floor in a dead faint.

When he again recovered consciousness, he became aware that someone was holding up his head, and on opening his eyes, perceived Wolfgang kneeling beside him.

"Ah! don't leave me, don't leave me!" he cried with a nervous clutch, gazing fearfully at the recumbent saint, who had resumed his normal attitude. "I—I have had a terrible shock!"

"Yes, my Lord Bishop, I entered the church just in time to see thee fall," answered the young knight gravely.

"Then—then thou didst see—that?" and the trembling bishop pointed with a shudder to the shrine.

"Aye, my lord, I witnessed both the intended theft and its strange prevention."

"But, good Wolfgang, thou wilt say naught about it—I will reward thee if thou wilt keep silence."

"I will do so upon one condition only," replied the Count Von Hartstein, as he assisted the prelate to his feet. "Thou **must** obtain the Burgomaster's consent to **my** marriage with his granddaughter Elizabeth, and thou **must** pay me a goodly sum by way of a wedding portion."

"Anything! anything!" groaned the bishop, tottering from the church.

"But, remember," cried Wolfgang, "an thou fail in thy promise, thy sacrilege and its punishment shall be made known throughout the Fatherland!"

"Nay, rest assured, my son, I shall keep my word; I swear it to thee," replied the bishop as he reached the open air.

Wolfgang accompanied him to the

monks' quarters, and then returned to the church.

He found the Prior seated on the edge of the shrine, divesting himself of the white garment that had done duty as the saint's robe. Below it he wore a complete suit of mail, which had effectually concealed his breathing, and had given both the appearance and feel of marble, the likeness to the effigy being further heightened by the whitening of his face and gauntleted hands with a preparation of chalk.

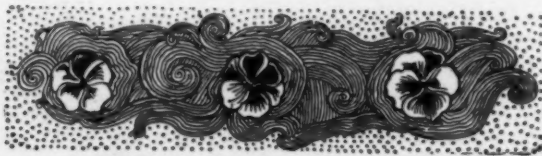
"Heaven bless thee, my son," he said as Wolfgang approached, "thy plan has succeeded beyond all hope, and great shall be thy reward. Ho! in faith 'twas a grand moment when the thieving bishop found himself as he believed in the grip of the angry saint!"

And the worthy Prior, shaking his head from side to side, fell into such throes of silent laughter, that the tears fairly rolled down his cheeks.

"And now, my son," he said at length, as he rose and wiped his eyes, "I pray thee help me out of this armour which thou hast so kindly lent me, and then I shall pass the rest of the night in vigil before the relic, as a thank-offering for our happy deliverance from a terrible sacrilege."

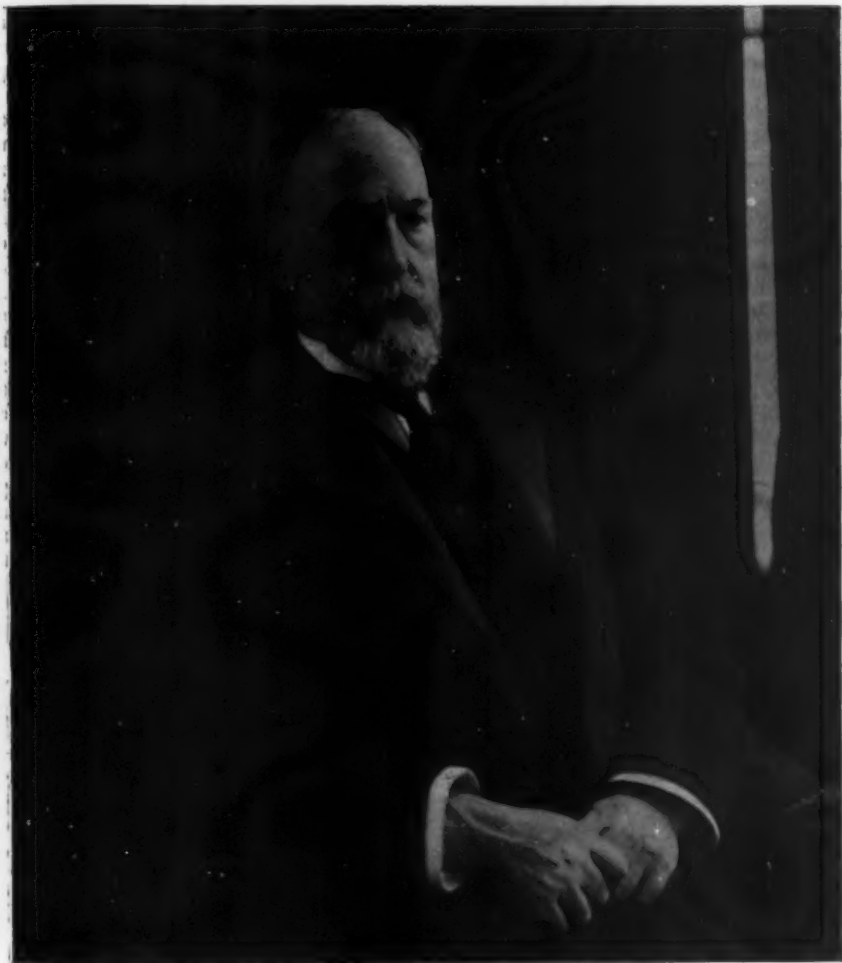
. . . . .

The Bishop of Wartenheim kept his promise made by the shrine of St. Boniface, and when a month later the marriage of Count Wolfgang Von Hartstein with the Baroness Elizabeth Von Neu-deck was celebrated in the Priory church, it was no "penniless, adventuring" knight that led the heiress to the altar, but one whose fortune was well able to vie with her own.



## THE EVOLUTION OF AN IMPERIALIST.

BY WALTER C. PURCELL.



*Photo by Paul Naumann.*

**The Right Hon. Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, Bart., M.P.**

THE first time, if my memory serves me right, I looked upon a portrait, or what professed to be a portrait, of Sir Charles Dilke, was some twenty-four years ago, and then, curiously enough, I found it illustrating a type in a phrenological pamphlet in which the eminent Imperial statesman of to-day was described as that "stern and uncompromising repub-

lican." Times have changed since then, and with them Sir Charles Dilke. How few of the present generation remember the "Citizen" Dilke of a quarter of a century ago. Republicanism in those days had a certain vogue which rendered it, if not fashionable, curious and interesting, and "Citizen" Dilke was on all hands accepted as the apostle and the prophet



Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., M.P.

*Photo by Dickinson, New Bond Street, W.*

of the new political cult. Where is his republicanism now? It is, perhaps, scarcely fair to recall these early vagaries, these preliminary canterings in the domain of politics in which all statesmen indulge to a more or less extent before settling down to fixed political principles. But, after all, the object of an article of this kind is to interest the reader, and as Sir Charles Dilke's flights in the direction of republicanism formed the most interesting feature of his career, I see no reason for passing them over. Associated with him in those early days—his other self—was the gentleman whom I once saw described in a foreign newspaper as Lord Sir Joseph Chamberlain, and though at the beginning Sir Charles Dilke's too candid propaganda on behalf of what must always be an unpopular cause in England impaired his character as a serious politician, it is notorious that the constitutional radicalism of Mr. Chamberlain gave rise to even more distrust. But the

two men in time became inseparable; and, to anticipate a little, it is a well-known fact that it was owing to the self-abnegation of Dilke that Chamberlain obtained his first seat in the Cabinet. After 1880, when the Liberals "swept the country," Mr. Gladstone offered a seat in the Cabinet to Sir Charles Dilke, but he, on condition that one of his Radical colleagues was given the position, agreed to content himself with the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. "The Times" and "The Spectator" of that day spoke appreciatively of Sir Charles Dilke's self-denial, whilst "The Daily News," as the recognised Liberal organ, went further, declaring that "the trouble some men take to push their claims forward Sir Charles Dilke has taken to keep his claims back." Not even the wildest imagination could have fancied then that twenty years later would see these two men sitting on opposite sides of the House, one the incarnation of militant Imperialism, and the other the most philosophic exponent



Miniature of Lady Dilke.



Portrait of John Keats.

of the same creed. The growth, or decadence, call it what you will, of the political idea, has been pretty much the same in both, and though standing on nominally different platforms, on all essential things they are as united to-day as they were in 1880.



Drawing by John Keats.

Sir Charles is 56 years of age, but owing to his well-known love of outdoor exercise, and his inveterate fondness for such hobbies as fencing, he is as active and lithe as a man of half his age. At Cambridge, where he went in 1862, he rowed four years in his college first boat, and won a shooting prize in the Volunteers, as well as a walking championship. His love of the river is as ardent to-day as it was forty years ago, and in company with Mr. Reginald McKenna, M.P., as portrayed in our illustration, he may be seen frequently pulling along the Thames with a stroke which shows neither a lack of the old

Sir Charles Dilke's Great-Great-Grandfather,  
1698-1781.

vigour nor a want of the old skill. That Sir Charles Dilke's prowess in this direction is generally recognised is evidenced by the fact that a challenge he held out some time ago on behalf of himself and Mr. McKenna to row any two Members of the House of Commons has not yet been taken up.

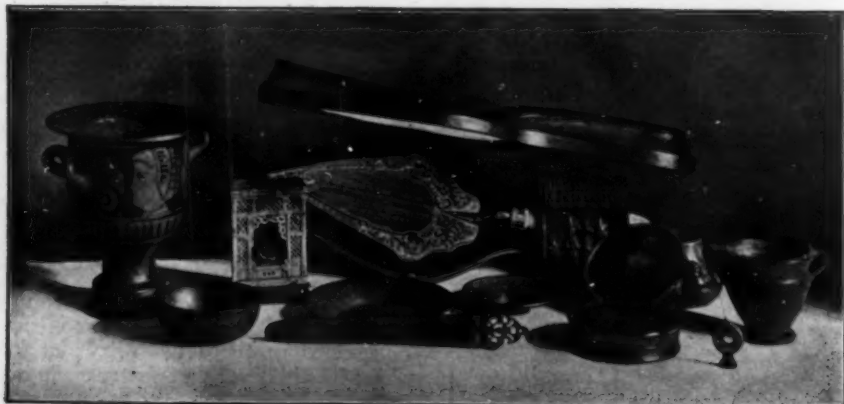
But it was not only in the domain of athletics that Sir Charles distinguished himself at Cambridge. He won a scholarship in Mathematics, and came out senior in the Law Tripos of '66, whilst his abilities as a debater made him twice Vice-President and twice President of the Union Debating Society.



Prizes won by Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart., M.P.

His university career at an end, he proceeded to complete his education by a tour of the world, having for companion during part of the journey that well-known traveller and writer, the late Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Together they performed what was then a very rare feat—they crossed over the Rocky Mountains. After that Sir Charles went to our Australian Colonies by way of California, taking Ceylon and India on the return journey, in both places making himself familiar with the condition and political and social aspects of the native races. After India came Egypt, and the usual European tour. The result of this journey was a remarkable

book, the name of which has added a new phrase to our language, and which attained a very large sale not only in England and America, but in all the Colonies. It is curious to have to state that though Sir Charles Dilke wrote "Problems of Greater Britain" with the avowed object of killing the earlier book, "Greater Britain" still continues to sell, and Messrs. Macmillan still continue to issue fresh editions. Indeed, as I am able to state on the authority of Sir Charles himself, the public have regularly confounded one book with the other. Still, though "Greater Britain" is in many respects out of date, it possesses considerable interest for the political



Souvenirs of Sir Charles Dilke's travels.



student, the fore-knowledge of events and the curious anticipation of subsequent problems being quite remarkable. In the November of the year in which his book appeared, Sir Charles was returned to Parliament, Chelsea having chosen him in preference to Dr. William Russell, the famous war correspondent of "The Times." His ability as a financier, and the great interest he took

in economical questions, soon attracted the attention of Mr. Fawcett, to whom he became after a time indispensable. Still, maintaining his democratic principles, which indeed he has never renounced, he worked hard for the preservation of public Commons, becoming Chairman of a Society founded with that object. Nor did he let purely

domestic politics interfere with the interest his prolonged tour had given him in the affairs of India and the Colonies. He spoke often and with great effect on foreign and Colonial matters.

In 1871, in speeches delivered at Newcastle, Sir Charles brought a terrible storm about his head. Not only did he accuse the Court of wanton extravagance, but attacked monarchical insti-

tutions in general, declaring himself purely and simply a republican. He was answered a few days later by Mr. Lowe, who challenged him to raise the subject in the House of Commons. This is how "The Times" of December 6 in that year alluded to the matter: "Sir Charles Dilke has brought definite charges of scandalous extravagance and waste of the public funds against the Court and

successive Ministries. These are intermixed with general criticism on monarchical institutions which are not capable of being brought to an issue, but in themselves they admit of direct verification or disapproval. Sir Charles Dilke maintains them, Mr. Lowe denies them. We do not know the extent of the denial and the character of the future explanations, for, as Mr. Lowe justly observed, to enter into the subject before the people of Halifax would be to fall into the error for which he had censured his opponent; but if Sir Charles will repeat his statements on the meeting of Parliament, he has the assurance that the Government will not endeavour to smother discussion."

Sir Charles very courageously took up



Lady Dilke.

From the painting by Herbert Herkomer, R.A.

the challenge, and on the 19th of March in the following year he rose in his place in the House to move certain returns in connection with the Civil List of which he had given previous notice. His speech on the occasion was characterised by great ability, and it speaks well for the respect in which he was held that he was listened to in absolute silence, though his friend and supporter, Mr. Auberon Herbert, failed to obtain a hearing. In a House of nearly 280 Members, he only found two supporters, Mr. Herbert and Mr. Anderson. This was defeat with a vengeance, but Sir Charles was young and not at all disposed to drop his "very dangerous" opinions. He addressed many meetings up and down the country, and gave a name to a party known as the "Dilkites." As was to be expected, his propaganda roused a good deal of opposition. Many of his meetings were broken up, and he himself ran considerable risk of personal violence. At Bolton, one of his meetings gave rise to a riot, which in turn resulted in a trial that excited all sections of the Lancashire people for some weeks. Eight of the party who broke up the meeting were put on their trial, but though the jury deliberated for about eight hours they were unable to agree. Sergeant Ballantine, who defended, used the unpopular opinions of the baronet to such effect that most of the jury felt that as loyal men they were bound to acquit the prisoners. Earlier in the year, in an address to his constituents at Chelsea, Sir Charles disclaimed any intention of having been personally offensive to the Royal Family, a disclaimer that was only in part accepted even by the Liberal party. In an article on this speech, which appeared in "The Daily News," there is a curious prophecy which those who know the Sir Charles Dilke of to-day will read with interest. "The manly and straightforward speech of Sir Charles Dilke at Chelsea," says the Liberal organ, "is a sufficient answer to the charges which have been heaped upon him of having personally attacked the Sovereign, of having violated his oath of allegiance, and of having combined every form of sedition

and treason which a terrified imagination can conceive. He has said nothing which lies outside the sphere of fair political discussion, nor has there been anything in his manner to make that unlawful which was intrinsically permissible. What is offensive in the popular impression of his speeches has been read into them by passion and prejudice. The wisdom of his opinions is, however, a very different thing, and on this point *we are disposed to agree with the views which Sir Charles Dilke is likely to take ten years hence, rather than with those which with admirable frankness and courage he professes now.*"

A few months later Sir Charles gave an early indication of a possible change of views, declaring that all the reforms he desired were compatible with the monarchical form of Government. One of these reforms was the redistribution of seats, a measure he was the first to advocate, and which was then almost as unpopular as his republican opinions. "He holds," says "The Standard," "that the franchise is not wide enough. He condemns the distribution of seats according to which one half of the Members were elected by over two millions while the other half were elected by under half a million. He demands the extension of household suffrage to the counties." As all the world knows, these very reforms which were then considered as revolutionary, were looked upon a few years later, both by Liberal and Tory, as reasonable and necessary. About this time, Sir Charles had the temerity to quarrel with the Temperance party in Chelsea, and so unsafe was his seat regarded that several constituencies, including Dundee and Paisley, where the Radicals were in a very large majority, were offered to him. But he was not the man to give in without a struggle. At the next election the teetotalers brought out a candidate of their own, but to their disgust they saw the name of Dilke once more at the head of the poll. In the Conservative Parliament of 1874, he rendered some valuable service to the Government by actively supporting many of its measures. From this

time onward there would seem to have been working a gradual change in his views, the extreme radicalism, not to say republicanism, of his earlier days giving place to a staid, philosophic Liberalism which accepted the monarchy as one of the things that is best, and recognised the Empire at large as a heritage to be jealously guarded. The prophecy of "The Daily News" has been fulfilled. In '78 and '79 he marked by his speeches a divergence between

was selected by Mr. Gladstone to move the vote of censure on the Government, his position was assured. Though occupying the post of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the '80 Parliament, Sir Charles found time to devote a good deal of attention to Metropolitan matters. It was perhaps this devotion to domestic legislation which induced Mr. Gladstone three years later to offer him the Chairmanship of the Local Government Board, with a seat in the Cabinet.



Mr. Reginald McKenna, M.P.

Sir Charles Dilke, M.P.

himself and many of the prominent members of his party by becoming, if only in a moderate degree, a man of war, and though the term was seldom used then, an "Imperialist." Then, as now, the eternal Eastern question was with us, and Sir Charles Dilke's speeches on the subject were considered so valuable that the public called for their issue in pamphlet form. For some time he had been making rapid advances in the direction of the front bench, and when, in 1879, he

It was whilst occupying this position that he piloted through the House the Redistribution Bill, the advocacy of which had brought such odium upon him in '71 and '72. During this period too he acted as Chairman of a Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, the Prince of Wales, Cardinal Manning, and Lord Salisbury being also members.

In 1885 Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain were agreed on a plan for

giving local government to Ireland. They even arranged to visit the "distressful country" together, but the Nationalists received the project in such a hostile spirit that the visit was abandoned. Had the visit come off, who knows what effect it might have had on the recent history of the Liberal party, and it is no secret that many of the Irish Members of Parliament afterwards regretted the fact that they did not give a hearing to the two statesmen, who, it is whispered, would have gone as far as might easily have satisfied the aspirations of the majority of the Irish people.

In the domain of literature, besides the books already alluded to, Sir Charles has published "The Present Position of European Politics," "The British Army," and, in collaboration with Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, "Imperial Defence." Another book of his which he published anonymously, and which created some stir at the time, was "The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco," a political satire, in which amongst other public men he criticised himself. It went through several editions, and was translated into French.

The useful part that Sir Charles has played in the present Parliament is well known. His opinions on Imperial matters and national defence are those of an expert, and are listened to with the

utmost respect by all sections of the House of Commons; and so impartial are his judgments, so free from bias his arguments, so comprehensive his sympathy, that he might without loss of self-respect take his place in either a Tory or a Liberal Cabinet. Should the Liberals return with a majority after the forthcoming elections, it is confidently anticipated that whoever may be Premier, Sir Charles Dilke will fill an important post in the government of the country, and should the exigencies of politics or foreign complications call for a coalition Government, it is certain that he would be one of the first to be called into the councils of the nation.

Something has already been said of the baronet's personal tastes. They may be briefly summarised as those of the ordinary healthy Englishman who is at the same time a student and an athlete. His fondness for fencing is scarcely a national characteristic, though it is said that the practice is every day finding more favour amongst those who are known, facetiously, perhaps, as "men of leisure."

Amongst the illustrations to this article will be found a sketch by John Keats and a photograph of the only painting ever made from life of the poet, both being cherished possessions of Sir Charles Dilke.



Sir Charles Dilke's own Works.



BY DAGNEY MAJOR.

SWEET Mistress Barbara was seated by the window swwing, and I warrant you she made a goodly picture as the golden rays of the setting sun kissed the fair curls that clustered round her pretty head.

I stood watching her like some lovesick ninny, knowing little of the ways of courting, being more at home with the sword than with women-folk.

"And what shall I bring you back from London town, Mistress Barbara, if I ever do come back?" I jerked out hastily. "The journey I have undertaken is wrought with much danger."

Now I grant you I longed she should bid me return with naught but myself, but I was ever a fool at fishing, and Mistress Barbara did not bite at my clumsily baited hook. She shook her fair curls and broke out into a merry laugh, which savoured of one of her tantalising moods.

"So Master Wilfred speaks of not returning before his journey has commenced," she cried, looking at me with mock contempt. "You serve——"

"King Charles—God bless him!" I put in hastily.

"Who is in grave danger," continued Mistress Barbara, "and those who serve him should think of naught but his safety, not their own."

"I care not one whit if I should lose my life," I broke in hotly; "and to lose it for the King's sake would be no ill favour, I warrant!"

"Bravely spoken, Master Wilfred, and worthy of a Cavalier," cried Mistress Barbara; "but since you say you have to

die for His Majesty before the favour you speak of comes your way, methinks your chance should come this night."

"In good sooth," I answered, waxing angry, "your words suggest that no honour comes to him save he who dies for his ruler and his cause. I' faith I take good heed that I gain honour this night, and live to enjoy the sweets of the same!"

"Well said again," replied Mistress Barbara; "but the fortunes of war do not always favour the brave, and the forecast of gallant deeds is best kept secret, lest the man, in trying to accomplish them, fails, his reward being naught but the jeers and jibes of those who heard him prate!"

Now I own that Mistress Barbara's words had brought a flush to my cheek, and, lest she should see it, I made a sweeping bow, and in mock courtesy said:

"If all the swords of His Majesty's cavaliers were as sharp and quick as Mistress Barbara's tongue, the King would not be in his present sorry plight. I thank you for your words, fair cousin. Adieu!" And turning round, I strode in hot haste from the room.

I scarce had got outside the door when she called me back. I returned, but with such a frown on my face that she laughed aloud.

"Such a sour countenance as yours, Master Wilfred, can only be the reflection of a bad temper, borne of being outwitted by a woman. I crave your pardon, sir," she said curtseying with such



dainty grace that I forgot my qualms ; "but may it please you to grant me a favour?"

"Aye, a hundred, Mistress Barbara," I replied eagerly.

"Then bring me back from London town a good temper," and catching up her dress she ran laughing from the room.

A few moments later, my uncle—Sir James Hammond—called me to his study. Now, though I was but a boy in years, my uncle had great faith in me, for in many a village brawl had I come off victorious, and Sir James ever favoured a fighter.

When I entered the room he was busy writing, but on hearing my footsteps he rose, and greeting me in his kindly way, bade me sit down while he explained the purport of my coming journey.

"You will know full well, Wilfred," he began, "that the mission you are to carry out to-night is one of the utmost secrecy and importance. The issue at stake is the safety of the King, whom God bless and preserve. You are to start at ten o'clock to-night, and you will ride my best horse. You should get to London at two in the morning. Where the road branches in three different directions, you will meet a Cavalier mounted on a black horse. When you challenge him with the words 'In the King's name,' and he answers in similar fashion, you are to give him this," and Sir

James handed me a stout leather case. "In return, he will give you a smaller one. Then press on with all speed to London, and go to John Rodway's house, the whereabouts of which I have told you. Deliver the packet into the hands of John Rodway, who will take out a document it will contain, replacing it by another which you will bring back. Stay not one moment longer than is

necessary, and ride home with all speed. I know that the country is thick with Cromwell's followers, and that my cousin Rupert, the Roundhead—the plague take him!—is watching my movements closely; but you wield a trusty sword, Wilfred, and your courage is undaunted. I have chosen you for this mission because I have faith in you. Let nothing



She made a goodly picture.

prevent you from placing that packet into John Rodway's hands."

Then bidding me remain where I was, and advising me to snatch a few hours' sleep before the hour of departure, he left the room.

Shortly after a servant entered, setting before me a savoury meal, to which I did right good justice. This finished. I ordered my great riding boots, and be-

ing otherwise ready for my journey, I was once more alone with my own reflections.

While I mused, I fell asleep, and just

—from the none too undemonstrative attentions of a goodly looking young scamp, I woke up to find my uncle's old and faithful attendant bending over me,



"Take that for the King!" I roared.

when I had unhorsed an Ironside, driven my sword through the body of another, shot a third, and rescued Mistress Barbara—who had appeared from nowhere

"It is time to be stirring, Master Wilfred," he said.

Then I made good haste in putting on my boots, placed the leather wallet

safely under my belt, looked to my pistols, drew my hat well over my eyes and adjusted my cloak.

The servant led the way to the hall, which was in darkness, save for the very faint light from the lamp he carried. Sir James was awaiting me.

"God bless you, my boy!" he said. "A safe return, and good luck! Remember all I have told you."

The light was put out, and the door was opened. Sir James's magnificent black charger was held by one of the stable fellows. In another moment I had swung myself into the saddle, and rode away. Thus did I, in the winter of the year of grace 1651, set out to serve King Charles.

The night favoured me, for it was intensely dark. A dank mist hung about, enveloping me in its clinging folds. I picked my way carefully towards the high road, then digging my spurs into the horse's flanks, settled down into a hard, swinging gallop. Mile after mile I rode, hearing nothing but the monotonous sound of my horse's hoofs as they rang out in the still air. Presently a fine drizzle came down, which soon besoddened my riding cloak, and made the road sticky. On rounding a sharp bend in the road, a horseman suddenly darted out, and for the moment took me off my guard. But instinctively I gripped my pistol, and made ready to fight.

"Take that for the King!" I roared, emptying my pistol at him, and by the flash of the same, recognising an Ironside. I saw him clutch the air as he fell forward with a cry.

For a moment I paused to see whether it was a feint on his part. But no, his terrified horse bolted. The rider fell to the ground with a dull thud.

The rain had ceased, and struggling through a break in the clouds was the light of the moon. The fellow I had unhorsed lay in the road. He wore the red coat of the Cromwell soldier, but his hair was not close cropped—rather long if anything—and the upper lip was covered by a moustache. As I peered down into his face, I could scarce forbear starting at the resemblance it bore to mine. Suddenly I paused to listen, for my quick ears had caught the faint

sound of trotting horses. If they were Cromwell's mounted soldiers, I thought, then it was all up with me. They would out-pace and out-number me.

Now they say that "all is fair in love and war," so I exchanged clothes with the dead man. Then I led my horse to a thicket hard by, and tethering him to a tree, retraced my footsteps to the spot where my victim lay. Climbing a tree which bore thick and heavy branches, I waited for the mounted soldiers who were rapidly approaching. By my faith, I would fain let you know my heart beat quickly, for my discovery meant certain death; but I vowed, if it came to fighting, I would sell my life dearly.

I had not so long to wait before the horsemen appeared in sight. I could see their armour and helmets glitter as they rode along the road in a body in the full light of the moon. Presently the red coats showed up, which proved they were Cromwellians. In a few moments they were riding by me, when the leader espied the dead man in the road. He immediately called a halt, ordering two men to dismount and examine the body.

"Who is it?" demanded the leader callously.

"A Cavalier, Captain Maxwell!" was the answer.

"A curse on his soul!" muttered Maxwell, at which there was a general laugh.

"Then the shot we heard just now must have been fired by Simons, the out-post," suggested one of the men. "He was ordered to wait about here!"

"It's young Wilfred Hammond, of Castleby Hall, nephew of Sir James Hammond who is plotting for the King's escape. The plague take him!" remarked the man, as he rolled the body over with his foot.

"Leave the young fool there. We can't take him back. Bad news flies fast enough. They will hear it but too speedily at the Hall. The devil is the richer by one soul, and when he gets the King's he will be richer by two!" growled Maxwell.

A shout of laughter greeted this sally. "We will return by the way we came," added Maxwell. "Stay! does young Simons know our password—Naseby and victory?"

"Aye! that he does," replied the men.

"'Tis well. Right about—forward!"

In another moment they had cantered up the road in the direction from which they came. I breathed freely once more, but dared not descend from my hiding place till their clattering had completely died away.

In good sooth it was a funny sight to see one's self taken for dead, but when I thought what the effect would be at the Hall, I was grievously discomforted. I descended cautiously, and untethering my horse, led him by the rein to where the fellow lay. I took off my Cavalier's cloak

from the victim, also his hat, for I had yet to pass the man with the packet at the cross-roads. Drawing the cloak well around me, and placing my own hat on my head, after firmly fixing the helmet to my saddle, I remounted, and lashing my horse once more resumed my ride.

The brief halt had refreshed the animal, and I swung along at a right good pace. Never slackening speed for an instant, I urged on my gallant steed to his utmost pace. I had to make up for lost time, but I warrant you the pace I went at was worthy of one who was serving his King. I knew I was but a few miles from the cross roads, and, that

point reached, half my journey would be accomplished. But I was ever on the alert, for whilst my left hand held the rein, my right gripped my pistol.

I galloped steadily on till the cross roads, which met in an open stretch of country, loomed in sight. Drawing rein slightly, I looked hard ahead, and saw a mounted horseman in the middle of the turnpike. As I drew nearer, I was able to distinguish a black charger, mounted by a figure in a cloak similar to mine, and wearing a Cavalier hat. As I approached, he cocked his pistol, and I mine.

"In the King's name!" I shouted.

"In the King's name!" he replied.

"'Tis well! See here!" He thrust his hand inside his belt, and handed me a small leather wallet. I gave him mine, and without further parley I dashed onwards at top most speed.

It was past two when I clattered over Lon-



"I have a warrant permitting me to search the Hall."

don Bridge. My horse was showing signs of hard going, for his breathing came thick and sharp, and he was flecked with foam. Right glad was I when I flung myself from the saddle and knocked loudly at John Rodway's door. I heard a window open, and a voice asked:

"Who's there? What do you want?"

"Wilfred Hammond, in the King's name! I must have speech with John Rodway. I bear him a message!" I whispered.

Luckily for me the streets were deserted.

In another moment the front door was opened, and a fellow slipped out to tend my horse, whilst I entered the house. It was John Rodway who met me in the hall.

"God bless you, my boy!" he cried, wringing my hand. "Had you a troublesome journey?"

I briefly told him of my adventures as he led the way to a small room at the back of the house. Bidding me fill a great tankard of ale, which I drained with right good will, he demanded the leather wallet. I watched him eagerly as he opened it with feverish haste.

"God!" he gasped, turning pale.

"What's amiss?"

"The wallet was empty!"

"With whom did you exchange wallets?" he cried out.

"With a man in a Cavalier hat, on a black charger, who challenged me in the King's name, and who came from London!"

"Then God help you and King Charles, for I can't. The fellow must have been a spy, and learnt of your movements. Do you know what your wallet contained?"

"No!" I answered in despair.

"A plan of escape for King Charles, who, in disguise, was to attempt admission to Castleby Hall to-night. I and your uncle have discussed the arrangement by letter, and I was to have a boat ready on the Sussex coast to-morrow. The message you should have had given you in exchange was from a friend to say that my arrangements were complete. The man to whom it was entrusted was

a faithful servant, who has been aiding us. I can't tell now whether our plans are complete. I fear the poor fellow has been shot by spies. Cromwell's men have now, by the man to whom you gave the wallet, got wind of the escape, and King Charles will be caught at Castleby Hall like a rat in a trap."

"By the Lord Harry, that he shall not!" I shouted; "if it costs me my life. Have you a horse?"

"Yes!"

"Then order him to be saddled at once, for I start without a moment's delay. Tell the fellow who tends my horse to make all speed, and bring me the helmet strapped to my saddle. I have a plan by which I may outwit Cromwell's men."

Master Rodway having departed to order the horse, I fell to wondering if I could really bring about my scheme. Now, I own that the idea was so bold that it almost seemed impracticable, but fortune favours the bold, thought I, and I vowed that if courage and determination could ensure success, a favourable issue to this wild project should be mine.

When Master Rodway returned, I gave him a brief outline of my intended move. He was mightily pleased I could see, but warned me to be careful. Nor was he too confident of my success. While I made a hasty meal, he gave me sound advice. He owned that my blunder was through no fault of mine, but that it was one of the misfortunes of war. He bade me a kind farewell, and as I once more swung myself into the saddle, I wondered if I should ever see him again.

Away I flew on the same road by which I had come, and as I tore along mile after mile recognised with joy the landmarks which brought me nearer home. The King's life was at stake. Mistress Barbara and my uncle were in grievous danger. I was instrumental in their being so placed. I cursed myself for my folly, and as I dug my spurs deep into the horse's flanks, I set my teeth and ground them in my rage.

I knew that were my bold project to prove futile, I should lose my life, but I cared not one jot, for the mad excite-



ment of the ride buoyed me up with hope which knew no check. With such thoughts crowding on me, I tore through wood and vale, o'er hill and glen, never pausing for an instant in my mad dash to save the King. I knew that my uncle, not having received John Rodway's message, would know that things had gone awry, and as a last resource would hide the King in a small secret chamber in his study. Herein lay my plan for his escape.

As I mounted a hill from which I could see Castleby Hall, day was breaking. Flinging off my Cavalier's cloak and hat, I put on the helmet of the fellow I had killed, and with the red coat and other dress I had stolen from him, was ready for one of the most daring games of ruse that ever a follower of King Charles played.

When I galloped up to the Hall, it was surrounded by Cromwell's soldiers, and to my joy I recognised their leader to be Maxwell, whom I had watched on the previous night. I faith, I could scarce refrain from smirking, but I had yet to play my final card, and I liked not the expression of his face. He turned round and challenged me.

"Naseby and victory!" I answered promptly.

"'Tis well! Pass!"

Then hastily turning round he exclaimed: "By the Lord Harry! 'tis Simons!"

"None other, Captain Maxwell!" answered I, "but I doubt not that my voice was far from steady."

"You unhorsed and killed young Wilfred Hammond last night, and I'll swear he was a tough fighter!"

"Aye, aye, that he was!" I answered gruffly. "He fought like the devil himself, and sold his life dearly."

It was getting lighter, and I tried to edge toward the shadow of the house.



As the panel slid back I caught sight of a figure.  
It was the King.

"Know you, Simons, that we believe the King to be inside the Hall, which is surrounded by our men. He will be caught like a rat in a trap!" growled Maxwell.

"'Tis well!" said I, and I laughed aloud; "but we have first to find him. I would have speech with you!" and I beckoned him aside out of earshot of his men.

"I have oft had speech with Master Rupert Hammond, who hates Sir James like Old Nick himself!" I began, "and he has told me so minutely of how the house is built, that I warrant I could find my way about blindfolded. 'Tis cold out here, sir, and I know where they keep some good wine, which would make new men of us, and make us search with more gusto!"

Now I saw that my words had produced the desired effect, and a broad smile of pleasure suffused the face of Maxwell.

"I' faith, lad, you are right!" he cried, clapping me on the shoulder. "We will force an entrance now," and calling to some half a dozen men, he bade them follow us, giving orders to the others to keep a careful watch.

I led the way to a back door, and hammered at it with the butt of my pistol. It was not long before the bolts were drawn. I could scarce forbear from starting when the door was opened, for across the threshold stood my pretty cousin, looking very scared and white.

"We hear the King is in hiding here," began Maxwell. "I have a warrant permitting me to search the Hall. See!" he said, pointing to the signature, "Cromwell has signed it."

"Indeed, sir, you are welcome to search this house from top to bottom," she answered. "Pray enter!"

"I' faith, we have a pretty wench to show us round," answered Maxwell, entering the house, and I after him. Methinks I could have knocked him down for his insolent talk, but I managed to curb myself.

"Dost know, pretty one," asked Maxwell, "that young Wilfred Hammond, of Castleby Hall, was killed last night? I and some of my men saw him lying dead in the road."

I thought my poor cousin was going to faint, so deathly pale did she turn, but with a great effort she kept her self-control and led us on.

"'Twas Simons here," said Maxwell, pointing to me, "who killed him. He says he made a good fight."

"Aye, that he did, pretty one," I answered, "he fought like a man." But

I kept well behind her, so that she could not see my face.

"I'm sure he did," answered Mistress Barbara, "for a more gallant gentleman never walked."

"'Tis a pity he cannot hear so fair a speech from such sweet lips," put in Maxwell.

"This is no time for idle words," answered Mistress Barbara haughtily. "Whither would you be led?"

"To the wine cellar first, for we are cold. Young Simons here, who knows Master Rupert Hammond, the Round-head, has good knowledge of the house. Let him fetch the wine. You stay here with me, girl, lest in your absence you should manage to give some warning to the inmates of the house."

Then I left them, sore against my will I grant you, but happy in the thought that my sweet cousin held so high an opinion of me. I drew great jugs of ale and wine, and brought them up to Maxwell with some glasses. He filled to the brim a great tankard, pledged it to his pretty guide, and drained it to the dregs. This was followed by a second, then a third, and afterwards by some good red wine, which made him exceeding merry.

"The time goes on apace, sir," I put in, interrupting his enjoyment. "Methinks it would be better to be up and doing than quaffing too much liquor."

"By the Lord Harry, you are right, Simons," he answered, "but the wine is good," and rising from the table he called to the fellows in the passage, and commanding that Mistress Barbara should lead the way, we commenced the search. Right diligently did he go about it. I warrant you that not one little hiding place was left unransacked.

The reaction of the wine began to set in, and Maxwell was fast losing his temper. I saw that the critical moment had come. For a few brief minutes Maxwell was busy in Sir James's study. I could hear him beating round the sides to test their solidity. Suddenly he gave a cry: his blow had given forth a hollow sound.

Mistress Barbara was in front of me, just entering the room. I saw her tremble. I ran forward and caught hold of her arm.

"Hush!" I whispered. "Courage. For reasons I cannot give I would save the King!"

She turned round, her face full of fear and doubt.

"Before God," I whispered, "I play you not false. I wish to save the King. Where is he?"

"Good sir," she whispered tearfully,

I pushed her into the room, following close upon her.

"Ah! Simons, we have something here!" cried out Maxwell, striking the panelling, which sounded hollow as he rained blows on it.

I knew the panel well, and how to open it.

"The very chamber of which Master Rupert spoke.

"I would be better, sir, for you to stand in the doorway while I open it. See after the girl, that she does not get away to alarm the house!"

"Well spoken, Simons," and he crossed to the doorway.

My heart was thumping like a sledge hammer as I pressed the spring, which caused the panelling to slide back. Maxwell's point of observation prevented him from seeing the opening.

It was well he could not.

As the panel slid back, I caught sight of a figure which lay against the wall. It was the King. He had fainted!

Then I turned slowly round.

"Have a care,

Maxwell, the girl's swooning!"

As Mistress Barbara was caught in the ready arms of Maxwell, I snapped the panel to again.

"We have been outwitted, sir!" I cried. "The secret chamber is empty."

"Art certain, lad?"

"Aye, in very sooth," I answered. "We will get the truth from that wench," I said hastily, "when she comes to!"

Even as I spoke, Mistress Barbara showed signs of recovery, and I got some



I asked him there and then for his pretty niece in marriage.

"do not deceive me. I am but a poor defenceless girl, and know not how to act."

"I very sooth, brave girl, I'll not deceive you. Where is the King? Speak! 'tis your only chance!"

"In a small secret chamber behind the panelling on which your Captain knocked."

"Then do as I tell you. Stand close to Maxwell all the time. When I open the secret door, feign a fainting fit!"

water by way of a restorative, helping Maxwell to bring her round.

With a well-feigned effort she struggled to her feet.

A dark shadow played across the face of Maxwell, which savoured of anger and suspicion.

"'Tis a trick, girl!" he cried out angrily, seizing her by the arm.

"Indeed, sir," answered the brave girl gallantly, "'twere but a sorry trick to feign illness for no cause at all, and surely—"

"I have no time to waste prating. The King's whereabouts, or you are my prisoner!"

The laugh she gave I can only liken to a merry peal of bells.

"You asked me permission to show you over the house. I have done so, none can deny. You did not ask me if the King were within, but you were led to suppose he was. You came too late. The King has been and gone these six hours."

Maxwell went so black with anger that speech failed him.

"'Tis no fault of mine, sir, that you have lost six hours in fruitless search, when you might have caught the King in his flight. Nor can I tell you where he is, for fugitives must often change their plans. Come, sir," she pleaded, advancing towards him with such pretty, supplicating gestures that I saw his face soften, "were Cromwell in a similar plight, I wot not that his good men would play like tricks to save their much loved leader!"

"Aye, that they would!" cried Maxwell warmly, "and Cromwell, if he ever should know of my blunder this day, would surely say with me that I have met the bravest woman with whom a soldier ever parleyed. What say you, Simons?" he asked, turning to me.

"That we should take our fair informer's hint, and try to learn the King's whereabouts," I answered. "'Twere better that I should stay here, with a few picked men, for a day or two, as I know the house!"

"Right, Simons; your judgment is good, and Cromwell shall hear of your gallant fight last night."

Bidding me report myself at headquarters in the evening, he summoned all his men, and as I, with my men, saluted him as he rode away, I thanked God right earnestly that we were rid of him. Their clatter had scarce died away when sweet Mistress Barbara fell a-fainting in right good earnest. I sent the men about their business to watch around the house, and carried her indoors to the study, calling loudly for assistance.

Sir James and his trusty servant appeared, and I hurriedly explained, in brief outline, my exploits.

Sir James could scarce believe his ears, as I told him of my adventures.

Mistress Barbara, on recovering, and seeing that I was in very truth alive, fell upon my neck a-weeping, calling me her brave boy, and other endearments, which made me flush with discomfiture and pride.

Being secure from interruption, Sir James unlocked the panel, and King Charles stepped out. His Majesty listened to my story to the end without interruption. On my conclusion, he took my hand in his, and said:

"A braver deed was never done. Such men as you go to make an army. You have saved my life, and I thank you with all my heart."

"I thank your Majesty for your gracious words," I replied, kneeling, and kissing the hand which he presented. "An' I think it no ill favour to save your Majesty as I have been permitted. Yet, after bungling with the wallet, 'twas the only course I had."

"Nay, nay, brave lad!" interposed my uncle, "'twas not your fault. I might have known my bitter enemy and cousin Rupert would have learnt of my plans, and frustrated us by placing a spy at the cross roads. As I waited in vain for an answer, I knew things had gone awry, so hid his Majesty in the secret chamber."

"All is well that ends well. God save the King! God bless the King!"

"God save the King! God bless the King!" I and Barbara echoed earnestly.

And then his Majesty performed one of those little acts of kindness for which he was noted. Drawing off a ring, he

advanced towards Mistress Barbara, and, taking her hand, he placed it on her finger.

"Mistress Hammond," he began, "your courage and your woman's wit hath helped to save my life. Methinks my words are not amiss when I say that the day is not far distant when gallant Master Wilfred will wed as fair and as brave a lady as ever served her King. Take this ring, with my wishes for your happiness and long life!"

For answer, Mistress Barbara curtsied low and turned a deep rose-red,

which so plainly answered "yes" that I took her hand, led her to Sir James, and asked him there and then for his pretty niece in marriage. I' faith, I know not who was the more pleased, the King or my uncle.

Thus it came about that with our aid King Charles reached Shoreham a few days later, and got across to France.

So when I led my sweet wife from the altar steps, I whispered that I thought King Charles a better matchmaker than a fighter. And Mistress Barbara thought so too.



A calm before the storm.



## In the Steps of Dickens.

### THE DEATH-PLACE OF "LITTLE NELL."

BY DARBY STAFFORD.

FROM Hengist, Saxon Prince, to Charles Dickens, modern novelist, is a far cry; yet a pretty, secluded Shropshire village owes its present fame to the one and its name and the real beginning of its history to the other. Hengist founded Tong, and Dickens has immortalised it. Tradition says that Hengist there received a piece of land for the site of a stronghold—as much land as could be compassed with the hide of an ox, and that the cute Saxon cut the hide into narrow thongs and stretched them round the knoll on which he built what he humorously named "Thong" Castle. But Dickens has given to English readers all the world over more than a traditional interest in the place by transforming a humble cottage in the village into a more important habitation than that of olden prince or modern successor.

Many noble families have dwelt in the imposing residence which now stands on the site of Hengist's castle, and in the intermediate mansions erected there, while

but one child of the master's fancy has inhabited the simple cot hard by; but the pilgrim of to-day, bewitched by the master's fancy, and feeling that the winsome heroine is very real—"dream-child" though she be—pays the deeper homage as he looks on "Little Nell's Cottage."

As far as can be ascertained, Dickens



Where "Little Nell" was buried.

paid but one visit to Tong, and on that occasion his stay was short. But the beauty and repose of the neighbourhood so impressed him that, when casting about for the most suitable place of his acquaintance for a resting place for the wanderers of his tale, "Little Nell" and her grandfather, he selected Tong—and none who know the place will say that the compliment was undeserved. It was probably in connection with a visit to the more renowned neighbouring Boscobel, the scene of the hiding of

days. And the cottage chosen as the imaginary home of his gentle child-heroine was admirably selected, apart from its actually being under the same roof as that of the schoolmaster of that period.

Tong is situated about half-way between Wolverhampton and Wellington, and is in the heart of that little known but truly delightful oasis of rural beauty, occupying a position between "the Black Country" on the east, and the Shropshire coal and iron district on



"Little Nell's Cottage."

Charles the Second after the disastrous fight of Worcester, and the place of the "Royal Oak," that the novelist was driven round by Tong, most likely to see the famous church. The writer has recently conversed with the son of an old lady, who died about a year ago at an advanced age, who distinctly remembered the visit of Dickens, and his delight over the church and village. The former, as every reader of "The Old Curiosity Shop" knows, figures largely in the notices of "Little Nell's" last

the west. It is a tract of country which abounds in typical midland pastoral scenery, than which none in all England is fairer, and seems to the traveller all the more fresh and fragrant in contrast to the blighted region through which he has passed to reach it. Those who are acquainted with the neighbourhood find it quite easy to follow the wanderings of the pilgrims in Dickens' marvellous story from some grimy coal wharf in the "Black Country" to secluded and peaceful Tong. "In all their journey-

ing they had never longed so ardently, they had never so pined and wearied for the freedom of pure air and open country as now. No; not even on that memorable morning when, deserting their old home, they abandoned themselves to the mercies of a strange world, and left all the dumb and senseless things they had known and loved, behind—not even then, had they so wearied for the fresh solitudes of wood, hillside, and field, as now when the noise and dirt and vapour of the great manufacturing town, reeking with lean misery and hungry wretchedness, hemmed them in on every side, and seemed to shut out hope, and render escape impossible.

"'Two days and nights' thought the child. 'He said two days and nights we should have to spend among such scenes as these. Oh! if we live to reach the country once again, if we get clear of these dreadful places, though it is only to lie down and die, with what a grateful heart I shall thank God for so much mercy.'"  
Soon was poor Nell

to find the haven of her fancy—at peaceful Tong. The picture of the "Black Country" which Dickens draws, is dark and gruesome indeed, and, as in actual journey, it forms an admirable preparation for the delightful change that follows.

For many generations before modern Education Acts upset the primitive fashion, the posts of village schoolmaster and parish clerk were combined, and had been filled by the same individual. At the time of Dickens' visit to the village, the school-house stood before the schoolmaster's cottage in a by-lane. It has been replaced by a new stone-built school lower down the lane, and nearer to the church, but the cottage itself, and its companion, still stand, and an illustration of them is given. The sonsy, healthy urchins who dwell there now, and who may be seen in the illustration standing at the door with their parents, are different indeed from frail and dying Nell.

Readers of the story will remember Nell's fondness for the church and



Opposite the Church of "Little Nell's" last days.

churchyard. The church itself is one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in the county, and is rich in antiquarian interest. It is crowded with monuments of the noble dead. Knights and ecclesiastics lie side by side beneath their marble effigies, which nearly fill the church. Vernons, Stanleys, Talbots, Durants, Pierpoints, and many another noble family are all commemorated there. No wonder that impressionable Nell felt the fascination of the tombs, and that her melancholy mood found congenial the silent company of the mighty dead. "Some part of the edifice had been a baronial chapel, and here were effigies of warriors stretched upon their beds of stone with folded hands—cross-legged, those who had fought in the holy wars—girded with their swords, and cased in armour as they had lived. Some of these knights had their own weapons, helmets, coats of mail, hanging upon the walls hard by, and dangling from rusty hooks. Broken and dilapidated as they were, they yet retained their ancient form, and something of their ancient aspect. . . . The child sat down, in this old, silent place, among the stark figures on the tombs—they made it more quiet there, than elsewhere, to her fancy—and, gazing round with a feeling of awe, temperéd with a calm delight, felt that now she was happy, and at rest."

"The "rotting beam, the sinking arch, the sapped and mouldering wall," are no

longer seen, for the church has recently been fully and admirably restored.

The view from the churchyard is charming, and as extensive as Dickens pictures it; but he has probably mistaken the Clee hills, which are in Shropshire, for the Welsh mountains, though it may be possible to discern the latter from the tower.

Dickens has taken the usual license of a writer of romance, and has slightly altered the relative positions of the schoolmaster's house and the church, and has used as accessories to his description of the cottage portions of houses nearer the church, also the picturesque ruins of some ancient buildings situated just without the churchyard, on the lower side. Our illustrations represent the old schoolmaster's cottage, with the adjoining house—known as "Little Nell's Cottage"—and some old timbered houses opposite the church, utilised in description. The description of the place is, in the main, accurate, and—on quite independent grounds—the authentication of the village as the death-place of "Little Nell" is complete. The visitor to the village feels that Dickens chose well the resting place of his gentle heroine; and, though he knows it is but fancy, turns away from the churchyard and leaves the place feeling certain that a real "Little Nell" sleeps well there. To him Tong will ever be sacred to the memory of the gentlest and most loveable creature of the Master's pen.





THERE is a garden, or rather I should call it a sort of little park, bearing a famous name, attached to a prominent public institution in the south-western region of London. It is one of the most delightful little park-gardens I know. In the spring it is aflame with the colour and the beauty of the hawthorn and the chestnut—later on it lives upon the splendour of its roses.

Yet, the public for a long time did not find it out. I was fond of walking there—because it was not far from my home, and because of its delightful quietude and almost solitude. Only a very few nursery maids and children wandered about there, and with all my love for quietude I could hardly expect to have a semi-public pleasaunce all to myself. Suddenly, however, it flared upon public notice—as you shall hear.

I have been very much of a worker, and a pretty hard worker in my time; but I am also a good deal of a dreamer, and probably would not do much hard work if the Fates would only be kind enough to let me dream my life away. This park or garden was long a happy

dreaming-ground for me. I never thought of it as a place with any possibility of engendering a romantic or a tragic story. Needless to say the bicycle never entered the enclosure, nor did the garden appear to possess the slightest interest for the tramp or the loafer.

Three figures I had constantly observed in my quiet walks. One was that of the keeper of the garden—a strong and stately man, wearing a sort of uniform, and whose business it was to keep always perambulating the grounds while the gates were open, and seeing to it that small boys and girls did not tear up the flowers and the plants. Your small boy admitted to such a place is a very demon of mischief. I can myself excuse much to the passion for the possession of flowers, but your ordinary small boy does not care three straws about flowers except for the pleasure of merely tearing them out of the soil and throwing them away. I often talked to my friend the keeper on this subject, and he admitted that one of the chief troubles of his life was to prevent small boys from destroying the flowers and the shrubs. But he



was not misanthropic or pessimistic for all that. He had a liberal toleration for human weaknesses, especially in the

He had had many experiences in life. He had been a trooper, and had fought in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny,



When some half-hour had passed he was joined by the keeper's daughter.

years of infancy. "We were all like that once," he said, in pitying and philosophic accents.

and now his great difficulty was to fight against the small boys. There were very few of the small boys, anyhow. "They

don't know much about us," he used to say. "There's no fun of any kind going on here, and they would rather be in the streets playing tip-cat."

The second figure, which I noted with interest, was that of the keeper's daughter, Nellie Bland. I came to know her and to talk with her. Nellie was a tall, shapely, and very pretty girl. Her father adored her, and was very communicative about her. He was a widower, and she was the whole of his family. He had had her well educated, and she was a guide and a guardian genius to him in all matters concerning flowers and plants.

The third figure I specially noticed was that of a handsome young man, who lounged in the gardens almost every day, and who looked to my somewhat practised eyes like a man of social position who had an ambition to be regarded as a Bohemian sort of artist. He always wore a low felt hat, and was dressed in Bohemian fashion. His face tormented me with some memory I could not recall. At first I made up my mind that he came to the garden for the sake of the keeper's pretty daughter; but for a long time I never saw him in her company. So I put the idea reluctantly away—reluctantly, because if your trade be that of a writer of fiction, you are naturally unwilling to admit that you have failed in detecting any manner of romance.

There was a curious rule about the management of these gardens. The rule was that they were to be closed against the public for an hour every day—between one and two o'clock. No one was actually turned out, but my friend the keeper, when the appointed hour was drawing near, patrolled the garden, and in a tone of majestic volume warned all persons to depart. No one was expelled. No one was bound to leave. The only condition was that if you did not leave at one o'clock you must be locked up till two. My custom was to leave at one. But I noticed one day that the young man in the Bohemian get-up, lingered behind when the time came, and so I, full still of my trading purposes, thought I would linger behind too, and see whether anything came of it.

Something did come of it. My young Bohemian—where had I met him before?—lingered about the garden a good deal, and when some half-hour had passed away he was joined by the keeper's daughter. Then I thought I had got at the beginning of my romance. But I still have something of a conscience left, for all that I do try to write novels, and I kept carefully away from my pair of young lovers, as I assumed them to be; and when the gates were re-opened at two o'clock I wandered off, and in fact went about my business.

But I do not deny that the place began to have a new and romantic interest for me. Who, I asked of my own heart, is that young Bohemian? Either I have studied London life for nothing, or he is a man of a social class much higher than that of pretty Nellie Bland. Then again, does the father know anything about the love-making?—supposing there is any love-making—and surely a youth and a maiden do not linger about a garden alone for the purpose of teaching each other floriculture or discussing the Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Ought not the father to be warned—to be put on his guard? And then came the question: Is it any part of my business to warn him or to put him on his guard? What had I to tell—supposing it were any business of mine to tell anything? I could only say that after the one o'clock closing hour I had seen his daughter talking to a certain young man. For aught I knew, or could know, the young man might simply have been asking her if there was any way of getting the gate re-opened before two o'clock. If I had been locked in there by mischance and had met the keeper's pretty daughter, I should, without hesitation or scruple, have asked her whether there was no possibility of getting out during that considerable interval which usually includes one's luncheon. Still, I could not help thinking it odd that often as I had seen Nellie Bland and my unknown Bohemian in the garden, I should never have seen them together before that day, and before that particular hour of the day.

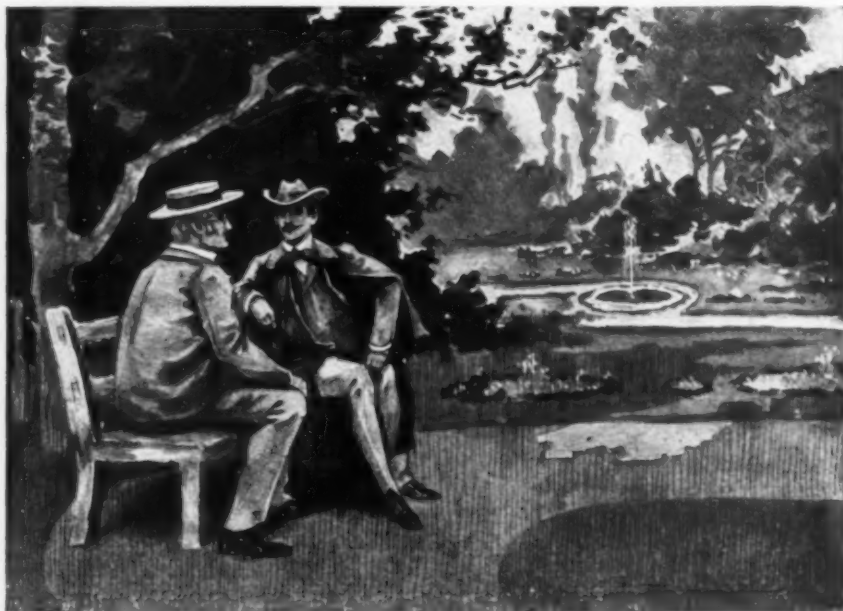
Of course I formed a theory. The

keeper's dinner was no doubt at one o'clock. He and his daughter lived in a pretty vine-covered and ivy-covered stone cottage just outside the gates of the garden. She always accompanied her father home to dinner. But then the dinner would naturally not last very long, and the old hero would smoke his pipe, and would go back delightedly to his memories of the Balaclava Charge and the capture of the Malakoff—and of Lucknow and Delhi; and meanwhile the daughter would slip out and open

Suddenly, at the turning of the path, I came upon pretty Nellie Bland. She got red when she saw me, and she brought me to a stand.

"I beg your pardon," she said, and her tone and manner were perfectly lady-like, "I think you saw me talking to a gentleman here the other day after one o'clock?"

"Yes, Miss Bland; I happened to see you talking with a man whose appearance I know, whom I have often seen in this garden, and whom I am sure I have



He told with earnestness the story of his love for Lady Margaret.

the gate of the garden with her father's key, and steal back and leave the key on its accustomed hook, and return to the garden and have a walk and a talk with her lover. No doubt this was just the way of it. But as I did not know anything for certain, it did not seem to me quite clear that I ought to take upon myself the responsibility of personal interference. So I let things go their way—cherishing my romance meanwhile.

A day or two after, I was walking in the garden, and no doubt looking out for further developments of my romance.

met before; but that is all I know about the matter."

"You don't want to make me believe that you don't know him?"

"I know nothing at all about him but what I have told you."

"But he knows you—he told me he did—he told me your name."

I remembered a Lancashire proverb: "There are more folks know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows," I said.

She evidently did not see the fun, and passed it over as if it had not been fun at all.

"He said he was sure you would help him."

"Help him in what?"

"Well, he has a purpose in coming here of days, and of staying while the garden is locked up."

"Yes, I guessed at that much," I answered.

"Oh!" she said with a slight blush and a very bright smile, "you thought he was coming after me, I suppose?"

"Well, if you ask me, I should say that I certainly did; and that I was not in the least surprised."

"Yes, but you come here almost every day, and you have remained during the hour of closing, and you are not coming after me?"

All this was spoken in the frankest way, and without the least apparent trace of coquetry or affectation of any kind.

"Why, no; you see I am an elderly gentleman—to put it mildly—and I have outlived that sort of thing. But he is a young man and handsome."

"All the same you are quite out of it. He is not coming here after me. He wants me to help him—and I will help him if I can."

"Help him to what?"

"To his heart's desire."

"Exactly; but what on earth is that? And, first of all, who is he?"

She replied in a tone of deepest mystery:

"He's young Lord Ranville—eldest son of the Earl of Tankerton."

My friend had her peerage at the tip of her tongue very readily and correctly, as became the daughter of one who must almost be called a public officer, or in fact an officer of State.

"Oh, that fellow!" I replied, in a more sympathetic tone. "Yes, I remember. I did know him at one time when he was a good deal younger. And now that I think of it—yes—it is Lord Ranville—but he is a good deal changed."

"Won't you help him? He says you would if you only knew. He admires all your books ever so much. Oh yes, he does! He told me so! He lent me one of them."

"Did you read it?"

"Why, of course I did. I thought it was beautiful."

"My dear girl, you do know how to get at an author's heart. Well, now tell me what does your noble friend want, and in what possible way can I assist him?"

"Well, it's this. He is in love with Lady Margaret——"

"Yes; and who is Lady Margaret?"

"Oh, don't you know? She is the youngest daughter of our old governor, the Earl of Grassford."

"What grand company I am apparently brought into!" I thought to myself. "Well, Miss Bland, let me hear all the rest."

"She is in love with him," Miss Bland said, in what was little better than a whisper, lest perhaps the small boys and the children in the perambulators should catch the revelation.

"Yes, that's all right, isn't it? What's the matter with them?"

"Oh, but Lord Grassford won't listen to a word of it. He says poor Ranville—I mean, of course, Lord Ranville—is a bad lot and hasn't any money, and—you know, all that kind of thing."

"Yes, I've written pages of that kind of thing myself."

"Well, then, you see, there you are!"

"But, my dear Miss Bland, I don't see, and I don't know where I am!"

"You see, he thought, and I thought, you could help them out of the difficulty; for he says you have described lots of ways of talking old people over, or of managing an elopement, don't you know? And as you come here every day, nobody would wonder at your talking to him, or to me, or to Lady Margaret. Oh, I am so fond of her! She was always so sweet to me since first her father came here, and we played about these gardens as children together; and though she's a grand lady and I'm only a poor keeper's daughter, why we are more like sisters than many real sisters are, and I would give my life for her if it would do her one bit of good. Good morning, sir, I am glad to see you looking better"—I did not know that I had been looking particularly bad—"I see they are going to close the gates. Do you prefer to stay in the gardens?"

"Yes; I'll stay in the gardens," I replied, in a tone of what seemed to be at least semi-indifference, but was certainly nothing of the kind. So Nellie ran her way, and I lingered longer, and the gates were closed. For, little as I understood of Nellie's story, I caught easily at her last hint. I was to remain in the gardens during the shut-in hour, and then somebody would come and tell me something, and I should perhaps get to know what the mystery was all about, and what I was expected to do. It was certainly about time that somebody should come and tell me something. I had got into a very labyrinth of puzzlement. A romance was evidently, then, weaving its sunlit cobwebs around me.

Enlightenment, such as it was, came on me before long in the person of Lord Ranville. I now saw that I ought to have recalled his face to my recollection, but I could not even yet remember where or how we had met. But I had a vague impression that my associations with him were not ungenial. He soon explained himself on that minor point.

"Morning—morning!" he said breathlessly. "You don't remember where we met first, do you? Tell you. It was at Misseri's hotel in Constantinople."

Then a memory did come back to me, and I saw him as he was then, and I recalled some genial associations.

"Yes, Lord Ranville, I quite remember you now."

"Sure you would; and don't you recollect all the jolly fellows who used to play billiards with us at the English Club?" And then he ran over a string of names, and told me that this one was killed in the Soudan, and this other had become a diplomatist of the first class, and somebody else had married an American heiress, and yet another was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and was likely to rise and be a Cabinet Minister before long. And I began to remember all about it, and I remembered, too, that I had been taken with young Ranville—he was very young then—as a vivid, inconsequential, plucky, semi-romantic young fellow. I made it clear to him that I remembered all about it.

"I remembered you the first time I

saw you in this place," he said, in a sort of half-reproachful tone.

"Why on earth didn't you come up and tell me so?"

"Well, I thought you would have forgotten all about me; and you looked rather solemn, and at that time it didn't occur to me that you could be of any particular use to me—I mean to our little plot."

Oh, if every one of us would only be as frank as this, and tell us straight out that he refrained from claiming an old acquaintance because he was not quite sure that the old acquaintance could be of any particular use to him! But I did not say this to Lord Ranville. What I did say I put, however, somewhat gravely, and with a sense of the authority attaching to the much older man.

"Of what possible use," I asked, "do you think that I can be to you now?"

"Oh, haven't you heard anything—anything at all? I thought little Nellie had given you a hint?"

"Well, yes; little Nellie did give me a little hint—a very little hint. But it wasn't much to go upon. I want a much fuller explanation, and from what I may be allowed to call a more responsible authority."

"Yes—yes—I see, I see. Of course—of course—I'll tell you all about it."

Then he went into the whole story of his love for Lady Margaret, which he told with earnestness and with fire, and the story of Lady Margaret's love for him, which he told with much difficulty and very sheepishly. But it became quite clear to me that the pair had made up their minds to be married, and as the hard-hearted parent—he was a widower—would not give his consent to the marriage they had determined to run away and get married in spite of his teeth. I listened with interest, but composedly. I had heard of such things before. I had written of such things before. In fact, in my own case—but let that pass.

"I wish," he said, "you would let Margaret—Lady Margaret—talk to you about the whole affair. She is ten times cleverer than I am, and she would make it clear to you in ten minutes what we want."



"But, my dear Lord Ranville," I said, "I quite understand what you want to do, and no explanation could possibly make that any clearer. What I do not yet understand in the least is how I could possibly help you in any case; and what right in the world I should have to interfere."

"Well," he answered, somewhat uneasily, "it's just that, you know, Lady Margaret and Nellie could explain so much better than I can. It's all an idea of theirs, don't you see?"

"I don't see anything at all—at least I certainly don't see where I come in."

"Yes, but that's exactly what they do see—and that's where they come in. I tell you they can make it all quite clear to you."

There was a simple earnestness and fervour in the young man's tone and manner that had a certain fascination for me. I had wholly forgotten in my newly-awakened interest all thought of the making of a romance out of this curious little exhibition of living realism. I was only thinking about what those concerned in it could possibly expect me to do.

"Will you see Lady Margaret and Nellie?" the impetuous Ranville asked; "they won't do you any harm, don't you know."

"Of course, with the greatest pleasure, if you can't explain."

"Well, I'd rather let them explain."

"All right, I shall be too delighted." I was not delighted all the same.

"Then you remain here after the gates are closed, and they will find you out later on."

I did remain, and they did find me out. Lady Margaret was a very pretty, winsome girl, with a delightful freshness and ease of manner. She came to the point at once.

"Lord Ranville tells me," she said, "that you will be our friend and help us if you can."

"Most certainly; but what can I do?"

"Well, you can pay a little attention to me, if you don't particularly object, now and again in this garden. Sometimes you might walk with me in the hours when the gates are open, sometimes, as now, in the hours when the

gates are closed. Nellie will keep us company. I want the people here to see us; and I want my people and Nellie's father to hear about us; I want to get talked about. It can't do you any harm, you know. Your name is known to everyone, and you haven't a wife to be jealous and make a row; and you have long been in the habit of spending some of your time in this garden—and—and—"

I knew she was on the point of saying, "You are no longer young," or something of that sort; but she pulled herself up, or I pulled her up, and the melancholy, unmistakable fact remained unspoken.

"Still, I don't in the least understand how my exhibiting a hopeless affection for you would help you and Lord Ranville to get married."

"Oh, but it would, though! We have arranged it all. Ranville will go off at once to some place in Scotland and domicile himself there for the necessary number of days or weeks, or whatever it is, and will make every arrangement for the marriage, and in the meantime all suspicion will have been turned off and my people will be sure that he and I have quarrelled; and then when the right time comes Ranville will wire to you. We shall arrange a form, 'Send your letter of introduction,' or something of that kind, and then you are to run away with me!"

"To run away with you?"

"Yes, with me and my maid, as far as Euston Square, and put us into the train for the night mail. You see no one will suspect anything if you and I and Nellie are seen walking out of this garden at seven in the afternoon. Nellie's father has his eye firmly set on Lord Ranville, but he has no instructions to look after the goings-on of Nellie and you. Then, as soon as we have got fairly off the premises, Nellie will return to her home and we shall find my maid waiting for us, with a cab and my things, and you will come with us to the station and see us into a carriage, and that is all. Come, you will do this for us, will you not?"

"Oh, yes, you will do it," little Nellie added, imploringly.

"Won't it get Nellie into trouble?"

"Oh, never mind me," Nellie said buoyantly. "I can easily talk my dear old father over, once the thing is done."

"Yes," Lady Margaret added, with a bright, encouraging smile, "and I can easily talk my dear old father over, once the thing is done! Come, will you help us?"

"I can't refuse," I said unhesitatingly.

"Do you wish you could?" There was something very bewitching about her appealing look. I could not resist it.

"Well, no, if it comes to that, I don't wish it any longer."

"Shall you be here to-morrow — same hour?"

"To-morrow — same hour."

There were many to-morrows — many same hours. Lady Margaret, of course, did not come every day. But she did come often enough to make her occasional meetings with me observed by Nellie Bland's father and the few other official attendants of the garden. Nellie

came and talked to me every now and then, and her sparkling eyes always conveyed glances of friendly and even affectionate confidence. When Lady Margaret and I walked together we talked of only one subject — the approaching of her complete happiness, in the bringing about of which I was playing so generous a part.

I was sometimes inclined to think that I was playing a very foolish and ridiculous part. What affair was it at all of mine? Yet I could not help being touched by the confidence this bright and pretty young woman showed in me — even when I knew most clearly that had I been twenty years younger she would not have trusted herself and her



There was something very bewitching about her appealing look.  
I could not resist it.

story to me with half the same amount of confidence. Well — well, is not that one of the consolations that manhood retains for the trouble of having passed its prime? Lady Margaret talked over her whole story and her whole prospects with me as if I were some loving uncle of hers who had come to her assistance in carrying through a love-project of marriage in defiance of heartless parents. It was quite clear to me that if I had been only a few years younger I should be wholly out of it for the part which Lady Margaret wanted me to play. What could be better for me than to fill such a part and to be able, by reason of my

very years, to help so charming a young woman? Why should I not be glad that I was growing old, and because of my years could help this pair of young lovers in distress?

"Won't you come and see my father some time?" Lady Margaret asked one day, after we had paced deep in talk around the pathways of the garden. I recalled with fresh interest a line from Edgar Allan Poe's beautiful poem "To Helen":

"Ah, bear in mind that garden was enchanted!"

"I shall be delighted," I said, "after, I think, but not before."

"After what?"

"After your marriage, of course."

"But why not before?"

"Because I think I am entering into a sort of conspiracy against him."

"Oh, but it will all come right," she said energetically. "The moment my father really sees that my heart is set on my marriage with Lord Ranville he will consent to everything—and he will like you the better for having helped us out with it."

"Then—yes—but certainly not now."

"Do you know that he asked me about you last night?"

"No, I have not the least idea."

"Yes, he did. Nellie's father had told him that I had made your acquaintance, and he asked why I did not bring you to see him, or ask you to dinner, or something. He has read your books, and he is very anxious to meet you and to have a talk. He says he is sure you and he have a great many ideas in common."

"Dear Lady Margaret," I began—

"Am I really dear to you?" she asked, "really and truly?"

"Yes, indeed, you are; that is why I want to help you in your marriage with Lord Ranville."

"How kind and sweet you are!" she said, and that with a burst of enthusiasm which showed me at once how much her heart was set on Lord Ranville, and what a sincere regard she had for me as an elderly champion and accomplice in her plot against her father.

But I explained I should not like just at present to see Lord Grassford.

"Yes, I think I understand," she murmured.

"You see I am abetting you now against him. Once you have your heart's desire you can get my pardon from him."

So we parted for the hour. I saw her and I saw Nellie for a few moments now and again. We had hardly any serious talk until the time came for making definite and practical arrangements. We were all—we three—although without acknowledged interchange of ideas on the subject, waiting for the time when some mysterious and to all appearance unmeaning telegram should reach me.

In the meantime I could not help thinking as I meandered and mooned through the garden that it would have been very delightful if I could have gone back twenty years in life and made love to Lady Margaret on my own account. For then, I said to myself, Lord Ranville would be only ten years old, and so he would not have cared three straws for any girl, and would not have been in the least jealous, and I should have been doing him no unfriendly act, and could have no remorse of conscience. But then it was borne in upon my mind that under these conditions Lady Margaret would be only eight years old, and the question of love-making could not arise. So, on the whole, as the question of love-making could not arise, it was quite as well that things should remain just as they were; especially seeing that I could not possibly make them anything other than as they were.

At last—at last—I received one morning a telegram at my lodgings which bore upon the common enterprise. It was certainly short enough:

"Your friend had better take Helensburgh steamer."

It puzzled me at first, but I soon thought it out. Yes, Ranville had made his arrangements at Helensburgh, near Glasgow, and there he was to await my friend. I knew that the very fact of his giving no date meant that my friend must go on at once, and that we might count on his taking good care to meet her at the station. There was nothing better to be done now than to catch the evening train for Glasgow. I hurried over

to the gardens and walked about there a good deal before I saw even Nellie. After a while she came into the gardens, and we quite accidentally crossed each other's path.

"Good-day, Miss Bland," I said. "Are you any good at reading riddles or making out acrostics, or puzzles, or that sort of thing?"

"Oh, no, not the least in the world; but what is puzzling you?"

"Only a telegram I have got from a queer chap in Scotland, and I can't quite make

out what he means. Look here, this is what he says."

She took the telegram, and glanced over it with curious eyes.



I saw the bills of the London papers adorned with huge letters telling of "Elopement in High Life."

"Is there a steamer called Helensburgh?" she asked very anxiously.

"I don't know; but there is a place called Helensburgh, near Glasgow."

"Oh! Are you staying here?"

"For the present, yes."

"All right," and she disappeared.

I had not long to remain in solitude. Lady Margaret soon came, and we talked the matter over. The interpretation of the telegram was obvious now to all three of us. Lady Margaret and her maid were to leave town that night by the Glasgow mail from Euston, and make their way to Helensburgh. Lord Ranville would, of course, take it for granted that no unavoidable delay would be allowed to interpose.

And now there came a change; not in Lady Margaret's feelings, but in her immediate anxieties. She saw clearly enough to the safe accomplishment of her heart's desire, and therefore her anxiety for the moment was how to save her father from any avoidable prolonged trouble or fear about her. She put aside altogether the old-fashioned projects of a story about visiting an aunt in the country or spending a night with the family of some school friend in town. She wanted to put the reality of the thing at once before her father, and have the first stroke of pain over. Therefore it was arranged that she should write a letter to her father, telling him that she was determined to marry Lord Ranville, praying for his forgiveness, saying that it would be futile for him to try to prevent her, for the marriage would be over long before he could possibly find out where she was, and adding many genuine words of love and penitence. This letter I was to leave at Lord Grassford's after the time had arrived for the departure of the train. In the meantime

she and I were to walk out of the gardens quietly about half-past seven o'clock and make for the station, independent of the maid and the cab. The maid and the cab were to get to the station in their own way. All of which came to pass.

Having seen Lady Margaret off and made sure that the train was gone, I drove to Lord Grassford's and merely handed in the letter for him. Then to avoid inconvenient questionings I took a late train to Brighton and put up at the Metropole there, and looked out with eager interest for further developments. Nothing happened the first day. On the evening of the second day I saw the bills of the London papers adorned with huge letters telling of "Elopement in High Life!" "Romantic Affair in Chesterfield Gardens!" "Lochinvar in London!" "The Old Lord's Daughter and the Young Lord's Wife!" and other such attractive and varied announcements. A few days after I read that "Lord and Lady Ranville are spending their honeymoon on the Continent, after which the newly-wedded pair will return to make some stay at the house of the bride's father, Lord Grassford, at Chesterfield Gardens, S.W."

Let me not be supposed to convey the idea that the newly-married pair had, in their happiness, forgotten me. I heard from them often while they were abroad, and when they returned I made, through them, the pleasure of the acquaintance of Lord Grassford. So I had three new friends instead of two. But Lord Grassford good-humouredly grumbled at the fact that for days and days the whole attention of London had been rivetted on the once quiet gardens. "Serves you all right," he said, "if you can never take a quiet walk there again!"







MISTRESS  
PRUE

A BALLAD

I'm in love sweet Mistress Prue.  
Sooth I can't conceal it;  
My poor heart is broke in two,  
Only you can heal it:  
You've a farm with stacks and mows  
Acres three times twenty.  
Sheep and oxen, duck and cow,  
Men and maidens plenty.  
My poor heart is broke in two,  
All for love, for love of you.



## HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

### THE POLISH NOVELIST'S JUBILEE.

By T. W. WILBY.

IT was in that charming Polish health-resort, Zakopane, nestling amid the picturesque surroundings of a lofty mountain range, that I first met the great Polish romancer. Every year finds Henryk Sienkiewicz plying his indefatigable pen there until the season has waned and the swallow has commenced the long Southern flight. Then Henryk Sienkiewicz also wings his flight—it may be to Kaltenlentgeben, or as in this year of grace to that centre of Polish life, Warsaw. Twenty-five years of uninterrupted literary activity reach their end in this month of snows and hibernal frosts; and Warsaw is making itself en fête as it were to celebrate the novelist's jubilee in fitting fashion.

This year I met the man of the hour in Poland in his villa retreat at Kaltenlentgeben. Nature had put on its russet garb. All was quiet, save for the few stragglers who yawned lazy but indignant protest against the right of the season to take French leave and compel them to pack themselves off to the town again. Most of the villas were closed, the windows covered up as if for the long winter sleep. The "Air" park was empty, and nothing remained of the joyous life that had reigned during the summer months. In the great barrack-like Moriz-Hof, everything appeared to be under the spell of the hundred years' sleep. Only the cool autumn wind made music between the trees, shaking off the faded leaves, and the spray of the cas-

cades scattered itself in a sad monotone over the marble basins of the fountains.

It was with genuine old-Polish hospitality and heartiness that the distinguished author led the way into his comfortable study. Sienkiewicz surrounds himself with a burgher-like comfort and nothing more. There seems to be a studied intent to avoid the outward expression of luxury, and to emphasise the purely literary and artistic side of Poland's greatest and most industrious fiction-writer. Polish books and compendious musty tomes in every nook and cranny! These are the historical sources upon which Sienkiewicz draws from time to time.

Then numerous copies of his recent romance "Quo Vadis," whose keynote is an intellectual and ethical renaissance, and the wonderfully cheap popular edition of his historical novel-trilogy, "With Fire and Sword," "The Storm-Flood," and "Monsieur Wolodyjowski," the rights for which that well-known patron of art, the banker Wawelberg, has purchased for 30,000 roubles for the purposes of popular education. The yellow covers of a book betray a French origin. It is by Anatole France, the favourite Gallic author of Sienkiewicz.

It is a lovely, cloudless autumn day, and the mellowed rays of the sun fall upon the desk near the window. Here Sienkiewicz has worked for many a day upon his long-expected jubilee romance, which has kept his co-nationalists in a

constant fever of expectation. The last sheets of MS. lie before me—small white paper slips bedecked with a delicate but legible caligraphy that shows very little evidence of correction or revision. It is "The Crusaders," and the first parts have already been given to the world in serial form through the columns of Polish and German newspapers. I

pelled to retouch, alter, and file what I write," he said.

But Sienkiewicz may fairly be said to libel himself here. He never commits himself to print at least before the plot, the composition, and the historical mould in which it has to be cast, to say nothing of the prominent characters, are clearly marked out. Everything is finished, in

fact, beforehand—he has but to write it as Sheridan said of his plays; and Sienkiewicz testified to me with a frank naïveté that this point gave him no difficulty whatever. Whether this jubilee novel has marked a new era in the literary development of Sienkiewicz, whether it has formed a new leaf in the laurel wreath which fame has crowned him with, are questions still busy-ing the numerous admirers of Sienkiewicz, and the Polish critic finds little or no rest for his captious pen. For Sienkiewicz's name is indelibly associated with



Henryk Sienkiewicz, the famous Pole who wrote "Quo Vadis."

wondered at the courage of the author in publishing the first part of his novels long ere the denouement had been reached, and ventured to express my thoughts aloud.

Sienkiewicz smiled: "Oh, it has become an invariable habit of mine to do so; otherwise I should always be com-

modern Polish literature.

He has, in fact, won for it a place in the wider field of cosmopolitan literature. There are, indeed, very few nations who delight to do such unqualified honour to their illustrious men as the Poles. The Norwegians are, perhaps, the sole exception. The words of

the Warsaw Archbishop, "*La Pologne ne raisonne pas, elle sent*," are as true to-day as when they were uttered. The heroes of the Poles are rather those who reflect the national aspirations of the race, who arouse their imaginations, and whose magic touch can conjure up the mighty figures of the past and place the whole nation under their spell. Time was when Matejko was their Merlin—now they have a Sienkiewicz. Matejko summoned to his canvas the most tragically glorious moments from out of the past—Sienkiewicz gave us in his "*Carbon Sketches*" the still life of the peasant, in the "*Old Servant*" the patriarchal family life, and in his well-known trilogy of romances the whole of the 17th century with its civil wars and Cossack fights, its culture and diction, encircled in a frame lovely in its colour-glories, and left it as a legacy to the future more enduring than stone or canvas. In "*The Crusaders*," we have unrolled before us a weighty page from out of the days of Poland's greatness, full of fame and honour. The whole of the 14th century is brought vividly to our minds by the living plasticity of his exquisite drawing and the supreme charm of his language. But that prophetic band which predicted in this scarcely begun "*Crusaders*" the promise of the "*tendenz*" romancer, whose hand was directed against Bismarck's Germanising policy in Posen, have sadly mistaken his artistic mission. Contrary to all his predecessors, especially to Kaczowski and Kraszewski, he holds himself aloof from all party feeling. His novels are objective and free from political motive, while the harmony of the whole is never disturbed by the disharmonies of life's daily events. Also he is never didactic, nor does he give us the benefit of his reflections—he simply relates or depicts, and his language flows from him smoothly, softly, betraying a sensuous delight in form and colour and touching the tenderest strings in the life of the human soul.

It was during an American tour, when Sienkiewicz felt an irresistible longing to return to the scenes of his childhood, that the idea of his "*Carbon Sketches*"

became a reality. The peasant Rzepora, the heroine of the story, is the pearl of all his feminine creations. She has, in fact, only one prototype in ancient or modern literature—Imogene. Within the narrow compass of this novel, the author tells us in the language of irony and bitterest satire the lamented conditions prevalent in the village, where the benighted and uneducated peasant falls an easy victim in his helplessness to the machinations of sly notaries or the cunning officials of rustic Bumbledom. The peasant Rzepa is no exception. It is the turn of the village magistrate's son to serve in the army as a conscript, but a substitute must be found, and Rzepa, with his senses steeped to oblivion in the intoxicating cup, signs the fatal document. Of its invalidity there is no question, but to the unreceptive peasant mind it has a binding power, and he awaits his fate stolidly and resignedly. Now commences the mission of the heroic peasant wife. She appeals in vain for help—she is ignored and scorned, even repulsed. Only one can help her, the notary. He has the document, and can destroy it. The price is—her honour. Even that she gives him—the peasant wife is devoid of the power of reflection, she can only feel, and her love is great, boundless. It nerves and steels her, and her ignorant, clouded spirit can face even martyrdom for her husband's sake. It is late as she returns home, to die under the blows of the avenging axe of the man she had saved.

Twenty-five years have passed over the village author since then. The man who lived and worked but to enlighten and raise the simple peasant folk has in the meantime extended his literary sphere far beyond the narrow confines of his native haunts. And in his upward progress, his path has always been strewn with roses. All his creations were hailed by the entire united nation with a shout of jubilation, and foreign countries generously re-echoed that shout. In England, we have had many of his works reproduced; and his English and American publishers are giving to the Anglo-Saxon world an edition de luxe of his collective novels.

## WHO WAS THE MURDERER ?

BY TRISTRAM K. MONCK.

"To Herbert Maynard, Esq.,  
"Superintendent Police,  
"Bombay.

"Sir,—

"His Highness the Nawab of Bhopal, having heard of your sagacity in unravelling intricate mysteries, would esteem it an honour if you would come to Bhopal and solve a mystery which is of a particularly painful nature to him.

"I respectfully urge an immediate departure, and beg you will spare no necessary expense which may ensure your prompt arrival.

"Faithfully yours,  
"BIKRAM SINGH,  
"Secretary to His Highness the Nawab of Bhopal."

Such was the letter which Herbert Maynard found waiting for him on his breakfast table, as he strolled in his pyjamas on to the verandah of his bungalow.

"Whew!" he whistled. "The old boy knows how to butter a fellow up when he wants to get something out of him. Can't be done though. . . . I'm a bally detective at the beck and call of my Government, and not at his. I'll tell him that he had better apply to Slater."

So saying he sat down and poured himself out a cup of coffee, which he was about to drink, when his superior in Bombay came on to the verandah.

"Morning, Maynard. Sorry to intrude in this graceless manner, but the importance of my mission must be my excuse for so early a call."

"Don't apologise, Winsleigh. Sit down and have a cup of coffee!"

"Thanks, I have had my breakfast. Here's a cypher message from Whitehall

to you, which has just come through," said Winsleigh, handing his host an envelope. "It's in Code 31!"

Maynard ripped open the envelope, and taking out the sheet it contained, read as follows:

"To Herbert Maynard, Esq.,  
"Assistant Superintendent Police,  
"Bombay.

"Proceed at once to Bhopal and discover facts about succession of present Nawab. On no account make any delay, and report concisely at earliest possible moment. Wire when starting."

"You, of course, know the contents of this, Winsleigh?" said Maynard, tossing over the paper to the Superintendent.

"I can guess them," replied Winsleigh, taking up the paper and scanning it rapidly. "I guessed as much. . . . You see, Maynard, I received a long wire from headquarters this morning too, anent the Bhopal business, so, not being quite an ass, and guessing that you were the sort of man they required for a crisis like the present one, it was fairly easy to gauge the contents of that telegram."

Maynard laughed good-humouredly.

"That little affair in the Johore brought me a lot of notoriety," said he. "But you mentioned the fact of there being a crisis, Winsleigh. Trot it out, man! This is the first I've heard of it. What is the said crisis?"

"It's about the succession of the Nawab of Bhopal."

"So I've just gathered from the wire, though it never mentioned a word about a crisis," said Maynard. "But why the Government wants me to suddenly dis-



cover facts about a man who has reigned for five years with exemplary piety, according to a native's lights, is quite beyond my ken!"

"Oh! this is a new Nawab of two weeks' standing," said Winsleigh. "You see the Home Government does not quite know what happened to Nawab No. 1 to cause his death, and therefore is most anxious to find out if he died naturally, a worthy object which Downing Street is determined to further. The Viceroy is hot on it. It is superfluous my suggesting that you should be discretion personified."



"Here's a cypher message from Whitehall."

"So the old man is dead, is he? . . . Is not Dr. MacNeil hunting somewhere up in Bhopal?"

"Yes, he is. And it's owing to his report that all this bobbery is being raised. You see, MacNeil saw the old Nawab about five minutes after he was dead."

"Ah!" remarked Maynard thoughtfully. "This is interesting. By the way, what was MacNeil's report? Do you know the text of it?"

"Not verbatim, but I know the gist of it."

"Which is . . . ?" Maynard remarked enquiringly.

"That he could give no cause for the Nawab's death. His Highness was an exceptionally hale man of fifty, who had not known a day's illness in his life, 'and had a heart so strong as to be hardly human,' so MacNeil says."

"No exterior sign of violence, of course?"

"None, from what I can gather," said Winsleigh, rising. "By the way, anything that I can do for you?"

"Yes, keep my departure as dark as possible, and you might wire to Calcutta and the Colonial Office for me, and say that I am leaving for Bhopal to-morrow. . . . Stay though! . . . I'll go to-day. That's all, old man, and thanks a thousand times!"

"All right, lots of luck. It will be a big thing for you if you manage to carry this off as well as you did that Johore affair," said Winsleigh cheerily as he left the room.

Late that afternoon Maynard left Bombay for Bhopal. His departure, as far as the general public was concerned, was a sealed letter, the report having been judiciously spread abroad by Winsleigh that his subordinate was down with the plague, at that time very prevalent in the Bombay Presidency. As a natural consequence, the supposed tainted bungalow was shunned, whilst the native servants either could not, or would not, tell what was the matter with their master, till interest in Maynard's complaint at last died a natural death. In the meantime Maynard had arrived at Bhopal, and was duly received with great cordiality by the new Nawab Sutlej Su.

"Welcome, Feringhee of an illustrious nation," said he cordially. "Salaam not to me, I pray you! Should two persons who are equally great bow thus to one another? I think not! I expect great things of you, illustrious Feringhee, and trust that you will be able to prove that my beloved uncle died in peace. Still, as MacNeil Sahib casts out doubts that he met his end by foul means, I sent for the cleverest man in the Hindostan to prove that Sutlej Su died as all men must, or else to fix the guilt of his death on the rightful man, so that I may wreak my vengeance on him, for by Buddha he dies!"

After which florid speech Sutlej Su motioned Maynard to be seated on an adjacent lounge, and settling himself among the cushions of his divan said:

"My uncle—may his ashes never be disturbed by the vultures of time!—died in the middle of the night, from no cause whatsoever, so the learned MacNeil Sahib says. But he is a fool, for how is it possible for a man to die from no cause whatever? There must always be one, if only from lack of breath. Sutlej Su bore no sign of outward or inward injury, neither did the autopsy reveal traces of poison, disease, or anything which could account for his death. I said it was the will of Buddha which made my uncle die, but the learned doctor only shrugged his shoulders by way of reply. . . . But perhaps you would like to see him, he might perhaps aid you in your method of solving the present mystery."

"I thank, your Highness, I should like to see Dr. MacNeil. By the way, do you personally think that Sutlej Su has been murdered?"

Maynard glanced enquiringly at the native potentate.

"It is possible, Sahib," said the Nawab affably. "Sutlej Su had many

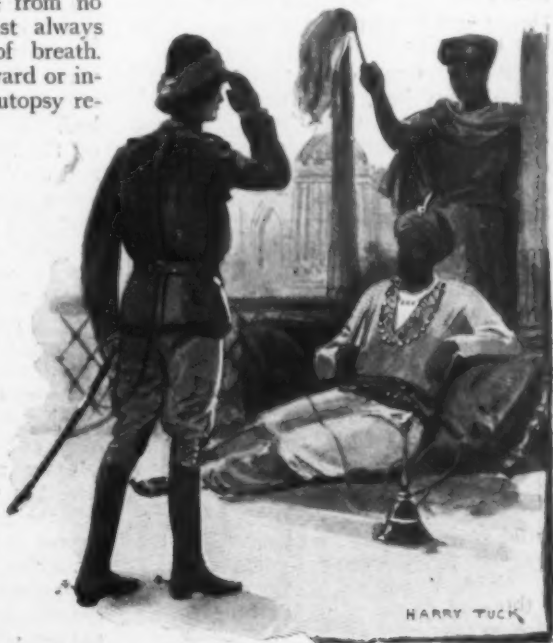
enemies, though it seems strange to me that any person should say that my uncle met a violent end, when there are no signs of same. However, that, Sahib, is for you to find out, and whatever may be your decision, you will not find me ungrateful."

The Nawab rang a handbell, signifying that the audience was at an end, and in answer to it a tall, sinister-looking native appeared, who led the way to Dr. MacNeil's apartments.

"Maynard, by the powers!" exclaimed the doctor in surprise.

"Didn't you hear I was coming?" enquired Maynard, shaking hands heartily with the Irish medico.

"Faith, lad, where am I to hear it from, at all?" laughed MacNeil, as the native retired. "Headquarters are mighty unconcerned about my ever getting a scrap of news, and the Nawab is as mum as a fish since my verdict on the old boy's death! . . . And what have you come here for?"



"Salaam not to me, I pray you!"

"To discover how the old Nawab died."

"Faith, my boy, isn't that what I've been trying to do for the past fortnight? And by the powers, my lad, I'm as far off the truth as ever I was."

"That sounds cheerful for me, MacNeil. What is your opinion of the Nawab's death?"

"I believe he was murdered!"

"Ah! tell me, have you any idea how he died?" asked Maynard carelessly, rolling himself up a cigarette.

"Faith, you've cornered me there."

"Now, tell me frankly, MacNeil, did you find any traces of poison?"

"No! That's the devil of the thing," answered MacNeil.

"And yet you aver with positiveness that the Nawab has been murdered?"

"Not a shadow of a doubt, my lad," replied the medico sturdily. "Now, I put it to you, is it natural for a man whose lungs are as sound as a bell, who has a strength equal to a small-sized ox, and whose heart is a phenomenally sound one, to pop off in a night to other climes and leave no trace as to how he did the trick?"

"You've some clue—some theory?"

"Ah! my boy, the manner in which His Highness met his death is for you to discover. But, man, you are not a novice at this game, and the investigations which you have made into other affairs of this kind have always borne fruit, so I have not the slightest doubt that you will be able to throw light on this case."

Maynard smiled enigmatically as he lighted his cigarette.

"Thanks, MacNeil, for the praise," he said quietly. "But to business. I want you to show me the way to the sleeping apartment of the late Nawab. It has been left precisely as it was when he died, I hope?"

MacNeil nodded an affirmative. Then, as he proceeded to lead the way to the chamber in question, remarked:

"Faith, I took good care of that, for I thought someone would be sent up here to investigate."

The deceased Nawab's room was a large and airy apartment, the walls of

which were largely decorated with heavy Oriental draperies, redolent of perfume. The bed, or rather divan, was surrounded, after the manner of the old-fashioned four-posters, with heavy draperies suspended from the ceiling by massive chains of brass. Apart from this, the room was destitute of furniture, save for the presence of a long species of couch which ran round two sides of the chamber, and a tiny metal table bearing on its surface a golden goblet and a tiny metal lamp.

"Faith, if you find a clue here, you're a marvel!" said the Irishman. "No use looking at the goblet, I've scratched away at the interior of that until I'm sick of it, and analysed the said scrapings till I'm tired of the subject of poison."

Maynard smiled at his companion's verbosity.

"You won't think me rude, old man," he said, "but for a moment I want to be quite alone. I'm odd, I know, but when I'm clue-hunting I must have solitude!"

MacNeil nodded, and left the room. As soon as he was alone, Maynard pulled back the curtains, and was about to draw aside the silken bed-hangings when his eye fell on the body of a dead mouse, which lay in the middle of the bed. Taking the diminutive animal up by the tail, he approached the window and carefully examined it. The survey revealed nothing; its limpness showed that life had not long been extinct, though the faint odour emitted from the carcase was somewhat in contradiction to the theory of a recent decease.

The goblet was examined next, but that also failed to throw any light on the affair, for beyond its inner surface showing sundry scratches, the result of MacNeil's investigations, it was like any other goblet of its kind.

Once more Maynard inspected the bed, but without result, till at last he left the room in disgust with the dead mouse in his hand.

As the day wore on his head became somewhat painful, whilst a strange, uncontrollable somnolence stole over him, against which he battled bravely for an hour without avail, for when the Irish medico burst into his room a couple of



Its limpness showed that life had not long been extinct.

hours later, he discovered Maynard lying like a log against some cushions.

A shake failing to arouse him, MacNeil soaked some stuff in a ewer of water and applied it suddenly to Maynard's face, which had the desired effect of arousing him.

"By the powers, but you're a beauty to do the 'tec' work of her Majesty's Government!" cried the medico gaily; then added severely, staring surprisedly into Maynard's eyes, "My boy, take my tip and give up chloral."

"Chloral?" exclaimed Maynard, surprised, then he lapsed into thought for a few moments, from which he emerged by saying thoughtfully:

"Do you think it will finish me some day, doctor?"

"It plays the devil with any man," replied the Irishman frankly. "But, come, have you found out anything fresh?"

"I have, and I haven't, so to speak. But, to wander from the subject, I've been making a little experiment. There, see that mouse on that cushion?" pointing to the diminutive rodent stretched on the divan beside him. "Yes, that's it! I want you to tell me what I killed it with!"

MacNeil took up the little animal and inspected it carefully.

"As you say that you killed it, I have no hesitation in saying that you poisoned it, and the only poison which would produce an effect like this is curari. Am I correct?" Then dropping the mouse with a laugh, he added, "Had you not said that you had compassed its end, I should have said that the mouse died naturally. You know that curari is almost impossible to trace. Were it more common than it is, I have not the slightest doubt but that it would be used extensively by poisoners, who, in nearly every instance, could murder without ever being brought to justice."

"You are right, doctor. It is curari. Tell me, is not curari a painless death?"

"Instantaneous deaths are rarely painful," said MacNeil. "Curari has an action very similar to a poison made in Thibet, called by a name something like 'bagi,' only whereas curari is a pasty liquid, this 'bagi' is a dust. The Thibetians, when they desire to poison some enemy, mix it with the pollen of some flower or other, which when smelt enters the nostrils!"

"It ensures a speedy death, does it not?" exclaimed Maynard, becoming suddenly interested.

"That depends upon the quantity which is inhaled. As a rule it produces torpor and a heavy sleep, which is not dangerous if the victim does not go on inhaling the poison. Of course, the Thibetian murderer is careful that his victim continues to inhale enough to kill him!"

"Is it rare, or is it common enough to be fairly easily obtained?"

"The product is extremely rare—and, I may say, almost impossible to obtain. Its manufacture is a secret most jealously guarded by the chief Llama, and to my certain knowledge only one outside person has ever been able to get it," re-

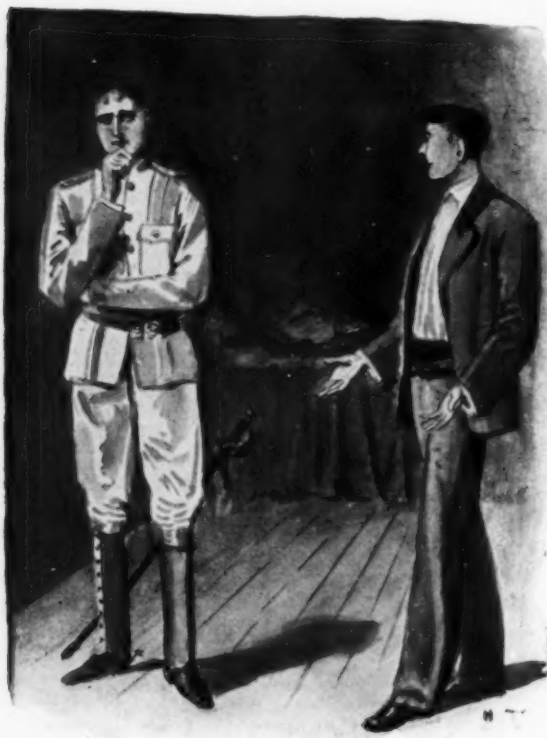


plied the medico nonchalantly. "By the . . ."

"And is the effect of it difficult to trace?" interrupted Maynard.

"Very; far more difficult than that produced by curari," answered MacNeil. "Say, why are you so curious about all this?"

"Because toxicology is my hobby," replied Maynard quietly. "And now,



"And now, doctor, till I have finished my investigations, I must ask to be alone."

doctor, till I have finished my investigations, I must ask to be alone."

MacNeil shrugged his shoulders, and left the room in dudgeon, whilst Maynard, utterly undisturbed by the doctor's passing irritation, left the palace soon after his departure, in search of a rat or some such small rodent. His search was crowned with success, for he soon managed to obtain a rather large and fierce specimen from a water-carrier.

Tying a stout cord round its middle, and securing its legs, not without difficulty, with string, he carried the rodent into the room of the dead Nawab, and flinging it on the bed carefully drew the curtains. Throwing the window wide open, he stayed looking out over the undulating plains of Bhopal for close on twenty minutes, then once more approaching the bed, tore back the curtains, and took up the rat.

*It was stone dead and limp, as the mouse had been!*

A peculiar smile flitted over Maynard's face as he flung the rodent out of the window, then going straight to MacNeil's room, entered it abruptly.

"I want you to find me a palace official whom you can trust, as I can yourself," he said quietly, yet with a latent excitement apparent in his voice.

"I can find fifty that answer that description, my boy. And, faith, if it's against the Nawab you want them to be, I can lay my hands on a thousand in the city alone."

"One is sufficient. Go with him to the Nawab's chamber, and wait there till I come."

"It's meself who is your man!" cried MacNeil excitedly. "Have you found . . . ?"

"Kindly act, and don't question me yet awhile," replied Maynard briefly.

"I will tell you all inside twenty minutes." So saying, he hurriedly left the chamber, going in the direction of the late Nawab's apartment.

By a good fortune which he had not expected, Maynard met the Nawab not half a dozen paces from the room which had been set apart for him in the palace. Without an instant's thought, he dived his hand into his pocket, took out a revolver, and pressed the muzzle against the Ruler's temple.



"What is the meaning of this outrage?" demanded the native potentate furiously.

"It means, friend, that if you utter a cry for help, I will blow your brains to perdition," said Maynard coolly.

"Kindly walk in the direction of the late Nawab's death-chamber. I am taking away this revolver from your head, because it is a strain on my arm; meanwhile you will be pleased to remember that I am close behind, and that at so close a range I am extremely unlikely to miss my aim, if by any act of yours you compel me to fire."

"You shall answer for this!" hissed the Nawab. "Before the sun has sunk to rest, you shall know that in Bhopal I am master."

"Kindly walk on!"

"By Buddha!" cried the Nawab furiously, stepping swiftly towards Maynard, to recoil the next instant before the gleaming barrel of the revolver covering his head. "Curse you!" he hissed. "You are master now! But wait!—wait!"

With which remark he turned on his heel and walked sullenly towards the chamber indicated.

Sutlej Su started on seeing MacNeil and a chamberlain of his household, Rao Dhu by name, waiting in the room. The

sight caused him to stop abruptly, and turning haughtily to face Maynard, he exclaimed with a majesty which almost cowed his listener:

"I am here, Feringhee; now kindly explain the meaning of this outrage!"

"Your Highness asked me to tell you how the late Nawab met with his death."

"Well?"

"I have found out! The late Nawab was murdered! . . . And his murderer was . . . you!"

The dark eyes of the Nawab glowed dangerously.

"By Buddha! Unsay those words, or you perish! Unsay those words, I say, you spawn of a Pariah!" cried the potentate fiercely. "Or one word of mine will cause you to be rent limb from limb, you accursed of Vishnu!"

"You will not shout, I think," said Maynard coolly, pressing the muzzle of his weapon against the native's forehead. "You will, I fancy, not do anything so rash, knowing full well that such a course of action would bring about your instant death. I repeat, your Highness was the murderer of the late Nawab—if not the actual, the instigator!"

"You lie!"

"Your Highness is too excited to know exactly what he says," said Maynard steelily. "I suggest that you take a short sleep on the couch there."

"I refuse!" retorted the native ruler, angrily. "I am no child to be thus ordered! I am the Nawab of Bhopal."

"Whilst I am the Nawab of the Nawab of Bhopal," smiled Maynard sardonically. "Come, your Highness, lie down on that bed till both your



"Curse you!" he hissed. "You are master now But wait!—wait!"

brain and speech are clearer, or I shoot!"

The Nawab glanced wildly about him, at the immovable features of his chamberlain, at the barrel of Maynard's revolver, at the determined face behind it, and, finally, at the bed.

"Mercy, Sahib!" he suddenly cried, flinging his pride to the winds and falling on his knees. "Mercy! I cannot lie down on that bed!"

"Lie down on it!" thundered Maynard, glancing scornfully at the grovelling wretch.

"I dare not! I will not! Curse you! it means death!" shrieked the grovelling potentate, his bronzed face assuming a dull slaty hue.

"You are right! It does! Stand up, you self-declared assassin!" exclaimed Maynard measuredly. "For it was you who dusted, or ordered those curtains to be dusted with the fatal poison of the Llamas! I denounce you as the looked-for murderer, and in denouncing you, my mission here is ended."

The Nawab staggered to his feet.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Proclaim your guilt to the people, who will judge you according to their law," replied Maynard frigidly. "You know what that means in Bhopal?"

"It means death!" cried the Nawab wildly. "Spare me! Spare me! Extend to me a little mercy, and you can ask what you will of me. I am rich—

far richer than you can dream. Your silence on this matter will make you richer than the Great White Queen. . . ."

"Your Highness is aware that the fate of murderers is a hard one in Bhopal—that your son would not be allowed to reign if your crime were found out!" interrupted Maynard, in steely, measured accents. "This would involve a complicated situation, which at the present moment would prove the reverse of agreeable to England. If I deliver you up to your subjects, you would be sewn up in raw hides, impaled, and exposed to the sun! It is a painful death that, your Highness!" Maynard paused, then added reflectively: "There is another way by which you could make your exit from this world, of course, a far easier one. Then your son would reign!"

"Which is . . . ?" said the Nawab hoarsely.

"I think," replied Maynard significantly, "that your Highness needs rest."

The Nawab glanced steadily at his executioner and judge.

"Perhaps it will prove the easiest," replied he, for the first time regaining his self-possession. "Feringhee, I thank you for the choice."

Then going to the bed, he lay down and closed the curtains.

Ten minutes elapsed, then Maynard, drawing aside the curtains, glanced at the figure reclining amid the cushions.

It was motionless, and, like the mouse, was strangely limp.



## SPANISH ARTS AND CRAFTS.

BY G. S. FERDINANDO.

LARGE numbers of tourists set out annually for Italy, and, in fact, for almost every part of Europe except Spain, the old bugbear of dirty and uncomfortable hotels, extortionate charges, bad cooking and slow travelling still clinging with wonderful tenacity to the public idea. On this point it will be sufficient to say in a few words that if

plazas and well-built streets leading by a handsome promenade to the beach upon which roll in unbroken lines the magnificent billows of the Atlantic. San Sebastian is essentially a town of pleasure, and no trade worthy of mention is carried on there.

"Dear old Madrid," is the term more often than not used by those who have



A pair of Alcorta Plaques.

at any time Spain was really as bad as is generally supposed, a completely different order of things now prevails.

Entering Spain by Irun in the Sud Express from Paris, Madrid may be reached in thirty-five hours. The first place of importance to attract is San Sebastian, the fashionable summer residence of the Spanish Court, its shady

been at the Spanish capital any length of time. Its cafés are cool and shady, its churches are amongst the finest in Spain, the broad promenades, such as La Puerta del Sol, leading into the glorious old park, the finest in the world. Generally speaking, Madrid is a very pleasant place indeed. It is thoroughly Spanish, and the true heart or pulse of the Spanish nation.

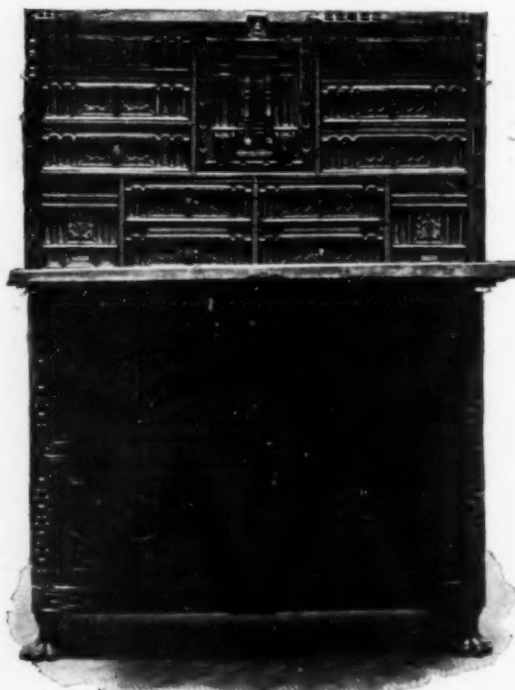
The grand Museo is a veritable home of art, so well ordered and arranged, and in such a delightfully small compass that the weariness that one feels in other institutions of the kind is never felt here. In the Museo the student of art will see Velasquez and Murillo at their best. The pleasure of seeing and studying the glorious works of these two masters alone would compensate for a dozen visits to this grand collection, to say no-

thing of Ribera with his vivid representation of the old days and fine pictures of the Saints, Zubaran and Alonso Cano, Antonio Moro, Goya, Lopez, and others. Velasquez is generally regarded as an artist who painted a few stiff, gloomy portraits in an equally hard, gloomy style, and it is an astonishing apparition to see him as he really is. In landscape and animal study he is equally true and life-like. All the world knows

something of his portraits without being in the least in a position to realise how true and real they are to the originals. Here we see his almost superhuman studies of character, "Los Borrachos," "Las Hilanderas," or the "Vista de la Calle de la Reina En Aranjuez," showing marvellous power of composition and masterly gradation of tone in light and shadow. Murillo stands forth in his virgins, saints, and crucifixions as the great religious painter that he was. De-

vout in purpose and idea, true and tender in execution, he may best be judged by his "Niños de la Concha" and his "Adoration of the Shepherds," showing as they do his perfections and shortcomings with his delicate conception of human and divine character. The Academia of San Fernando in the "Calle Alcala" must not be missed, containing as it does Murillo's famous "El Tiñoso" and the two great companion paintings,

also some fine Riberas, an excellent "Crucifixion" by Alonso Cano, a Rubens, and some good Zubarans, with a few sketches by Goya. A visit to the Armeria Real will be repaid by a view of the finest collection of armour in the whole world. Crossing the threshold of this hall of the dead, the past that engulfs the best and worst that Spain has ever been or done, rises up. They are all here, Carlos VI. in the very suit of armour worn at the



A 16th Century Cabinet (open).

Battle of Muhlberg, his camp utensils and the litter in which finally he was carried. Here also at hand is John of Saxony, his prisoner upon the same field of Muhlberg, and the tools and habits of his remarkable son Felipe Segundo, who has left his stamp upon Spanish art to this very day.

There is much more to be seen in Madrid. The great obelisk of the Dos de Mayo, near the entrance to the Park, was erected in memory of the Murat Mas-



Charity.

*From the painting by Dr. Parada y Santin.*

sacre of 1808. A peep into the famous church San Francisco el Grande will give one a very fair idea of Spanish painters and architects during the past twenty-five years, and cannot fail to impress with its beautiful frescoes and imposing finish. It would require volumes to mention even the most important places in Spain, and with regret we must pass Segovia, with its glorious Pancorbo or Hoyo Gorges, and some of the most enchanting scenery Spain can offer. Toledo, one of the few Spanish cities which still seems to cling to a long-forgotten past, hugging within itself its memories and tales of bloody religious persecution, is situated a short distance from Madrid. Rapine and misfortune have swept over her with relentless fury for centuries, leaving her blighted but not destroyed. Toledo is faithful to the past; for her the curtain will never rise again; she is forgotten. The narrow, tortuous streets and solid buildings, doubtless originally erected for defence and shelter, add a charm and interest to the place which cling to us long after we have left it far behind. Vargas, in the province of Toledo, was, from the 14th to the 16th centuries, famous for the making of that quaint old furniture, particularly the chairs and cabinets which are mostly

seen in the convents and houses of Spanish nobility, and of which very few good examples remain. Toledo herself has been the home of the steel industry in Spain for centuries, especially the manufacture of steel blades, the quality of which is well known throughout the whole world. Curios and valuable pieces of pottery are also occasionally found there, being the remains of a once flourishing industry.

The Roman succeeded the Jew and the Goth the Roman, followed by the Moor, who, when the fates ruled it, was driven out by the Spaniard. It had its history and revolutions before this country had merged from semi-barbarism. The old cathedral, the first church in Spain, also the famous Alcáza, should be visited. It is currently believed that the Blessed Virgin really worshipped in this cathedral during her lifetime; alternately mosque and Christian temple, it is a beautiful building, astonishingly grand in proportion and scale, vigorous and pure in its 13th century Gothic.

I hope some day to be able to give further remembrances of Toledo and Córdoba; also beautiful Sevilla, with its famous tiles; Granada, with its glorious Alhambra; Barcelona, the real or business capital of Spain, with its sublime views



from Montserrat, and its teeming and industrious Catalan population. Amongst the old Spanish masters such names as Murillo, with his fine "St. Thomas of Villa Nueva distributing alms" (now in the Wallace collection), and his even better still "St. Francis," "La Concepcion," and his "Virgin de la Servilleta," the last being one of his most satisfactory portrayals of the Virgin; Velasquez,

known in Valencia and Cordoba, his native place, and yet, if he had not Murillo's facile and well-trained brush, he could hang works beside those of his giant fortune-favoured contemporary without in the least being dwarfed or over-shadowed. In "La Caridad," at Valencia, may be seen several grand specimens of this artist's work.



Head by Madrazo.

with his incomparably excellent portraits and wonderful power of assimilation; Zubaran, the Royal painter; Goya, and others, are known even to the uninitiated, but few are aware of the existence of many excellent works by other and practically unknown artists in many points equally as good, although not so generally acknowledged.

Valdés Leal is scarcely recognised by the Madrid Gallery, he is practically un-

known in Valencia and Cordoba, his native place, and yet, if he had not Murillo's facile and well-trained brush, he could hang works beside those of his giant fortune-favoured contemporary without in the least being dwarfed or over-shadowed. In "La Caridad," at Valencia, may be seen several grand specimens of this artist's work.

During the present century Spain may not have given us another Velasquez, and, at the present moment, I do not know among all her artists any one who will stand forth in the future with more than ordinary fame. We have had Fortuny, who executed great things, and promised even better, when the grim hand of death removed him. There is now Pradilla, the President of the Spanish Royal Academy; Raimundo Madrazo, with his wonderful living portraits and figure subjects; Sarolla, Legua, and others, whose works are recognised and acknowledged by the critics of the art world, and comparing more than favourably with the art of other countries.

The first prize at the Paris Exhibition this year has been awarded to the Spanish artist Sarolla, and I am credibly informed that several excellent pictures of Spanish artists will be sent to Burlington House for next year's exhibition, when the British public may judge for itself. Sr. Francisco Legua, now working in London, is an artist of immense power and great promise; his picture "El Prófuco," is undoubtedly a masterpiece

of clever grouping and wonderfully accurate drawing, but his chief power lays in portraiture. The few portraits I have had the pleasure of seeing could, in the opinion of competent judges, hang beside the best works of our portrait artists. Francisco Legua is a devoted disciple of Velasquez, and works after the true Spanish school. The "Head" by Madrazo on the preceding page, is full of life, seeming to grow upon one, like all this clever artist's work. This picture was given by Madrazo to her Grace the

ing executed in Dr. Parada's well-known and inimitable style.

From the 14th to the early 17th century the half-Spanish, half-Moorish cabinets shown on pages 454 and 460 were made at Vargas, in the province of Toledo, for wealthy persons, churches and convents often being also adorned by them. They are very rich in detail, the finely wrought hammered ironwork showing great skill and patience. The velvet work underlying the ironwork was the staple industry of the Jews prior to their



*El Profugo.*

*From the painting by Francisco Legua.*

Countess Casa Valencia to be sold in aid of the fund raised at Downshire House a short time ago for the widows and orphans during the Hispano-American War, and it bears an inscription in the artist's handwriting to that effect.

"Charity," on page 455, is by the well-known Dr. Parada y Santin, and obtained the first prize at the exhibition at Lyons. The scene is an inn, or fonda, used by the very poorest class of people, who are being visited by ladies dispensing charity. The grouping is pathetic and vividly realistic, the whole work be-

unfortunate expulsion from Spain, which robbed the country of many of the best craftsmen and citizens. There are two drawings given, one with the fall-down flap showing the interior nest of drawers and secret recesses, whilst the other represents the same cabinet closed up. This exquisite piece of furniture dates back to the early 16th century, and is similar to the pair in the Kensington Museum.

Many other beautiful cabinets were made, but there is only space to describe the chair on page 458. These chairs were usually made in Spanish oak or walnut,

being covered with the famous Cordoba leather, secured by large bright steel or copper nails. They were mostly used in convents and monasteries, from whence they derived their name of *Sillones Fraileros*, or Friars' armchairs. Many designs may be seen in collections, all being very decorative and most comfortable. The iron rings or clamps at the sides were originally intended to be fastened to a chain secured to the floor of the cell or room.

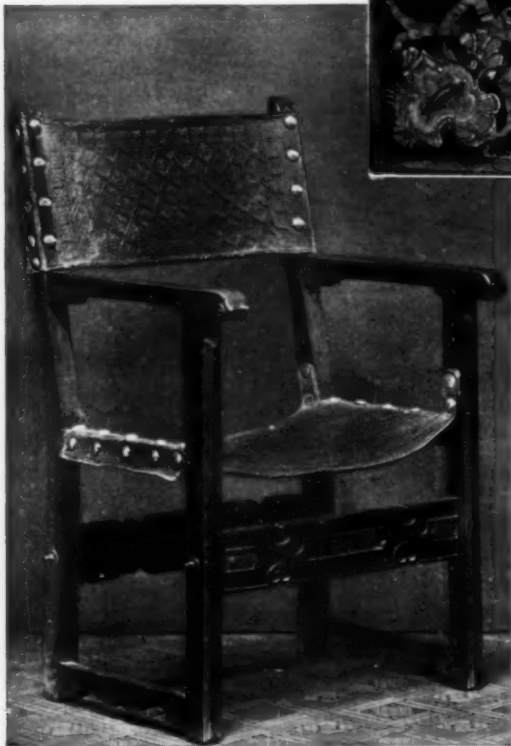
Some exquisite Spanish tapestries are also to be met with in the museums abroad and also private collections. Some rare examples of tapestry needlework mounted on velvet are still found



A Tapestry Banner.

in the churches. The banner here shown is dated 1732, and represents the adoration of the Blessed Virgin. The colouring is bright but subdued, and the whole mounted on a background of choice antique black Spanish velvet is thrown into rich relief. The corners are adorned with gold tapestry, and altogether it is an exceptionally fine piece of work.

Spanish carvings of real merit are rarely seen in this country, a few notable pieces only being exhibited in our museums. During the 14th century in particular, the art of carving in ivory had risen to a very high state of perfection, and as may be supposed, was chiefly exhibited in crucifixes and other sacred objects. The crucifix on page 459 is pure



Cordoba Leather Chair.

Gothic, and whilst possessing that look of intense agony on the face which we ought to expect, it certainly does not repel in any sense of the word. At the base stands the Blessed Virgin, a very beautifully carved figure, chaste and pure in design, date early 17th century. The whole is mounted on real Spanish ebony ornamented with silver nails, the base representing Golgotha, or place of a skull.

Hispano *moresque* pottery, or *reflejo metálico*, as it is called in Spain, is the only kind of Spanish pottery generally known here. Some of the oldest pieces are very valuable, particularly if perfect, a single plate of good colour and design often realising two or three hundred guineas, but some very fine pieces may occasionally be purchased for a few pounds. This pottery gives a very brilliant lustre, and, hung upon the wall, would certainly deceive the uninitiated, who might easily suppose it to be copper. It is much sought after for decorative purposes, and the effect is decidedly brilliant and beautiful.

Zamora, Toledo, Talavera, and Alcora have all contributed their share to the pottery art of Spain. Some of the pieces to be seen in the new Museo in Madrid are extremely quaint and interesting. Talavera pottery generally has very effective designs in pale blue, some of the larger vases or amphoras being extremely fine; the old salt-cellars and egg-stands are

often very crude, with occasional splashes of yellow to give effect.

The pair of medallions or plaques shown on page 453 are very rare. They are not unlike our *majolica*, but much finer in design and finish, dating back to



Gothic Cross.

the time when the Conde de Aranda, Minister to Carlos III., was the great patron of Spanish art. The colouring is rich, and the representations on the face of these plaques might easily pass for copies of Murillo's pictures. Another

pair, not quite so fine, are included in the famous collection at the Louvre.

In passing along through Spain, I forgot, to my shame, the ancient town of Saragossa, or, as it is modernly spelled, Zaragoza, the ancient capital of Aragon, and the birthplace of that Catharine whose name figures so prominently in English history. Zaragoza is in one an ancient, a mediæval, and a modern town.

Here you may find those old Moorish palaces with long, weird corridors speaking of Sultanas of old, the phantasy of whose dark eyes has passed into a tradition amongst the Aragonese of to-day. Amongst the cities of Spain Zaragoza stands unique in the sense that it can boast two cathedrals, one, the Seo, whose artistic merit attracts architects and historians from all parts of the world, and the other, the more or less modern Byzantine Cathedral of the Pillar. For an English-

man, the old city of Zaragoza is perhaps the most homely in Spain. Here he will find long-faced, sharp-bearded, light-haired citizens, who in any part of the world would pass as Englishmen, but who are probably of northern descent, and in all essentials are as Spanish as the Spaniards; but although the Cathedral of the Pillar is shunned by the votaries of Gothic art, the artist pure and simple

will find inside many things worthy of attention. The carvings in the choir, for instance, depicting mostly scenes from the Old and New Testament, are considered by connoisseurs in the art to be amongst the best specimens of the kind in the world. The old cathedral of El Seo contains many capillas of much artistic merit, a tympanum which is considered unique of its kind, a clerestory

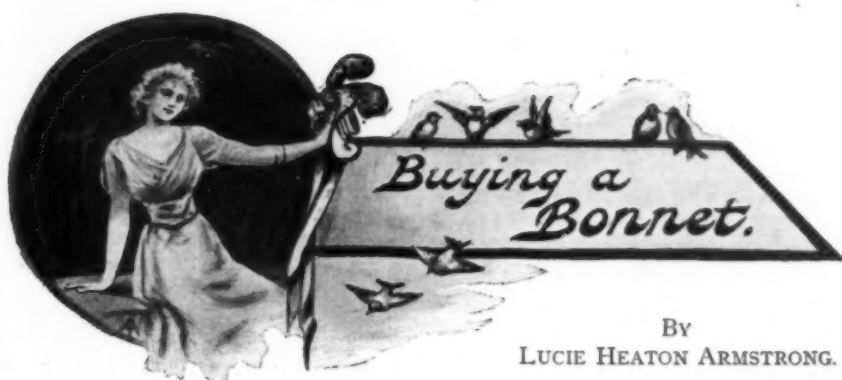
which has been copied in several modern English churches, and an altar screen which defies even the most expert of our handicraftsmen of to-day to copy. But for the man who wants to dive into the past and to see with his own eyes how our great-grandfathers worked, the best place to go is the Balearic Islands. If he is an artist and in pursuit of art, he will get up on a summer's day at three o'clock in the morning, pass along the nar-

row, winding, picturesque streets, and at every turn meet the tinsmith, the brass-smith, and the forger of iron working away for dear life. In London, Spain is neither worthily nor fully represented, but the Spanish Fine Art Society, at 120, New Bond Street, to whom I am indebted for the accompanying illustrations, certainly possess the largest collection of Spanish pictures, etc., to be seen outside Spain.



16th Century Cabinet.





By  
LUCIE HEATON ARMSTRONG.

"WHO feeds fat oxen should himself be fat," says the proverb; and at first sight one might imagine that a certain connection should exist between the nature of a trade and its practitioners. But experience shows us that the contrary is often the case, and that the gentlest profession produces the sternest professors. The horse, in itself the most noble of animals, brings out every kind of vice in the men who are addicted to its worship. The culture of flowers produces the duller expressions on the faces of those who tend them, together with a slowness in conversation only to be found in people who spend their lives in waiting for something to come up. But of all baleful trades, the milliner's is the worst. Chiffon gives no softness to the character, satin does not help to smooth the brow. The influence of millinery is deteriorating to the character—it corrupts both those that buy and those that sell. She who buys a bonnet is equally out of temper as she who sells it—it is a bitter struggle in which both combatants retire more or less dishevelled.

It cannot be said, however, that they start fair. The milliner has much the advantage at the commencement. Mrs. Brown comes up from Brixton, she gets through a long day's shopping by the aid of an uninspiring lunch in an Aerated Bread Shop; she does not belong to a ladies' club, so she cannot do her hair afresh, and she has not washed her face since she left home; she is a little weary, let us say a little towzled, before she enters the milliner's doors after a lengthy

inspection of the windows. Two much-bepainted and hard-faced young women descend upon her with the celerity of a spider on the approach of a fly; she is placed on a chair near a mirror; her bonnet is taken off, and it vanishes in the twinkling of an eye. She gives a helpless glance round for it, but it is gone. No vanishing trick that was ever performed can equal the way in which a lady's bonnet disappears when she ventures into a milliner's shop. She is instantly placed *hors de combat*. She cannot go out into the street without her bonnet, and the milliner will take care not to find it until she has bought something else. Deprived of all means of retreat, she becomes an easy prey, and can enter accurately into the feelings of the mediæval Jew when the mediæval baron demanded his money or his teeth.

Mrs. Brown sits before the looking-glass, feeling tired and bedraggled, and heartily wishing she had not entered the shop. To her approaches a young woman dressed in the height of fashion, her golden hair arranged in the latest style, and a bright magenta bonnet on her head. The magenta suits nicely with the tone of the assistant's rouge, but seen near Mrs. Brown's pallid cheeks the effect is appalling. "Indeed it is most becoming to madam!" says the golden-haired one, appealing to another assistant in a black satin gown to agree with her. "Let me put it on again—you will see how charming it looks." And once more the magenta toque is placed on the shopwoman's head, and she smirks and

pirouettes before the glass, apparently well pleased with herself. The customer glances uneasily at the door, but the Sappho hat is presented at her as pitilessly as though it were a highwayman's revolver.

There is a legend in English show rooms to the effect that a bonnet cannot be sold "in the hand"—it must be seen on the head, and the non-success of the men-milliners has been usually assigned to their being unable to display their wares in this manner, but I should say that there could be no more tiresome

mediately rush at her, and insist on trying the bonnets on her own head instead; she waits until she is asked before tendering her advice, and never stares rudely at the customer. An unruffled state of mind is a great comfort to the client, and the affair is concluded without unnecessary friction. It is almost a pity this plan is not adopted in some of the London houses—the saving in tempers would be great.

Parlous as is the state of Mrs. Brown when she pays her visit to the brightly-lighted shop in Regent Street, her state

might be worse if she had ventured by accident into the dainty salon of a lady milliner in one of the side streets. She will find Meta or Maisie or Papillon surrounded by friends having afternoon tea, from whom the presiding genius will presently tear herself away with the air of a finely-dressed martyr. The room is furnished with old Chippendale, and boasts a dressing-table all over old silver, and



She is placed on a chair near a mirror.

*modus operandi* than the one at present employed, and nothing more vexatious than the dictum of the shopwoman that because a bonnet suits her it must necessarily suit her customer. The selling of bonnets is one of the many things which they manage better in France. At large shops like the Louvre or Bon Marché you will find a table covered with charming confections placed near a mirror, and it is open to any customer to remove her bonnet and try on a few of the models for herself. The attendant does not im-

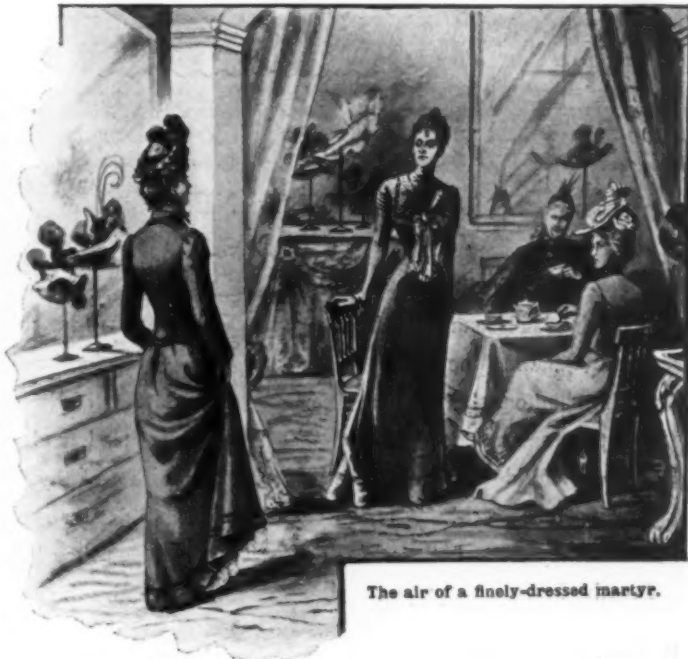
flounced with real lace—just a few home comforts, says the lady milliner, so that ladies may feel as if they were in their own houses. Boadicea in her chariot, Marie Antoinette pacing to the scaffold, Cleopatra in her barge—their deportment was as nothing compared with that of the lady milliner—her grandeur would be too much for a palace. She is as oppressive as the landlady who has seen better days, and equally inconsiderate for her customers' pockets. She has dyed auburn hair dressed in the

latest style, a wonderful toilette, wonderful make-up, and a manner beyond words aggressive. She is generally a Mrs. Somebody who has lost a little money, and has commenced operations by divorcing her husband. But she would like you to think that she is a peeress in disguise, and that it is rather a favour to you if you buy from her, or write her up, or do her any service whatever.

Her manners are vile! Ordinary tradespeople have been taught to show respect to their customers, but she who is on an equality cannot help trying to show that she is superior. She thinks it is so fine and heroic of her to be there at all that the ordinary rules of business have no hold on her. She often has beautiful models, but they are all designed to suit herself, and the poor lady from the suburbs feels again that she has no chance of getting anything that will do to wear at church next Sunday.

The milliner is certainly a trying person, affected and overbearing, and apt to take offence; still, such a bad temper as hers cannot have been a natural possession—it must have been developed gradually through a series of "aggravations." Poor Mrs. Brown is a meek person, who would scarcely turn if trodden on, but all customers are not like her. Most of them enter a bonnet shop with a stern and forbidding countenance, a determination not to be done, and an exaggerated idea of how they ought to look in a new bonnet. A lady milliner once told

the writer that she thought vanity was at the root of this behaviour—a woman formed such a wonderful ideal of what a new bonnet would do for her—she thought it ought to turn her into a Venus. I remember once paying a visit to Madame Cerise's in company with a woman I had known all my life, and had never seen in anything but the sweetest of tempers. She was a model wife, a tender mother, a considerate mistress—she had all the traditional virtues of a tombstone! She sat down before the



The air of a finely-dressed martyr.

glass in that milliner's shop, and behaved like a perfect virago. She put on bonnet after bonnet, and tore them off her head, and threw them on one side without even pausing to see how she looked in them. The beautiful confections might have been hot coals, judging by the celerity with which they were dispatched. The first bonnet was right—it always is, as a matter of fact, for the long experience of the milliner enables her to tell at a glance what her customer can wear—but she would not believe it

until at least seventeen models had been treated to the happy dispatch. She displayed a temper during the process of buying that bonnet of which friends who had known her from childhood would not have believed her capable. Perhaps we should not judge her too harshly. A new bonnet is a very serious matter to a woman, and one step leads her from the sublime to the ridiculous. It is like love—all in all or a miserable failure. Is it daring, and smart, and charmingly becoming, or does it make

me look a perfect fool? These are the two questions which present themselves to the mind of a woman as she gazes at herself in the looking-glass with the latest Paris model on her head. Her bonnet is everything to her—she must stand or fall by it, so to speak. If it does not suit her she may lose her character for good looks, and nip an eligible proposal in the bud. Her temper may be ruffled, but she has much at stake. Let us think of her as gently as we can.

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### WARNED.

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Lo, the clouds close around thee,

Though shining the sun ;

And the phantoms have found thee,

Yet thou seest none :

Lest Geni may doom thee,

Beware, oh, beware !

For fear they entomb thee,

Breathe Mahomet's prayer.

Sultana, the danger

Thou dream'st not is near,

E'en thy bird restrains her

Sad song, hushed by fear :

Thy roses are scattered,

No wind laid them low ;

Thy lute it lies shattered,

Yet none gave the blow.

The cypress in sorrow

Casts shade o'er thy head,

And in fear of the morrow

Thy vines have blush'd red.

Thy pets and thy playthings

Know danger is nigh ;

So by signs they betray things

Unseen by the eye.

These omens all ask us

To fly while we may :

By the Mosque of Damascus,

They meet me ere day.

And may merciful Allah

Guide our steeds to the main ;

And the dark-eyed Abdallah

Shall seek thee in vain.

ST. G. H.

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**Warned.**

*From a painting by James Clark.*





BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

IT was raining hard in a bend of the Bonaparte Creek, and when Hoghollow Bill had seen to his horses, he was glad to get under shelter of the waggon. He built his fire pretty close up to the wheel, and soon had bacon hissing in a greasy black pan. He threw in a blacker dollop of beans, cooked now for the tenth time, and when the coffee boiled his dinner was ready.

"I wonder old Blaker hasn't turned up somewhere along the road," he said to himself as he did his "chewing." "Or for once is he going to let me get my money at the town? Darned if I don't paint her red if he does."

But Blaker, who owned the waggon and team, and ten more like them, did not come in sight when the day made up its mind to go in the quick way it sometimes has among mountains. The fire flared more brightly of a sudden, though the rain hissed among its outlying embers and splashed Hoghollow Bill where he sat smoking. He drew in a long, ragged, booted leg, and contemplated the dripping world with calm disfavour. But when he turned to his mixed grub and tool box and extracted a bottle, the earth seemed easier to endure: he even hummed his one lugubrious tune and presently added words to it:

"Oh, I'm a jolly teamster on the Salt Lake City Line  
And I can whip the son of a gun that yokes a steer of mine;  
You'd better turn him out, boys: you bet your life I'll try,  
And score him with an ex-bow: it's root hog or die."

He gargled his throat with the rye whisky, and was greatly cheered. Putting on his slicker or oil coat he went out and looked at his steaming horses tied to the tail of the waggon. He gave them more feed, slapped them affectionately, and retreated to his shelter with the pile of blankets, horse-rugs and sacks, which on wet nights and cold made his bed. It was very little past eight when he turned in damply and drifted into sleep. And just when he was utterly reconciled to the nature of things, being made one with the dreamless dark, he was called back to life.

"Bill!" said a rather high-pitched voice. But the teamster only dreamed; he did not wake.

"Rouse up, you galoot out of Missouri!" cried Blaker, leaning from his saddle. And Bill stirred.

"Eh, what?" he said sulkily. "Well, who is it?"

"It's me, Blaker," replied his employer. "Rouse out. I've come to camp with you."

Bill thrust his shock head out of the rugs.

"You have, have you? But I'm not glad in any ways to see you, Blaker. Can't you go home, and leave me in peace?"

But Blaker laughed and tumbled off his horse, which being an entire, and masterful, thrust one of Bill's leaders away from his grub, and took it himself.

"I've come to pay you your month's money, Bill. Now, isn't that good hearing?"



"Rouse up, you galoot out of Missouri!"

"Oh, get," said Bill most discourteously, "I don't want it. I'll take it in town. The last time I took it on the road, who got it before morning? How'll I ever go back to Hoghollow in old Miz-zoura, this way?"

But he crawled out and got into his slicker. He put more wood on the fire.

"You'll scorch the paint off my wheel, Bill," said Blaker.

"Much paint *you* ever put on it," replied Bill sulkily, "you might spend a few dollars of my money to fix her up a bit."

"We'll talk of it," said Blaker. "Tie up the horse, old son. I'll crawl under. Oh, how's this for solid comfort?"

Bill came out of the rain in a minute or two, and the men lighted their pipes.

"You got up all right?" asked Blaker. Bill nodded.

"But I can't take mor'n eighty hundred next time, and I won't."

Blaker smiled and wrinkled a weathered parchment skin.

"We'll see about it, Bill. But there's your money. Count it, all in silver dollars. Oh, fifty silver dollars for an easy job like this! And now sign the receipt."

The lank Missourian shook his head,

and signed laboriously with stiffened fingers.

"And now, 'as it's early, Bill, would you like a game of poker?"

"No," shouted Bill, "I wouldn't."

"What! not a game of poker, and you such a keen old hand at it?"

Bill growled sulkily.

"Look here, Blaker, you know you're the best gambler that's not a professional betwixt the Summit and the

sea. And I'm not proposin' to work for nothin', not for you nor any other man. So that's straight."

Blaker puffed at his pipe.

"I played with Hank, and he won three months' wages off me."

"Eh, what!" cried Bill. "Hank done that?"

"I'm giving you no taffy, Bill. He scooped me fair. A hundred and fifty he got. In two hands. I'd a full hand, tens and queens, and he held low fours and trusted them. And next time I kept three aces and filled with kings and he drew three, having a king and the joker, and he made it a flush. And he played good with his face, it being night too, and dark as it is now, and he landed ninety dollars that time."

As he told the story he pulled out a pack of cards and showed the hands.

"Dern my skin, I'd never have thought it of Hank," said Bill pensively. "I've played him scores of times, and he never was what I called a player, and with plenty of light I could jest read him. He's narvous, and with a good hand he'll sweat."

Blaker shuffled away at the cards.

"Aye, that's so, but it was dark. And just this last few days I've been

rather sick. So he did me up fair."

"I'd never have that luck with you," said Bill doubtfully.

"Oh, you would," cried Blaker. "But you're scared because I scooped you once or twice."

"I'm not," said Bill.

And Blaker laughed a little scornful snigger.

"Oh, well, I'm not keen on gambling, Bill. But I can't sleep early, and the firelight's good. I'll play you for beans."

He dealt two hands as he spoke. Bill picked his up and looked at it.

"No, I'll play just a few hands for a ten cent ante and a dollar limit," said Bill. "And I'll take two."

As Blaker had given him three knaves on purpose he thought it good enough. And it was good for ten dollars. For Blaker meant it to be, and held nothing. But when Bill had begun he could not stop. They let the fire out, and gambled by the dim light of the lantern. The fortune varied greatly. Once Bill caught Blaker, and raked in over fifty at one swoop.

"I told you," said Blaker, looking rather chop-fallen.

But when the dawn came out of a clear sky Bill was down to his last five dollars. And by the time it was possible to see the pips on the cards by daylight he was dead broke.

"It's the last time, Blaker, this is," said Bill sternly. "Now you mark me, don't you ever ask me again, for if you do there'll be a rough and tumble. You're all right to work for as far as treatment goes, and I've no complaints to make, nary one. But we don't get our money with this card scheme of yours. And it can be played once too often."

But Blaker smiled and said nothing till after breakfast.

"You'll be down by four this afternoon, Bill?"

"Um!" said Bill. "If I could meet someone who'd buy your team and waggon on the road, you'd never set eyes on me again. But if I don't, I'll be there!"

So Blaker rode off home chuckling. It was a good scheme, he said to himself.

He could pay off ten men with one fifty dollars, and then get the fifty back. It was a clear saving of five hundred dollars a month. And that was six thousand a year.

Bill met Hank within two miles of Cache Creek, and the man of Hoghol-low pulled his light waggon out of the way for the loaded one. Then both stopped, and the teamsters squatted on a log and exchanged the news. Bill was grumpy, and to his surprise Hank seemed very much down in the mouth.

"You're looking sick, Hank. Have you been on the jamboree?"

Hank snorted.

"Now I'm putting it to you, Bill; what show does a man who works for Blaker have to get on the jamboree?"

Bill stared.

"But the old swine dropped it heavily with you, didn't he?"

"What d'ye mean?" asked Hank savagely.

"He told me that you'd won a hundred and fifty dollars from him"—

Hank jumped up swearing.

"And so I did. But did he tell you I lost it and fifty more?"

Bill's jaw dropped.

"No, old son, he didn't. But he drew me on again to play with him by tellin' me how you'd skinned him. And he cleaned me out to the last quarter."

"Well—I'm damned!" said Hank, shaking his head solemnly.

And no one spoke for five minutes.

"This is a little too thick, all this, Bill. They're laughin' at us all through from the Rockies down to Cook's Ferry. They say Blaker is the only man who gets chaps to work for nothing. And most of us are in debt for our hash. We'll have to stop it somehow. We must put up a scheme on him, and get our money back."

"And get our money back, eh?" said Bill dreamily. "If I could get what I'd have but for poker, I'd go home to Hog-hollow. But what's your notion?"

Hank pondered.

"I dunno, but up the creek I'll talk with Gilroy, and you speak to the chaps down below. Haven't ten of us enough brains to make up a scheme? If we

haven't then we ought to call ourselves Chinamen. Why, we are Chinamen, and worse. Would a Chinese work for no-thing?"

He started his waggon, and pulled for the north. But Hoghollow Bill had little faith in any process for extracting gold out of Blaker. The boss was likely to prove a very refractory ore. So Bill hummed his song—

"The times in Bitter Creek, boys, never could be beat,  
For 'Root Hog or Die' was on every wagon sheet—"

and reckoned, like the rest of the world, to be very wise next time.

He met Mrs. Blaker on the outskirts of the township, and saluted her gravely.

"Good-day, ma'am."

"Good-day, Mr. Bricker."

She was sandy and rather harsh, for many years of hard struggle had been hers before Blaker had possessed teams of his own. But she abhorred gambling.

"You've been playing poker again with Blaker," she said rather severely.

Bill nodded.

"That's so, ma'am. But it wasn't my fault. And as you may guess I made nothin'. We never do," he added sombrely.

"Then why don't you refuse to play, Mr. Bricker?" asked the woman.

Bill scratched his head and considered.

"I don't rightly know, ma'am."

"It's because you're a fool," said Mrs. Blaker tartly. "And you encourage Blaker."

"What me?" cried Bill.

"Great Scott, ma'am, now ask any man in British Columbia if Blaker wants encouragement to play."

She knew that was true, but her fear was that some day her husband would run up against a man who would skin him and reduce them both to poverty.

"If one of you *could* play at all," she cried contemptuously, "he'd not be

so keen on it. But you're all greenhorns, every one of you."

She tossed her head and departed.

"Ah!" said Bill, "if one of us *could* play! I wish I had old Hicks here from Hoghollow. He'd make a holy show of Blaker. Make him sicker'n a dog."

He slept in Blaker's stable on the baled hay, and with him were Reed and Thompson, two other teamsters.



"If one of you *could* play at all!" she cried contemptuously.

"Me and Hank's reckonin' on gettin' up some kind of a scheme to get our money back out of Blaker," said Bill as he was preparing his bed.

Thompson snorted.

"An' what scheme?"

"We're schemin' of it out, Thompson," said Bill mildly.

"It's my tum-tum as no scheme of

yours or Hank's will work on Blaker," said Thompson, "and that's a fact."

"And why not, tilicum?"

"Oh, becos!" said Thompson.

And Bill knew that Thompson had a poor opinion of his intellect. But before morning he had a very bright idea, and could hardly refrain from speaking about it.

"Gilroy is the man to put this through," he said as he washed in a bucket. "Gilroy has a real head, even if he don't trot in the same poker class with Blaker."

So when he met Gilroy the second stage up the Bonaparte he hailed him joyfully.

"Did Hank and you hatch out any kind of a scheme?"

"Why, no," said Gilroy, who was a typical Georgian, lithe, hard, dark, and thin, with rather long hair. "Hank was too full to speak."

"Then I've got *the* plan," said Bill.

"What, you?" cried Gilroy, who knew his partner's range. "You?"

"Yes, me!" said Bill with an injured air, "but if you don't want to hear it, say so."

"I never said I didn't want to hear it, Hoghollow," replied the Georgian; "keep your bristles down, and let's have it."

"It was reely Blaker's old woman that put it in my head," began Bill, "for she hates cards, and her notion is that one of these days Blaker will run agin a snag."

"He will," said Gilroy.

And Bill outlined his scheme to a hearer who gradually became interested.

"And we've always hinted that you were little better than a fool, Bill," he cried admiringly.

"No, hev you?" asked Bill, much pleased.

"We have so," said Gilroy. "But I don't see no weak spot in the scheme. By the great Horn Spoon, you're a daisy. I'll do it. I'll do it. You leave it to me. And don't you go and give it away."

"What, not to Hank?" asked Bill, who wanted more admiration.

"Especial not to him," said Gilroy earnestly. "He'd blow it all about the

country. And if Blaker smells out any scheme he'll be as shy as a hunted cariboo. But I'll set it on foot, when I get down. Bully for you! B'gosh, you're no fool after all. What could we hev been thinkin' of?"

Bill perked himself up.

"Ay, what? Ah, it's always the way if a man's quiet. He don't get no credit. But, so-long!"

About three weeks afterwards, when Bill, Hank, Thompson, and Gilroy chanced to be in town together, Gilroy came to Bill with a mysterious air.

"It's fixed up!"

"You don't say so!"

But Gilroy nodded.

"And now I'm workin' for Blaker to give me the bounce. Him and me had words this mornin' about puttin' ninety hundred on my waggon."

In the morning the desired event came off, for Gilroy went swaggering round doing nothing.

"You'll be late pullin' out, Gilroy," said Blaker at last.

Might jest as well stay here as stall on the first rise," cried Gilroy. "Lemme unload ten hundred."

"Put the horses to or quit," replied Blaker.

"I'll take my money," said Gilroy, grinning. "Or, if you like it better, I'll take a note to say I owe you nothin' over our last game."

And in half an hour the waggon pulled out with a stranger as teamster. For Blaker hired the man nearest to him, and a smart looking man he was. Gilroy got a temporary job as stableman to Blaker's rival, and put his tongue in his cheek.

"It worked like a charm," said Gilroy. "I'd not sell out for less than five hundred dollars."

But he had to wait a month yet.

The new man's name was Easton, and he was soon a favourite with the other teamsters. They warned him of Blaker's poker-playing propensities.

"Oh, don't you trouble about me," said Easton, "I'm not much of a gambler. My notion is to make money, and I've noticed cards don't pan out as an investment. And when a man's worked hard and saved a few thousand dollars, why



should he risk it on a chancy game?"

That went through to Blaker.

"So he's got a few thousands, has he?" said Blaker with his eyes shining. "All right, my son."

But it was curious, to say the least, that a man who cared so little about gambling as Easton should always carry several packs with him. And whenever he camped alone or with Bill he practised shuffling and dealing.

"See here, Bill," he said one night when they were camped by the Bonaparte, "it all lies in different things accordin' to whether you're playin' square or not. In a square game it's the eye and knowledge, but to make money, the square game don't count over much. A man don't have very much of a pull even if he's a gambler. But when you kin deal and shuffle pretty much as you choose, then the skill lies in not doin' it too frequent on your own side. And if I get old Blaker in at it blind, and you're there, you'll see me stack the cards advantageous for him every now and again.

Nothin' fetches a man on more than lettin' him win heavy."

He played a game for imaginary amounts with Bill, and showed a marvelous command over the cards.

"I wonder a man like you'd come up here," said Bill.

"It was gettin' a trifle sultry in Idaho when I left," replied Easton. "So, havin' always had a notion to see this country, I was rather glad to get Gilroy's letter. See!"

"You bet!" said Bill. "And to-morrow's the first o' the month. We'll strike Blaker in the evening, a sure thing."

"You play him first," suggested Easton. "I'll hang back till he's greedy. And if Hank or Thompson or Reed happen along, we might get a four-handed game, and bimeby him and me'll be left in it alone. But don't you give me away by lookin' joyful or too expectant. For the old man's had experience, and he ain't no fool."

It was four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day when Blaker came riding along on his old sorrel pony.



In less than an hour Reed was cleaned out.

"You'd better camp down, boys," he said. "Hank and Thompson are just round the bend."

"We could easy do a bit more," answered Bill. "We've no more than sixty hundred on."

"Oh, here'll do," said Blaker, who was greedy for a game.

So they took the horses out and got some supper ready by the time the two other teamsters came in sight.

It was a beautiful warm evening, and though the sun was down behind the western range, there were many hours of daylight still. Birds sang in the bush, grey squirrels ran, and chipmunks chattered by the singing creek; the smoke of the fire climbed into azure: the world was happy and at peace. Even old Blaker felt it.

"Ain't it jest peaceful and ca'm?" he said. "I think we'll have a real good spell of teaming weather now. How's the new road above here?"

"Better," said the men, "it saves a lot; cuts the worst pitch out."

"Ah! that was a bad place," said Blaker; "it wanted a darned good four of a kind to come out there."

"It did so," assented the teamsters.

"I brought your money along," said Blaker presently when the pipes were going. "And here it is."

He paid them, and Hank suggested a game.

"Oh, hell!" said Bill, "do you put cards into his mind? Then I'll sit out."

"We could make a four without ye, Hoghollow."

"Thanks, I'm not keen, Mr. Blaker," said Easton.

"Oh, just a deal or two," pressed Blaker.

"Are you in, Thompson?"

"Might as well be."

And the three played without Blaker making anything. And presently Easton began looking on.

"I'll take a hand, if you like," he said half timidly.

In less than four hands Bill chipped in too, and the game grew more exciting. For Blaker had brought a bottle along.

In less than an hour Reed was cleaned out, and retired sulkily.

"I'll advance you next month's money, Reed."

But Reed declined profanely.

Then Bill, having pinned his faith to a small full hand, went under ignominiously. But he did not sulk, and stayed watching.

By this time it was dark, and the game was played by fire, lamp, and a half-moon. Thompson, who had made three hundred dollars, dropped them to Easton.

"Now it's you and me," said Blaker.

"Don't you think we've had enough?" asked Easton. "I ain't much of a hand at keepin' on for ever."

"No; go it, Easton," said Reed. "I'd like to see you do or be done."

"Stick to him," cried Bill. "I'd give two months' money to see you cleaned, Blaker."

"Devil doubt you," said Blaker, as he dealt the cards. "Pass the bottle round."

But Easton took little drink, and noticed that the boss took less. And now Blaker began to crawl into Easton's winnings. For if he lost once he won twice. Easton appeared excited and angry.

"Let's make it a dollar ante and twenty dollars limit," he said furiously.

Blaker agreed, and Bill, who was highly delighted, retired into the bush to have a laugh and hug himself with joy.

"Oh! he's run agin a real snag now," he said.

And certainly by midnight Easton was a thousand dollars in hand. He drank a little more, and seemed half drunk.

"I'll play you for all I'm worth," he cried.

"What's that?" asked Blaker with a sneer.

"I've six thousand," said Easton. "I'll show you the Bank receipts."

He planked them down on the horse rug which served for a card table, and Blaker inspected them.

"Deal," he cried. And the moon crept into the west, and Thompson retired to his blankets. Reed and Bill stayed till the dawn came to find the gamblers dealing yet. And Easton was two thousand dollars down, over a hand of four kings.



"Own up you cheated, you old rip!"

"You have luck," he said staring at Blaker.

"I hev," cried Blaker; "let's have no limit, if you're game."

"If I'm game," snorted Easton scornfully, and he stacked the cards well that time, giving himself four kings and Blaker four queens.

The boss played it for no more than a hundred dollars, and when Easton raised he saw him.

Easton grew black as thunder when Blaker took the cards, and Bill began to look anxious.

"Ain't Blaker got ter'ble luck?" he murmured in Easton's ear.

And when Easton looked at his cards he found he held four knaves.

He drew one card, and so did Blaker. Easton showed his cards to Bill.

"He'll have four queens," he whispered.

And when there was no more than twenty dollars staked Easton paid to see him.

"Four queens, by gosh!" said Bill. But he didn't yet understand.

Then Easton dealt a hand squarely, and lost ten dollars over a single pair. But now Blaker chuckled, and took a big drink. He dealt, and when Easton saw the cards and found them three kings and the joker, Bill saw him stiffen all over. The next minute he snatched Blaker's five cards out of his fingers, and thrust them into Reed's hand without looking at them.

"If he don't have four aces, I'll lick his boots," he yelled, as Blaker jumped for him. But Easton was the younger and more powerful man. He twisted Blaker over and held him by the wrists.

"Four aces to be sure!" said Reed aghast, and he held them up. "What's it mean?"

"Lemme go!" said Blaker, who in the early dawn was the colour of clay.

"It means," said Easton, "that if I'm a professional gambler, the boss here is just as good. He's cheated you men! And he's cheated me!"

"By gosh," said Bill, gasping, "he's—oh, Lord! lemme at him!"

With one sweep of his big arm he sent Easton into space, and with a yell grabbed Blaker by the throat.

Thompson came out of his blankets at the sound.

"Mind his gun, if he's got one," screamed Easton, picking himself up.

"Let him pull it," roared Bill, "and I'll shove it down his throat. Own up you cheated, you old rip! Say you done so"—

But the others pulled him off before Blaker died, and while they were bringing him to, they found cards up his sleeve and in his pockets.

"Do you own to it?" asked Easton, when the boss sat up at last, and when Blaker saw the four furious faces he took water.

"It's fours now against the joker, old man," said Easton with a grin. "Do you throw up?"

Blaker nodded sulkily.

"And you'll pay us our money from the beginning?" asked Bill, flourish-

ing a neck yoke belonging to his waggon.

"I will!" cried Blaker, almost crying. "Keep him off, Easton!"

But Bill calmed down wonderfully.

"To-morrow I'm off to Hoghollow," he said joyfully as Easton gathered up all his own money, and took possession temporarily of that belonging to the others.

When they got down to the creek Blaker paid up.

"Who put you on to this?" he asked Easton with a groan.

"It was my cousin, Gilroy, sent for me," replied Easton. "But it was Hoghollow Bill's notion."

"Curse him!" cried Blaker. "Oh! what a time I'll have with Mrs. Blaker!"

And outside he heard Bill singing:—

"Oh, prairie dogs and dog towns are scattered here and there;

And buffalo bones are lyin' everywhere,

With now and then a dead ox, that died of alkali:

They are very thick in places, for it's 'root hog or die.'"



"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"



Badge of London Polo Club.

## THE STORY OF POLO.

BY AUSTIN FRYERS.

### 9TH ROYAL LANCERS.

Captain Clayton.  
 Captain Grissell.  
 Captain Palaret.  
 Lieutenant P. Green.  
 Lieutenant R. Moore.  
 Lieutenant F. Herbert.  
 Lieutenant Lord W. Beresford.  
 Lieutenant W. F. Fife.

IN 1871 fashionable London was given a new excitement in the announcement of "a new game called 'Hockey on Horseback,'" and went, if not *en masse*, at all events in representative numbers, to Hounslow, where a match was announced between the officers of the 10th Prince of Wales's Hussars, from Hounslow Barracks, and the officers of the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, who had come from Aldershot.

The game took place on Hounslow Heath, and the chroniclers of the period laid themselves out on the various details, from which we may gather that the sticks used were in form like those used for hockey, crooked at the end, and made of ash. The distance between the goals was, roughly, about 200 yards.

The Hussars were distinguished by blue and yellow jerseys, and the Lancers played in shirts of blue and red. Both teams wore caps with different coloured tassels attached.

This, as being the first match publicly played in England of the game which soon afterwards was called polo, deserves to have the names of the respective teams enumerated:

### 10TH ROYAL HUSSARS.

Captain Barthorp.  
 Captain Bulkeley.  
 Captain St. Quinton.  
 Captain Okeden.  
 Lieutenant Viscount Valentia.  
 Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien.  
 Lieutenant John J. L. Woods.  
 Lieutenant E. Hartopp.

In an account of this game which was published at the time, it is said to have been "more remarkable for the strength of the language used by the players than for anything else." This, however, may have been an exaggeration born of the fear that some of the occupants of the "brilliant throng of equipages" might chance to hear some remark a trifle too "strong" for drawing-room use. He was, however, a daring reporter who ventured to criticise the points of a game then but imperfectly understood by the players themselves.

A few of the improvements in the game, which are the fruits of experience, may be noted here. At this time, and for some years afterwards, games were commenced by each side starting from behind their goal-line, helter-skelter, across the field for the ball. In the earlier days, when swiftness was not so much looked for in the ponies—as "dribbling" was considered the great quality in a player—the results of the inevitable collisions were frequently amusing—sometimes ludicrously so. As, however, play got faster, these rushes became extremely dangerous, and were discontinued in favour of placing the ball under crossed sticks. This, in turn, fell into disfavour, and the present practice of throwing the ball between the teams lined up on either side in the centre of the field was adopted.

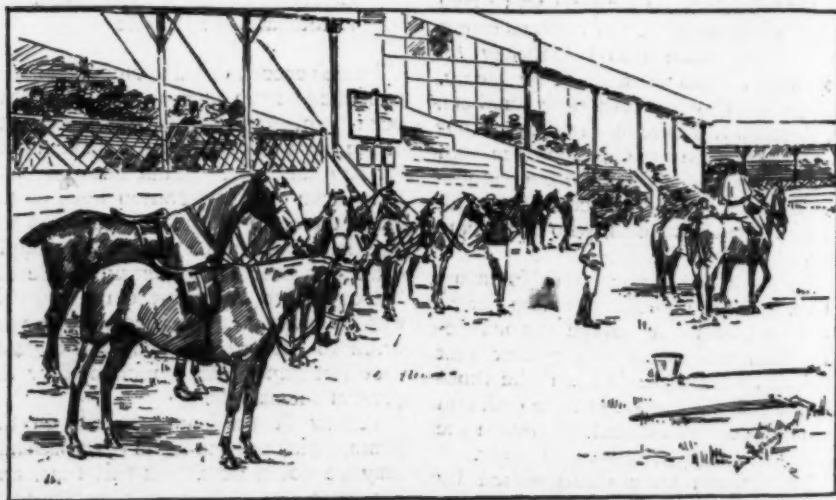
The ponies generally used were a mixed lot, from 13 to 14 hands, and it



was not until 1806 that the question as to the correct height—which had grown to be a vexed one—was settled, and the limit was raised from 14 hands to 14 hands 2 inches. At the historic game of "Hockey on Horseback" played at Hounslow, the teams were mounted on wiry little ponies about 12½ hands high. The balls, too, have gone through their stages of evolution. At first bone balls were used, and then tennis and india-rubber balls. It was not long, however, before the superior utility of the wooden balls was generally recognised. The number of players on each side has also

in the first match, on his retirement from the Army in 1872. The example fired the provinces to emulation, and several other provincial clubs were started, but it was not until 1880 that the game assumed its present importance. From this year it became so popular that it soon spread to the Colonies, and in 1886 it assumed international importance, for an English team went to New York to contest the honours against a representative American team, the prize being a handsome challenge cup.

The event is so important in the annals of polo, that it will serve a useful



Waiting their turn.

varied. At first the teams were eight a side; then the number was reduced to five, and then to four—the present rule.

Polo, which is undoubtedly a "rich man's game," did not spread rapidly. Indeed, it was confined almost exclusively to some of the cavalry regiments, and excited little or no public interest.

To the Royal Horse Guards belongs the distinction of having started, at Lillie Bridge, the first real polo club. This club flourished for some years, but, on the establishment of Hurlingham, it collapsed.

The first provincial polo club in England, the Monmouthshire, was founded by Captain F. Herbert, one of the players

purpose to record the respective teams, which were as follows:

#### HURLINGHAM.

Hon. R. Lawley (7th Hussars).  
Captain T. Hone (7th Hussars).  
Captain Malcolm Little (9th Lancers).  
Mr. John Watson (captain).  
Captain the Hon. C. Lambton (umpire).

#### AMERICA.

Mr. R. Belmont.  
Mr. R. Keen.  
Mr. W. K. Thorn.  
Mr. J. Hitchcocks (captain).  
Mr. E. Winthrop (umpire).

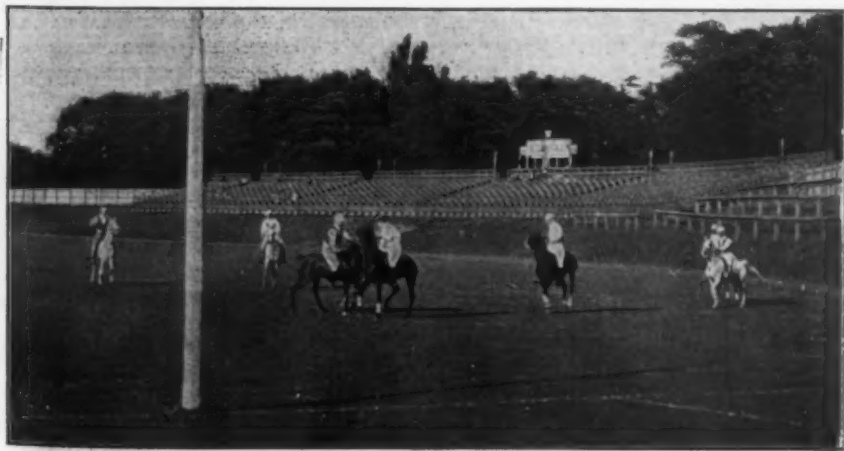


A few ponies of the London Polo Club.

The English team scored an easy victory, and brought back the challenge cup, which has been a Hurlingham trophy ever since.

There is a very prevalent notion that polo was a pastime picked up by English officers in India from the natives. This is quite a misconception, as it was practically unknown to any of the native races, with the exception of the Manipuris, a hardy race inhabiting the country spreading from the Punjab on the west to Manipur in the east. It was really the English officers who gave the game its

present vitality in India, and, strangely enough, in doing so, they were but re-introducing to that country a game which had been popular with the natives in every region almost from time immemorial, but which had been allowed to fall into such utter desuetude that it had become practically extinct since the decline of the Mogul power, except in the border provinces, where it was preserved by the Manipuris. It is to them and the neighbouring frontier tribes that we owe the preservation of the game. It is certainly a curious fact that polo, which had



A practice game.

once been so popular over the whole of India, was re-introduced by our native frontier forces when it had practically vanished from that country, and had become quite extinct throughout Southern India.

The fact that polo was for so long a native Indian game has led to researches being made as to its antiquity, with the result that it has been clearly ascertained that it was popular 600 B.C. In the British Museum



View from open stand.

may be seen a drawing illustrating a game of *chaugan* and a game of polo today is in the players, as the fair sex have not, as yet, added polo to the list of their successful invasions. There are many other drawings of games of *chaugan* dating from about the same period preserved in the British Museum, which lovers of polo will examine with interest. The very earliest reliable records that have been discovered speak of the game having been played by the Persian kings of the game of polo—or *chaugan*, as it was called for many centuries—being played by ladies about the time of Akbar. The ladies are richly dressed, and are riding astride. They seem to be perfectly at home with the play, and the whole details are so similar to present day polo, that the bandages or coverings to the horses' legs are practically the same as those in use at the present time. Indeed, the principal difference between this

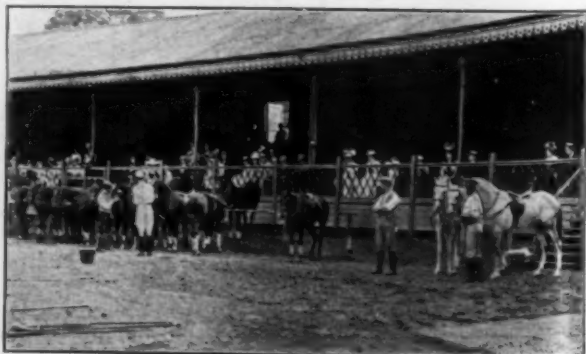


A side view of ground.

game of polo—played by the Persian kings of the

game of polo—played by the Persian kings of the

game of polo—played by the Persian kings of the



One of the covered pavilions.

Indian period, and all presumptive proof leaves it clear that it spread from Persia to the East, and that the Tartars learnt it direct from the Persians.

Hurlingham is recognised as the leading polo authority in the world, and anyone desiring to study the game technically cannot do better than to study the Hurlingham rules and traditions. The date at which this article appears is, however, a sufficient reason why, in dealing with

polo, special attention should be paid to the latest of Hurlingham's first-class offsprings, the London Polo Club, as this is the only club of first rank which continues its play during August and September and offers hospitality to players on whom Hurlingham and Ranelagh have shut their

gates. Other unique features of the London Polo Club also render it deserving the thanks of all lovers of the game.

Its headquarters are at the Crystal Palace, and the directors of that establishment assume all responsibility in connection with the club, a fact which accounts for the magnificent style in which all the arrangements are carried out. A proof of the thoroughness of these is the establishment of perfectly-appointed stables and a complete stud of well-made

polo ponies, which players may hire by the day, week, month, or season. This is an immense boon to players who do not desire to have the trouble and risk of keeping ponies of their own, and it is also exceptionally handy for players temporarily without their ponies. At the present time these two features of the London Polo Club—the extension of play till the end of September, and the maintenance of a stud—have been of exceptional convenience to military players

returning from the Cape who had disposed of their own ponies before going to the front, and who have found Hurlingham and Ranelagh closed. Playing members of the London Polo Club are also offered exceptional advantages for joining the sumptuously furnished Crystal Palace Club, and the London



Major Herbert, Manager of the London Polo Club.

County Cricket Club; while it is no small privilege to be able to invite ladies to a polo match in the afternoon, and complete the day's pleasure with that latest society function, a "Fireworks" dinner in the new Crystal Palace Dining Rooms.

Polo is a game which can only be indulged in by persons of leisure and affluence, and as practised at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, it is also an exclusive game which the general public may

hear of but may not witness. To the Crystal Palace directorate the public owe the only opportunity of being able to witness first-class matches, as the stands in which thousands of persons gather on the occasion of the final tie in the football season are always available for the public to witness the games and matches of the London Polo Club.

This effort to popularise the game in England has met with the cordial appreciation of polo players and the public, and although no crowd has yet been attracted to witness a polo match equal to those drawn by football or cricket, yet the attendance of the public—bearing in mind that the club was only started last year—was promising from the outset, and has been noticeably increasing, while a still more encouraging portent of future popularity is the interest evinced in the game and the appreciation of its various points, which proves the growth of that expert knowledge without which a crowd, in witnessing any sport, is bound

to be more or less listless and apathetic.

The manager of the London Polo Club is Major Herbert, who as Lieut. F. Herbert I have mentioned earlier in this article as one of the team of the 9th Lancers in that match played at Hounslow Heath in 1871, which was practically the inauguration of polo in England. He is rightly regarded as one of the best polo players and experts in the country, and the Crystal Palace directors, in securing his services as manager of the London Polo Club, practically ensured its success.



View of ground from Club Pavilion.



Throwing in the ball.





DIEPPE, Ostend, Pontresina, and some half dozen other fashionable resorts have I duly visited this autumn. And well

qualified am I to pass the strictest examination on fashions that are and fashions that are to be. But before

commencing my chronicle of chiffons, I must for a moment turn aside for the extremely grateful task of praising myself! A month ago I predicted that the gown of the near future would be the tweed decorated with fancy strappings of faced cloth. And true and well-founded were my prognostications. Go where I would, French watering-place or Swiss mountain, not once did I meet a woman of sufficient self-respect to dress herself, and not merely be clothed, whose wardrobe did not boast at least one dress of this description. Another pleasant fact taught me by my autumn travels is that the English tailor is the tailor *par excellence*. The Viennese tailor runs him fairly close—yet he is but a good second. Our Parisian sisters are fully aware of this fact, and after a short intimacy (of perhaps being locked up together in a railway compartment for ten or twelve hours) will tell you with a little gleam of triumph that the tailor frock, so admirable in its neat trimness, was made in London. Of course, Paris has its Redfern, but for the tailor costume pure and simple, in my opinion—and



A smart Dinner Blouse.

this was echoed and re-echoed by all the *femmes élégantes* with whom I discussed this all-important topic—it is far out-rivalled by our Bond Street Redfern.

An establishment of great vogue this past season has been Charles Lee's, 98 and 100, Wigmore Street. Mr. Lee has a world-wide reputation for lingerie and hosiery of every description. I believe I am correct in saying that every daughter of the Queen has patronised him, and not a few of her grand-daughters, including the present Empress of Russia, Princess Victoria, Princess Carl of Denmark, in fact, I could string a whole list of "royalties" and dames of high degree, all justly renowned for their neatness and completeness in the art of dress, who patronise Mr. Lee.

My sketches come from his establishment. The first is an extremely smart theatre or dinner blouse and can be arranged so as to claim kinship with many skirts, for to-day there must exist an harmonious intimacy between blouse and skirt—such is Fashion's dictum.

The present model is of *écru* guipure over a pale blue silk lining. The revers are of chiffon decorated at the edge with a group of five narrow tucks overlapping one another. The vest also is of chiffon, held in place by three straps of blue panne glorified by the daintiest of enamel buckles, and the swathed belt of panne completes a most useful and fascinating blouse.

A costume that cannot fail to please, while displaying to best advantage the charms of its much-to-be-envied possessor, is my second sketch. It is composed of black faced cloth, with strappings of white glacé silk

triumphing in many rows of white stitching. The vest worn under the bolero is of white silk, and strikes a novel note by being corded; a very pleasant change from the ubiquitous tuck. This style admits of infinite variety. One just ordered by a newly-wed bride, whose wedding some five or six weeks ago gave rise to columns of gossip and tittle-tattle, I was permitted by the courtesy of Mr. Lee to see. It was composed of pale heliotrope



A most desirable Costume.

tweed, or more correctly, trousering—just the same as our male kind so often adorn. The strappings and vest were of heliotrope glacé silk. It was a re-

markedly chic and elegant costume—a costume alas! that will make many women break their tenth commandment. That it will be copied and imitated goes without saying. I only pray for one slight mercy, that none but a master hand be permitted to test its skill—and then imitation will be a virtue! One last production of Mr. Lee's would I commend to your notice. The "Leewig" is an ideal petticoat. The upper part is made of spun silk and fits like the proverbial glove. The voluminous frills are made in any shade, and by a skilful contrivance are easily detachable, so that one upper part may be made to do duty for many gowns. I cannot claim for this petticoat the quality of cheapness, and yet it is sufficiently moderate in cost having regard to the excellent workmanship and the silks employed.

When the dainty green leaves of spring change their colours for yellows and russets and reds, women—aye, and men too—with that unconscious sympathy that marks our affinity with inanimate as well as animate nature—suffer some increase of decay. Never an autumn comes but, more or less, we all complain of how our hair "falls out." And here it may not be out of season to observe how badly we treat the hair. We tie it up, and twist it, maybe, into beautiful lines, but deprive it ruthlessly of the fresh air and sunlight it so sadly needs. To maintain the hair in good condition, better than all the drugs of the pharmacopœia is to allow it to flow freely and loosely in the air and



An Ideal Petticoat.

sunlight for an hour a day; and for twenty minutes out of this time its circulation should be stimulated by brushing it softly and evenly; being careful always to take the brush from the forehead downwards, following its normal growth. But in these days of hurry and rush there are many unable to make such a sacrifice of time. To them I would recommend

the following prescription of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson. It is an excellent tonic: Spirits of harts-horn, one ounce; chloroform, one ounce; sweet almond oil, one ounce; spirits of rosemary, five ounces. To be well rubbed into the roots night

and morning in severe cases, and two or three times a week in milder cases.

And now let me further earn your gratitude by this recipe for Cream alla Napolitana. Make a ring sponge cake, about the size that can be bought for ninepence. Cut it into slices a quarter of an inch thick, replacing slice to slice. Mix two tablespoonsful of orange water with one of brandy, and lightly soak each slice. Beat to a froth the whites of three eggs, and whip in sufficient raspberry jam to make it the consistency of thick cream. Spread the separate slices with the raspberry cream so that they adhere to one another, and place upright in the dish in which the sweet is to be served. With the remainder of the cream mask liberally the outside of the cake. Whip up stiffly half a pint of fresh cream, add a tiny pinch of salt, castor sugar to taste, three ounces of crushed ratafias, and a few drops of brandy. Pile pyramid fashion in the centre of the ring.



"Really?"



## OUR CAUSERIE.

pictures and much beautiful furniture have vanished never to be replaced.

### A Lovely Country House.

Now is the season for country house visits, and it is curious to see what different reputations various houses possess. There are houses where everyone is happy, and others that people dread to stay in. A very delightful house to visit is Duncombe House, which belongs to the Dowager Lady Feversham—the kindest of hostesses and the most picturesque personality. Lady Feversham is particularly devoted to young girls, and she is a great admirer of beauty. She has a most artistic appearance; she dresses always in black—cloth in the morning, velvet at night, and made in a special style. Out-of-doors she wears a large Empire bonnet with a long veil thrown back at one side as one sees it in old fashion plates. The house is very beautiful. The hall is red, and the drawing-room is green—the scheme of colour being most carefully carried out. Nothing is admitted into the drawing-room which is not green, white, or gold, even the books on the book shelves being bound in the prevailing hues. It is wonderful that the house is as lovely as it is, for it has been burnt three times, and many valuable

### Other Houses.

Strathfieldsaye was noted for being a delightful house to visit before the death of the late Duke threw a shadow over it. It was a kind of Liberty Hall, where you chose your own friends and went the way you liked. You might wander for hours in the beautiful grounds without meeting a soul. You came down when you liked, and breakfast went on practically all the morning, and you said what you would take, and read your letters in comfortable silence. You might stay in that house year after year, and never once hear any conversation at breakfast. The Duchess used not to appear till lunch, and towards the end of the meal, she used to ask her guests whether they would like to drive in the afternoon, and would give the necessary orders at once. Dinner was a delightful meal, the chef being a celebrated one, and the conversation used to be charming. The table would be covered with hothouse flowers, sometimes arranged in garlands supported by old Chelsea figures. Lady Tweeddale is also a charming hostess, and when she is entertaining a house-party the evenings are always very gay. Sometimes it is cards, sometimes it is consequences, sometimes an impromptu dance. There are always plenty of young people staying in the house. Nearly all the society beauties have stayed at Lady Tweeddale's, and she has had every possible celebrity staying with her—even Li Hung Chang!



Mr. Aird's. Another very pleasant house to stay in is Mr. John Aird's, and young people particularly love it. All kinds of pretty attentions are offered to the guests, and the young men always find a beautiful buttonhole on the dressing-table when they are going to dress for dinner. All kinds of little devices are resorted to to make a change in the order in which the guests sit at dinner. Sometimes the men draw lots for the ladies, sometimes there is a piece of paper pinned to the *boutonnière* on the dressing-table to tell the owner whom he is to escort. Cricket parties are generally a feature of these visits, for there are generally enough Cambridge men staying at the house to make up a team. Mr. Aird generally rents some charming place in the country, such as Highcliff Castle, where the Prince of Wales stayed the other day with the Cavendish-Bentincks. Mr. Aird's house in town is quite a show-place for its pictures, and they are charmingly disposed about the rooms. They are not all hung in one gallery, but put about the house wherever they look best. A good many are in what is called the French room, where the antique furniture suits Mr. Orchardson's "Madame Recamier" to perfection. A very well-known picture of Jan van Beers, called "The Smile," is also in this room. The most celebrated picture owned by Mr. Aird is Sir Alma Tadema's "Roses of Heliogabalus."

Sir Edward Sassoon. Delightful house parties are always to be found at Sir Edward Sassoon's, and here one also meets many celebrities and all the society beauties. Sir Edward is, like Mr. Balfour, a keen golfer, and he is often to be seen on the links at Hythe, when he is staying in his country house at Folkestone. Sir Edward speaks French fluently, and is as well known in Paris as in London. He married one of the French Rothschilds, a lady who is both handsome and accomplished. Lady Sassoon paints extremely well, and has shown pictures at the Woman's Exhibition and the Pastel So-

ciety. She is also an excellent musician, and loves to read from sight. Sir Edward is devoted to his work in the House, and does not mind any amount of study when he is getting up some special subject. Once when he was going to speak, he gave a dinner at the House to forty people so as to have a quorum ready made.

**The Youngest Looking Member.**

Mr. Gerald Loder is the youngest looking Member of the House. He is very fair, and clean shaved, and looks absolutely boyish. He is always beautifully dressed, and is the very perfection of neatness.

**Sir Henry Haworth.**

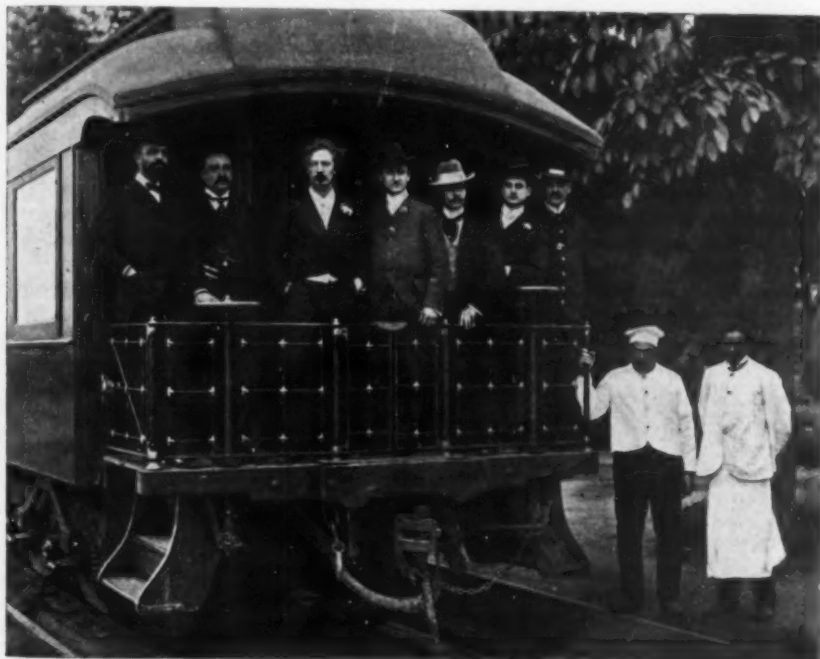
The most interesting person to be met on the Terrace is Sir Henry Haworth. He has always something pleasant to say, and some amusing story to tell. The last time I saw him, he was telling an Eastern fable which he had come across in some ancient book. "Two frogs once fell into a bowl of milk. One was a pessimist, the other an optimist. The pessimist gave up hope at once, threw up his arms and went to the bottom and was drowned. But the optimist frog went swimming round and round with the greatest energy, till presently he found himself seated on a pat of butter." One of the party remarked that this story would be an infallible test for the possession of a sense of humour. If a person has a sense of humour he will laugh at once at the climax, but it will take a stupid person several minutes before he exclaims, "He churned it!"

**Buttonholes.**

Buttonholes have been very little worn this season, and such a thing was hardly ever to be seen at the opera. Almost the only place where they were worn was in the House, Members of Parliament seeming to be particularly partial to flowers. Set buttonholes were not very much worn, but a man would wear a single rosebud, or a couple of carnations, looking as though they had been just plucked from the garden. An

attempt was made at the end of the season to introduce a new kind of frock coat with single-breasted fronts. The Prince wore one at the garden party, but we shall not know till next summer whether the mode will take, as it is not to be a winter fashion. When we look at the pictures of the Georgian times, we cannot help regretting the days when a picturesque coat was possible.

master, a valet, a celebrated chef, and a coloured servant. Comfort is necessary in the long journeys taken by the great pianist, in fact, they could not be accomplished without it. The accompanying illustration shows Mr. Paderewski on tour, accompanied by his staff, including Mr. Chime, the celebrated chef, who travelled all through the States with Lord Randolph Churchill.



**Paderewski and his Staff on Tour.**

1. Mr. Hugo Görlitz, Director of the Tour.    2. Mr. Emil Fischer, the Piano Tuner.
3. Paderewski.    4. Mr. Görlitz's Secretary.    5. The Valet.
6. The Baggage Master.    7. The Head Porter.    8. The Chef.    9. The Waiter.

*(Reproduced by permission of Mr. Hugo Görlitz.)*

**Paderewski on Tour.**

Paderewski travels in great style when he is on tour, accompanied by a staff of eight persons, including Mr. Hugo Görlitz, the director of the tour; Mr. Emil Fischer, who looks after the pianos, and sees that they are in good tune; Mr. Görlitz's secretary, a baggage

**Paderewski's Mascotte.**

Paderewski is a great believer in luck. He thinks his manager (Mr. Görlitz) is a mascotte to him, and he has good reason for thinking so, as his good fortune dates from the first journey they took together. He always insists on Mr. Görlitz bringing a certain little

leather bag with him, which accompanied him on his first tour some seven years since. It is an ordinary leather hand-bag, useful for gathering up the little things which have been left out after the packing is over, and it is so worn and shabby that Mr. Görlitz is not over partial to carrying it. But Paderewski thinks it is a mascotte, and he won't stir a step without it. The bag goes to every concert, and accompanies every journey. Some time since, burglars broke into Mr. Görlitz's house in his absence, and stole a quantity of plate and jewelry, and a number of valuable souvenirs which had been presented to Mrs. Görlitz (Madame Amy Sherwin) during her tour round the world. Mr. Görlitz hastened to inform his chief of his disaster, but he only said: "Did they take the bag?" The thieves had only taken silver and jewels. They had not grasped the true inwardness of the bag!

H.H. the Maharaja  
The Gaekwar. Gaekwar of Baroda was a very familiar figure to

us all during the season. One used often to see him driving in the Park in the afternoon with the Maharanee, or dining at some fashionable restaurant with his suite. The Gaekwar is quite European in his tastes, and was especially interested in English art. He paid a visit to Mr. Herbert Lyndon's studio before he left town, and seemed greatly pleased with some drawings of India made by the artist during his tour in 1898. He was charmed with some pictures of Oodeypore and Delhi, and also with some sketches Mr. Lyndon made in Central India when he was tiger shooting. Mr. Lyndon has a wonderful eye for colour, and always brings back some exquisite sketches when he has been travelling in Egypt or India. The pictures are absolutely faithful, for Mr. Lyndon is a painter who never forces an effect. Mr. Lyndon is very popular with a large circle of friends, who speak of him as "the only Herbert."

John Strange  
Winter.

Mrs. Stannard has settled down in London again, retaining her Dieppe house chietly for holiday use.

She has rejoined the Writers' Club, and has been made the Chairwoman of the Council of the Women Journalists' Society. No one can see much of Mrs. Stannard without being impressed by her immense industry. She has written fifty books under her pseudonym of "John Strange Winter," and she wrote forty novels as "Violet White" before she was famous. One of these latter, "A Broken Promise," has lately been republished, so the public will have an opportunity of comparing her earlier work with her later. A new army novel by J. S. W. will be issued this month, and she has finished a three-act comedy, and is at present at work on a drama. Mrs. Stannard sits down to her work at a regular hour every morning, and goes on for hours. When she works, she works enormously hard. When she rests, she rests thoroughly. In this she is like her heroine in "A Name to Conjure With," in whom she accounts it as a virtue that when she was not actually occupied she had the rare quality of being able to sit perfectly still.

The Gaiety  
Goddess.

Miss Nellie Farren is never to be seen without a bangle with three coins suspended from it, these coins having been given to her as a *porte-bonheur* by a valued old friend during her tour in Australia. The first coin was an Australian sixpence, which he presented to her the moment she put her foot on shore. "Is this my salary?" asked Miss Farren in the funny "street-boy" voice which had made her the idol of London. "No; it is not," said her friend laughing, "only I wanted to give you your first Australian coin." She looked at the coin, and found it was engraved with the following inscription, "Nellie's first Australian coin, from Grattan Riggs," followed by the date "9, 6, 88." A little garland of silver shamrocks was soldered to the top, by which the coin could be suspended from a bangle. The next coin her friend gave her was a farthing and I really think it is the prettiest coin I ever saw. A tiny silver playing card was inlaid on the copper background—the ace of hearts—the card in silver, the

heart itself in gold. The idea was decidedly pretty, and the combination of the three metals had the most artistic effect. This coin was engraved with the words, "Little Nellie, Shamrock, Bog-oak," the four words arranged so as to form a square. Next came another lucky sixpence, also suspended by its delicate spray of shamrocks, and on it was engraved, "A parting gift from G. R. three years later." This was Miss Farren's souvenir at the end of her successful Australian tour. The giver was a devoted friend of Miss Farren's, and he had great faith in the tour, having large shares in it. He was an Irishman by birth, and though he had settled in Australia, he was very devoted to his mother country, choosing the shamrock and bog-oak for his emblems.

**Miss Farren.** Miss Farren is a devoted play-goer, and when she is in London (if her health allows her) she likes to go to the theatre three times a week. She is an excellent auditor—she never speaks when she is at the theatre, and could not endure it if anyone did so in her company. She gives the whole of her attention to the performers, and thinks it most trying if she happens to sit near any of those fearful play-goers who like to tell one another the plot. Miss Farren considers that magnetism is the great secret of success on the stage—to make the audience feel as if you were amongst them, and not far off on a platform. When she acted herself she used to try to feel as if she were amongst her audience, and not away from them. She considers that Sir Henry Irving has this gift to a remarkable degree. Miss Farren is delightful company, and though she is a sad sufferer from an arthritis, her spirits are most remarkable. Miss Farren is discretion itself in all she says, but her face is so transparent one can always tell what she thinks.

**A Difficulty.** Miss Farren's abundant hair used to be a great trouble to her in her theatrical days, when it was difficult to stow it all away under the boyish wig.

An outsider would naturally suggest, "Why did you wear a wig when you had so much hair?" and Miss Farren would reply emphatically, "Impossible to be smart if you wore your own hair. It might look well for five minutes when you first went on the stage, but it would all get untidy after that." She used to do it all up in two great plaits and bring it to the front, and pin it round like a coronet, and this made a good foundation for the wig. When she was going to play Jack Sheppard, her distress was extreme, for the wig had to be made like a close-cropped head—such a trying thing to get one's own hair underneath. She was quite in despair. "Now I am going to have a big head," she kept saying. But Mr. Fox showed her how to dispose of her own hair by plaiting it in a great number of small fine plaits, and this helped to reduce its bulk.

**Lord Russell of Killowen.**

The late Lord Chief Justice was a man of exceedingly passionate temperament, and when he was at the Bar, the strong emotion he was able to conjure up in addressing a judge and jury, led many persons to believe him a consummate actor. But as he spoke he felt. On one occasion he was defending in a famous libel action, along with the late Sir Frank Lockwood. Pointing to a person in Court, he enquired if the man were the plaintiff. On being answered in the affirmative, he muttered, with feeling: "Thank God for that! I hate him! I can always cross-examine a man I hate!"

**"The Outcast."** Much worthy verse is but poor poetry; much sweet poetry is sorry verse. What an envied gift is the ability to combine good rhyme and easy-flowing metre with tales of passion that ring true! For, however good the theme:

... most by numbers judge a poet's song,  
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong.

So that many a strong romancer, essaying to be a poet, fails in attaining the literary ear, merely for lack of the gentle



art of versifying. The Baroness de Ber-touch, however, is perfect mistress of her method, and tells a tale that is worth telling in a style that is eminently scholarly. "The Outcast" (Chapman and Hall) should do much to achieve a new vogue for this old style of narration, indeed the authoress whets the appetite for more of the same elegant and thrilling fashion. That "The Outcast" can hold an audience was evidenced at St. James's Hall not long since, when it was recited by Mr. Oscar Berry, who knows well how to speak such a piece.

**Grasping the Shadow.**

I feel sure that most of those whose means of livelihood is not eastward of St. Paul's, and that very many of those who seek the City daily, know little of its great centres of activity. The Royal Exchange is known to everyone—the building opposite the Bank of England, with some frescoes inside. But how many know the Stock, the Wool, or the Corn Exchanges; Lloyds, or the Baltic? I must not go so far as to say that the Royal Exchange is merely living on its reputation, but, surely, to know the Royal Exchange, and not the Stock Exchange, is nowadays to grasp the shadow and lose the substance. The Royal Exchange was a roomy cradle to that gigantic London commerce which now has need of a Great Bed of Ware.

**Rivals in the Public Eye.**

Mark Lane, Mincing Lane, Capel Court, the general public knows, imply a something in business as definite as the burden of Pump Court to the Law, Fleet Street or Bond Street to Journalism and Fashion. In all, familiarity has bred contempt, and the mysteries of power which lie behind each—the Law, the Great World, the Press, Wealth—are so seldom unveiled in full majesty, that the very priesthood is in danger of forgetting their existence.

**The Public Hears.** But the ritual of wealth as it is observed in the Stock Exchange is so secluded from the public eye that men

conceive of it but indistinctly, I fancy. The outside public hears at varying intervals of great rises or heavy falls; of people being in Wall Street, or Queer Street; of Bulls and Bears who play ducks and drakes with their own or other folks' money; of booms and slumps; of certain Berthas, Claras, Coras—mysterious females; of Haddock that seem odd sort of fish. They feel sure that these flippant names conceal a deeper mystery, that Wags mean nothing funny.

**The Public is Staggered.**

They may have friends connected with the Institution who talk shop in a hurricane of integers and fractions, more particularly fractions. They may hear of somebody who has made something by buying something, and they feel they would like to buy something too. With this object they visit a broker, and are staggered by the celerity with which they become possessed of the pet security and all its upward and downward possibilities, its further calls, its occasional dividends, and not infrequent reconstructions. But, in all this, do they see even the outside of the Stock Exchange? Probably not. The elector may catch an occasional glimpse of his Parliament House, but the investor can see only the husk of his Stock Exchange. It remains to him, if he thinks of it at all, a mysterious temple of the "Goddess of Getting-On."

**The Husk.**

Even the husk does not attract him. If he starts on a cruise from Thread-needle Street round the triangle of buildings in which the Stock Exchange is entombed, the frontage on Broad Street of red granite pilasters, with two doors in and out of which people are constantly hurrying, strikes him rather as the back of something. He feels no anxiety to join the little throng that lines the kerbstone. If he lingers for an instant to peer into the darkened doorway at the uniformed official in his stall within, he is unexpectedly moved on by the policeman on duty. If he is overbold, and, eluding the custodian, penetrates to the "House" itself, he goes through an



experience which combines the charms both of an ovation and a chucking-out—but that is another story. If he wanders down Throgmorton Street to view an Italian front he may have heard of, he is jostled by a crowd of what are, from his point of view, nondescripts: messenger boys, outside brokers, newsmen selling financial and evening papers, vendors of fruit and penny curiosities. In Shorter's Court he is in the same unfamiliar throng, and sees nothing but two small doorways, over each deeply cut the words "Stock Exchange;" and makes what haste he can to the corner of Bartholomew Lane.

**Sweetness and  
Light.**

Here he breathes more freely, the opening of Lothbury on his right, that of Bartholomew Lane on his left, the lowness of the buildings of the Bank letting in bright light and fresh air on the massive line of both.

**An Enterprising  
American.**

There was a citizen of the United States once, who, having seen all he wanted to on the Continent of Europe in the compressed Baedeker manner of his countrymen, "stopped off" in London, intending "to do" it in three days. He found the allowance insufficient. He was interested in his peculiar way. To him the Abbey was "kind of curious and old, but dark with all that coloured glass." He would have removed it and put a fine, handsome building in its place. He would have adorned St. Paul's with a full set of "handsome" pews. But what chiefly surprised him was that the Bank of England, by which he hoped to be impressed if by anything in our City, was hardly a two-storey building. He yearned to clear it away and to plant on the site a ten-storey skyscraper, which, he was good enough to say, would "make it pay." What a calamity such a change would be is little realised. The low elevation of the Bank affords one of the few opportunities of realising what the City of London might appear were it given a chance to spread itself.

**Our Tight Little  
Island.**

Red tape, vested interests, and great corporations alone succeed in spreading themselves in this tight little island; men, things, and time packed so closely that movement is all but impossible. Even the journalist, who might course the American prairies at will, feels here the social bearing rein that compels him to prance in paces. Even money, rich as we are, grows tight at times. But red tape spreads itself, a confining web, over all, with vested interests strengthening every join. Hardly once in a decade, some large new fly buzzes through the mesh, only to be eventually entangled and form another element of strength. The public suffers while it pays, and therefore it is the public fault. If the public would only take off its coat to all abuses, something might be done.

**District  
Messengers.**

Still, a vested interest is not always in the wrong, and a public department can sometimes do a public service, if not often, on its own initiative. The Post Office threatens the District Messenger Company with extinction. The Company, of course, poses as a martyr, and as the sole friend of the public, but there can be little doubt that the Post Office organisation could, if it would, greatly improve the messenger service.

**An Airy  
Gentleman.**

A personage who, from his immense energy, figuratively always has his coat off, is Mr. S. E. Kennedy, the recently-appointed manager of the Stock Exchange. He has been engaged in a duel with the construction of the "House" on the subject of ventilation, and has emerged with flying colours, having pinked his antagonist in a dozen or fifteen places with as many ventilating shafts. He may be expected to make other arrangements hum, as well as the twenty new electric fans he has introduced. It is true that the air has been hitherto purer than that of the Metropolitan Railway, for instance. Neverthe-

less, it was capable of improvement, and must have had a tendency to shorten the lives of members, who therefore should put this fact forward in taking out policies of insurance.

**A New Peril.** While on the subject of life insurance, there is another matter worthy the serious consideration of those who delay to take out life policies—a serious danger which, unsuspected, flaunts impudently in the sight of day. In some undertakers' windows may be seen the announcement: "Pinking done here;" sometimes, still more audacious, "Pinking *for the trade*."

**The Pale King up to Date.** Seriously, the crude commercialism the undertaking trade has assumed of late years, especially in poorer districts, its glaring signboards, its empty plate-glass windows, where the children of the poor congregate in awed or ribald contemplation of the coffin-making within, its ostentatious exercise of hearse and horses when unemployed—all are sickening to any refined mind. The Stock Exchange has hitherto declined to make a "market" in shares of any defunct undertaking;" but ere long the undertaking of the defunct will claim its share of consideration, and the limited liabilities of funeral furnishers their market. At last will come, no doubt, a great Undertaking Combine, prudently over-capitalised, with the promotion expenses as cleverly concealed as the true profits of the past seven years.

**Faugh!** It is a repulsive subject, and perhaps I do not do well to stir up its offensiveness; but so the world wags, and we must take it as it comes.

**Musical Moments.** The "House" has its jokes, and indulges in them at idle moments,

*en famille*, as it were, and from pure good humour. Some of them even tend to become traditional. To the victims is allotted an empty floor space, encircled by a massed ring which bars escape. The musical joke is much in favour, and at times quite impressive, as when, with lighted lucifers, solemn chants about nothing in particular are sung to Members believed to be of high church proclivity. "The Geisha's" "Chin, chin, Chinaman," is trolled to the man of slightly Japanese cast; "Get your hair cut," or "There is no parting there," to him whose poll is hirsutely destitute. Among the latest is that played off upon one who, in an evil hour, had loosened his boot while at lunch to ease a painful foot, an adaptation of a still remembered popular ditty, given in every variety of crescendo, diminuendo, innuendo, and accelerandissimo, in the form of "When you want to go to lunch, take your boots off, boots off!"

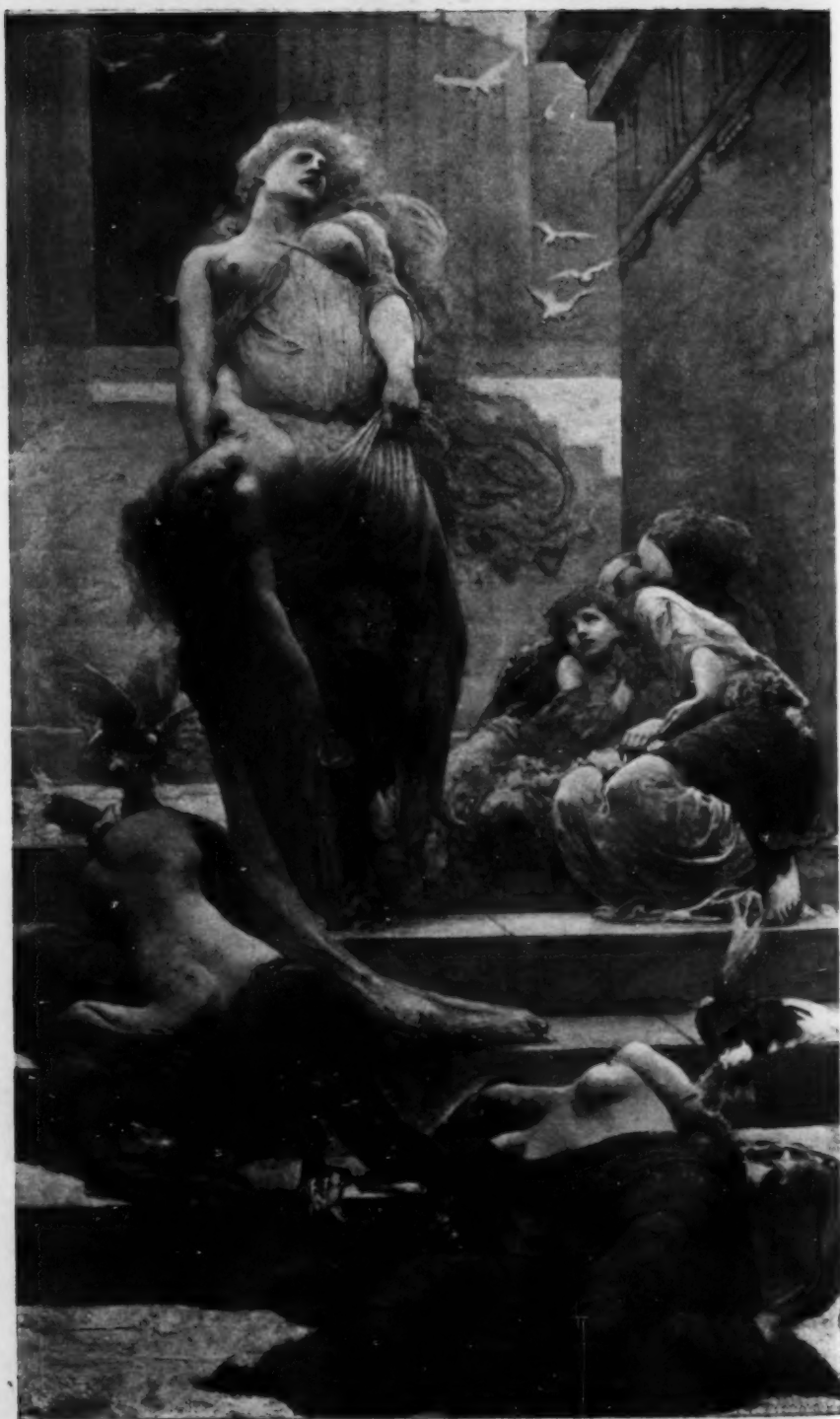
**No Hops.** It is calculated that for Europe to exterminate the Chinese nation at the rate of 2,000 per day would require 100 years; but your practical joker, like the worst of weeds, is ineradicable.

**Dull Times.** Business has for some time been very dull in most branches, owing to political uncertainty and other causes. This is a general condition likely to continue for a month or two. Towards the end of November, however, when the holidays are over, the China crisis is mitigated, as we hope it may be, the Transvaal tranquillised, and the American Republican nominee elected to the Presidency, then, but not till then, and provided always that a French Army Corps has not landed on these shores, we may expect to see a rush of business. Home Railways will droop and droop; but Consols have possibilities for a rise in them.

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NIobe.

*From the painting by Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A. Royal Academy, 1888.*

## THE ART OF SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A.

BY WALTER C. PURCELL.

A GREAT critic, who has not long left us, once declared that the really country-bred man never appreciates the beauties of Nature with the zest of the man who happens to be born, for instance, in Southwark. It requires contrast to show up the beauty of anything, and a man who has never lived far from Niagara

will think no more of those wonderful falls than the man brought up in Catford will think of the Ravensbourne. Only those who have spent the early years of their life in the heart of a pleasant and picturesque country, and who afterwards found themselves permanently fixed amongst the bricks and mortar of the cities, can fully realise the truth of this. It is only after the first return to the natal homestead that one begins to see the many good things he had neglected to notice in boyhood. On this point there is a strange contrast, which I do not remember

to have seen noticed before, between the effect of absence on the real countryman, the man brought up on the land, and him whose early years were spent in, say, some more or less prosperous market town. The one leaves his native place with the conviction that there is nothing in it that any sane person would

go a mile to see, and comes back to find beauty in every blade of grass, music in every ripple of the stream, and majesty in the line of distant hills that in his childhood had only served to shut out the sun. The townsman, on the contrary, has a very exalted idea of the local store, and considers the main street of his town

magnificent. He passes a few years in one of our large cities, and returns to see everything, even the distance from one place to another, melted down as it were to one quarter of its proportions.

But what has all this to do with Solomon J. Solomon? Merely this: that the artist who is the subject of this sketch, and who very gracefully submitted to be interviewed at his charming residence in St. John's Wood, was born in Southwark, far away it would be generally supposed from most of those influences which are said to inspire, if not to create, the artistic

feeling in a young man. Mr. Solomon's friend, Mr. Zangwill, in his fine story of "The Master," when depicting the development of the artistic quality in his hero, places him, in the first instance, amidst the wild scenery of North America, and brings him by degrees to inhabit a London garret. Though, for-



Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A.

*From a painting by himself, 1900.*



tunately for himself, Mr. Solomon at no period in his career was under the necessity of taking anything more than a curious interest in the inside of a garret, there were garrets and squalor, architectural and human, all around him. Nor can we find anything in the business of his father, that of a respectable leather

m a n u -  
facturer,  
that would  
account for  
our artist's  
triumphs in  
the domain  
of art. But,  
and this  
should be  
printed in  
capital let-  
ters, Mr.  
Solomon's  
mother was  
a native  
of Prague,  
in Bohemia,  
the home of  
many art-  
ists, musical  
and pictorial,  
and the inspiration  
of many  
others. Though  
of pure Jewish  
race, as  
became  
the mother  
of the President  
of the Macca-  
bean So-  
ciety, Mrs.  
Solomon

no doubt brought with her to this country some of that genius which turns the marble, or shall I say boiled oil and yellow ochre, into life, and gave it to her son to fructify a hundred-fold.

Mr. Solomon's purely secular education was acquired in the academy of Mr. Thomas Whitford, M.A., supplemented by

private studies under the Rev. Mr. Singer. His artistic education began in 1876, when he was little more than fifteen years of age, at Heatherley's School of Art, in Newman Street; to be continued the year after in the schools of the Royal Academy, where he had for fellow students, amongst others, his friend Mr.

Hacker,  
Mr. Stan-  
hope For-  
bes, and  
Mr. La  
Thangue.

In 1879, through the kindness of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who took a great interest in the young artist, he was admitted into the very exclusive academy of M. Cabanel, in the Beaux Arts, in Paris. He made such progress here, and was so satisfied with the methods of his famous master, that he returned a



Laus Deo.

*From the painting by Solomon J. Solomon, in the Royal Exchange.*

second time, after giving himself an opportunity of being dissatisfied, with German methods in Munich. But in the interval he had made a tour through Italy and Holland, making himself, as may be well supposed, thoroughly acquainted with the separate and very distinct schools of the two countries. That



Mrs. Jules de Meray.

*From the painting by Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A. Royal Academy, 1900.*

the Latin influence predominated, a glance even at the pictures which we reproduce will show, though there may be a touch of the Dutchman's fondness for still life in the placid figure of the armoured knight depicted in "Equipped." On his return to England, he exhibited his first picture—the portrait of a gentleman—in the Royal Academy. After that, in company with Mr. Hacker, he made a pilgrimage to the shrines of Velasquez and Murillo, revelling, as every artist must, in the many magnificent specimens of the work of these great masters to be found in Madrid. But, strangely enough—and this is indeed strange—Mr. Solomon does not seem to have been tempted by anything he saw, to encroach on the domain of the landscape painter. Not even for a background has he utilised any of those magnificent old Moorish palaces of Central and Southern Spain, with their shady patios, traceried balconies, and romantic azoteas. Not even the old palace of Granada—

*Que arrulan mansamente el  
Darro y el Genil—*

had been able to divert him from the path which he had marked out for himself—that of a portrait and figure painter. From Spain the two companions passed on to Morocco, where Mr. Solomon had great difficulty in inducing any of the

Moors to perform the rôle of model. But in the end he succeeded in overcoming these Saracenic scruples, as he has succeeded in everything else he has undertaken, and the result has been the series of gracefully draped figures which have year after year added a brightness and character of their own to the Royal Academy exhibitions. On his return home he exhibited a portrait of Dr. Stevens in the Salon, and in the Royal Aca-

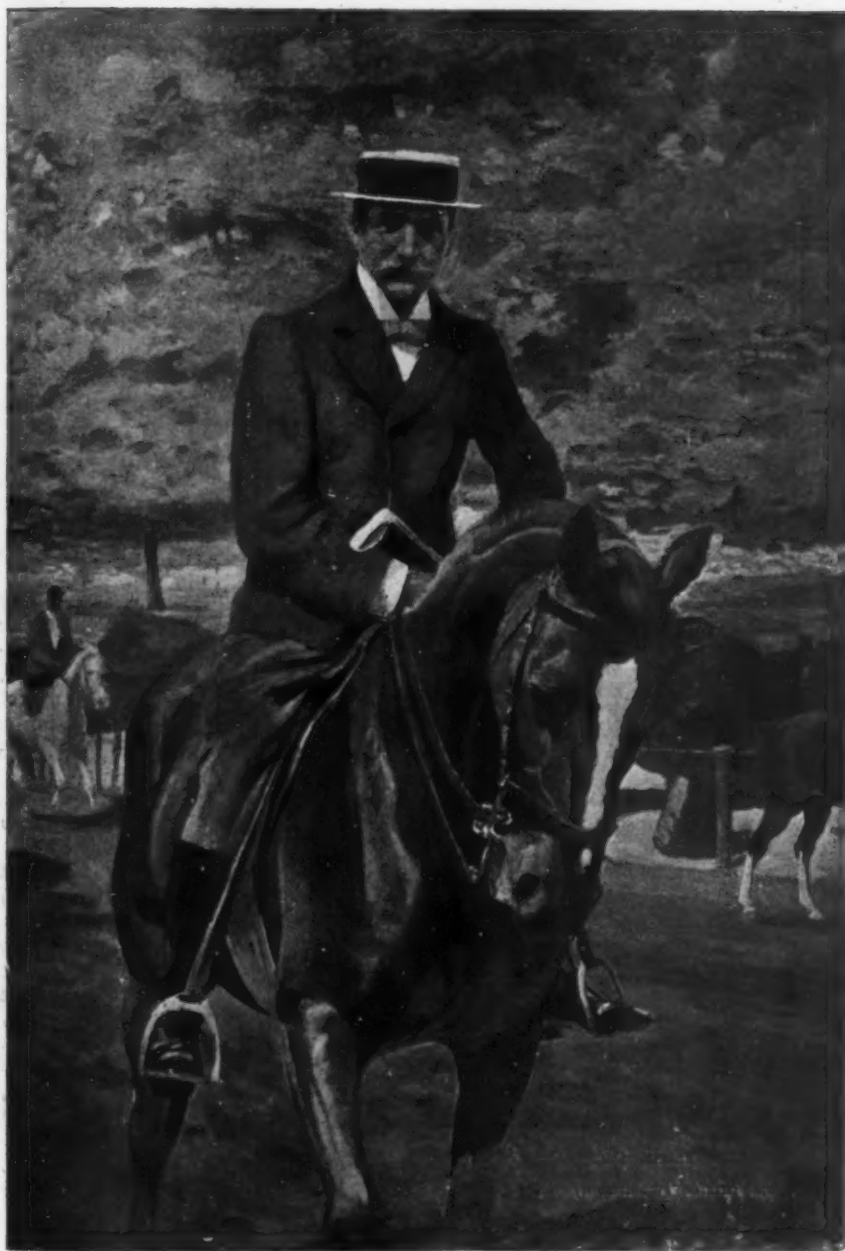
demy a work called "Waiting," which, though it did not bring him fame, was highly praised at the time, and is still more appreciated now. It was his second picture at the Academy, and was hung on the line.

Desiring to make further studies amongst the Moors, and, let us hope, admiring the languid looks and dark eyes of the Sultanas, Mr. Solomon went to Algiers, and here in his garden beyond the Kashla, and overlooking the



Mr. Israel Zangwill.  
*From the painting by Solomon J. Solomon,  
Royal Academy, 1894.*

Bay of Trafalgar, he painted on a canvas six feet high his well-known picture "Ruth and Naomi." The picture, however, which first brought him fame, or, as he himself modestly puts it, "made a little stir," was "Cassandra," a painting in which the figures stand out with the distinction of statuary, and which demonstrated to the world at large that in Mr. Solomon England had found a painter who was destined to play an important part in the



Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A.

*From the painting by Prince Pierre Tronletshor.*

artistic life of the present generation. Indeed, as Mr. Solomon is still a young man—just forty, in fact—I might have added "and the next generation." After

mere comet of a season, but, in every-day language, had come to stay. To go through a full catalogue of Mr. Solomon's more recent works would be entirely gratuitous—

they are known to everyone who takes an interest in art. His portrait of Zangwill is considered by all competent judges to be amongst the very finest works of the kind produced—at any time. For Zangwill's face is not easy to paint. It is not only that there is a dreaminess, a far-off-ness in the eyes, which it is very difficult to catch, but there is indicated, rather than marked, on the face a countless number of lines, which one would think impossible to paint, and yet without which the picture would fail as a portrait.

But here we have Zangwill himself, a real child of the Ghetto, and a genius to boot. In the portrait of Mrs. Jules de Meray, one of the artist's more recent works, we have another example of Mr. Solomon's skill in depicting the human countenance. The subject, for the reason above indicated, was not so difficult as in the



Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Paula Tanqueray.

From the painting by Solomon J. Solomon, A.R.A. Royal Academy.

this came "Samson," a painting of almost appalling energy, which convinced the critics, if they ever had any doubt on the subject, that the new artist was not the

case of Zangwill, but those who know the original say that in delicacy of colouring in depicting, not only the complexion, but the sympathetic expres-





"Samson."

*From the picture by Solomon J. Solomon, in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.  
Exhibited in Royal Academy, 1887, and the Paris Exhibition, 1889.*

sion of the whole face, Mr. Solomon was as successful in one portrait as in the other.

But about the interview! Well, really, our artist does not like to be interviewed, and it was only as a special favour to THE LUDGATE that he would say anything about himself.

I called upon him by appointment at his house in the Finchley Road. He received me very courteously, and, the evening being more than sultry, he invited me into a pretty lawn at the back of the house, shut off by trees from the world, the devil, and all his works and pomps. Then Mr. Solomon came to the wise conclusion that, being a journalist, I would not object to a whisky and soda. I didn't.

"Now, what do you wish me to tell you?" he asked. "Am I to begin by saying that I am a genius, and that I hope one day to be President of the Royal Academy?"

"One point has been settled already," I answered, "and the other thing might easily come to pass. But, tell me, have you always intended to be an artist, and

did you draw caricatures of your teachers?"

"I believe I have always wished to be an artist. At any rate, though I am very fond of horses, I have no recollection of wishing to be a 'bus driver or a circus rider, and—I did once draw a caricature of my French master."

Then Mr. Solomon gave me a colourless catalogue of his works, and the particulars of his voyages, which I have enumerated above.

"You are a Jew, sir, I presume?" I asked, needlessly enough, though the artist looks as much like a Gentile as any man in London.

"Do you remember the politician who accused his opponent, whose name was something like Smith Jones, of having two surnames and no Christian name? Well, I have three Jewish names and no Christian name, and what I am prouder of than of anything else, I have been for nine years President of the Maccabean Society!"

"The object of which is?"

"Well, for one thing, to help to preserve the purity of the Jewish race, and

in a general way to look after the moral interests of our people."

"Are you an influential body?"

"Many of the best men of our religion in London are members of the Society!"

"By the way, I have heard that Mr. Zangwill is a friend of yours. What do you think of the artistic theories enunciated in his book, 'The Master'?"

"My best answer to that question is that Mr. Zangwill, whilst writing the book, often came to consult me on some points on which he might doubt his own judgment."

"I have been looking at your picture of Mrs. Patrick Campbell as The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, and I notice that the face seems illumined by the upward glow from the foot-lights, as if it were painted in the theatre."

"Yes, that is so; for I had a stage erected in my studio, lit in the same way as that of the St. James's stage."

This picture, which we reproduce, is one of—if not the finest portrait of an actress painted during the past decade, and it represents Paula Tanqueray as

she appeared before us in the third act. As will be seen, the passionate expression of an unutterable anguish and the pose of the figure are very pathetic, and instinct with human interest.

"How do you find inspiration for your works?" I went on.

"By knocking things about!"

I thought this was a hint for me to go, but I ventured to ask if he had ever done any black and white work.

"Not much. I have done a couple of illustrations to Zangwill's 'Joseph the Dreamer' for 'The Graphic,' as well as 'The Turkish Messiah' for the same paper."

"Never tried your hand at caricature?"

"Never!"

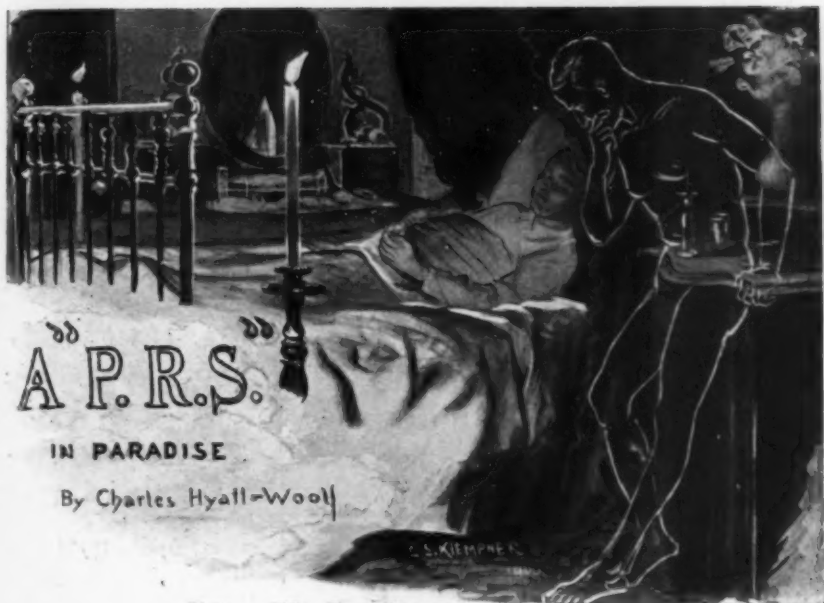
And I thought, as I saw the keen sense of humour in the eyes, the rippling lines of the mouth, with a momentary droop of the firm under-lip, that the artist was thinking

he could make a caricature of myself if he wished, but that through sheer good nature he refrained. At any rate, he gave me the impression that he could have succeeded in any branch of art he chose to adopt.



**Equipped.**

*From the painting by Solomon J. Solomon.*



I WAS alone, at last. Alone, if I except the presence of the corpse lying on the bed there, the corpse that had once been me. It seemed very lonely after the assiduous attentions of the past few days; very dreary indeed, without the correct and incessant tending of my wife, who had hovered about me, seeking to minister to my every want, while the gross thing over yonder had sought to retain me within itself with such prodigious energy that I marvelled as to its source.

I found myself wishing even that Sir John Gore might enter with his professional pomposity and break the monotony of the room. I chuckled when I thought how he had been cheated. It was but an hour ago that he had penned a prescription, a variant of many that had preceded it, and given to afford the impression of energy aroused on behalf of his illustrious patient. His last words were that nothing need be feared, that the dose would induce a pleasant somnolence, that in the morning I should be convalescent, that in a week I should

be well and ready to preside at the forthcoming soiree of the Royal Society.

I think I could even have welcomed my wife's lap dog, which had snarled itself out of the room, when I had come in contact with it after wresting myself free from the partner of my mundane life. I felt so intolerably isolated; the sense of desertion irritated me.

I expected myself to do something. I did not know what. I knew I no longer appertained to the room where my body lay. Since my death I had felt attracted to it as by the force of gravity. Now, I was impelled to move on. I passed through the door, and not knowing where to go I descended the stairs.

I paused on a landing, waiting for the initiative which in life had been supplied by my body. But no suggestion came. Then I entered a room. Three women were there. My wife, my daughter, and another woman.

My wife was sobbing. Presently she said to the other woman, the strange one, "You can make the skirt with a box



Then I entered a room. Three women were there.

pleat, and finish it with a shaped flounce of crêpe."

The woman replied, "It will look very handsome, your ladyship."

I hurriedly left and wandered about the staircases and the landings and the vestibule, avoiding everyone, now and again urged by that old indefinable force to revisit the frigid body that had been mine.

It distressed me that I had lost all sense of time. By-and-bye, I met some men labouring down the stairs; on their shoulders they bore my body encased in

a coffin. I followed them closely as they placed it in a hearse and drove off, ultimately reaching a cemetery. Many people were assembled. The coffin was reverently lowered into the hole that had been prepared for it. The earth was cast in, the collect uttered, and the priest said a few impressive words concerning my many virtues and public services. Then all those who had been present hurried away discussing various matters.

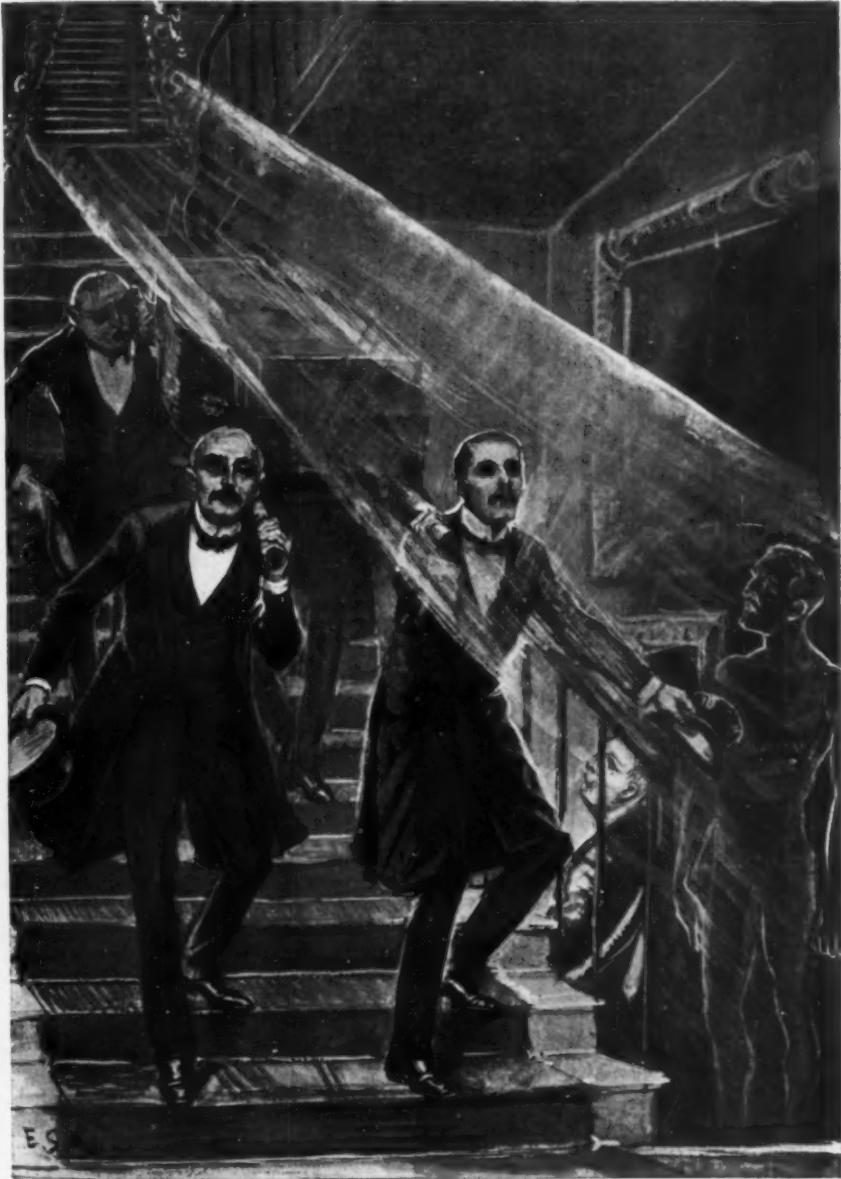
Left to myself, I remained where I had been, within the rails of a neighbouring tomb, to think and await eventualities.

A fragment of glass lying on a grave arrested my attention. It was prism-shaped, and the sunlight passing through it cast gaudy - coloured streaks on the stone. I noticed that the bands were not identical with those of solar light. There were additional lines, evidently due to the fact that I was acting as a screen to the sun's rays and absorbing them. I was astonished at the wonderful definition and vividness of the spectrum

as I saw. The shifting lines forced on me the knowledge that my own constitution was changing. I had, it could be deduced from my varying spectrum, originally consisted of oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbon, but the grosser elements—those most relatively subject to the pull of gravity—were gradually leaving me, and now there were indications of little but the gas, methane. I had further evidence of these deductions in my decreasing weight, which impelled me to leave the ground, and gradually ascend until I had pierced the attenuated outer

edge of air, and found myself expanding  
in the rarer atmosphere beyond.

course in some intelligent fashion.  
What I took to be a planet attracted my



On their shoulders they bore my body encased in a coffin.

It occurred to me that I ought attention, but my first effort to divert  
to think in order to shape my future my path in its direction convinced me



that I was subject to some other power than my own. Reflection showed me that some force corresponding to terrestrial gravity, but sympathetic to the lighter gases, had me in its toils, and was drawing me, I knew not whither.

My surroundings gradually grew more and more heated, my own bulk continued to extend, and in a short while I entered a zone of incandescent gases. It was marvellous they did not absorb me. And now there were forked flames, their bases arising from what in the place whence I had come would have been styled *terra firma*, but which was here molten matter, probably liquefied metals. Nevertheless, it served the purpose of a resting place for myself and thousands of others like myself, who were travelling in all directions.

I recognised many of the forms, notwithstanding their gaseous condition, as appertaining to persons I had known on earth. I moved on as I saw those others doing, and wandered for unknown time and over unknown space. I spoke to some I met, if the buccal signs by which language is expressed in a sphere where there are no sound vibrations can be described as speech; for we merely moved our mouths in ghostly but significant manner, such, in fact, as is the accompaniment of speech in live men.

I came across Lord Blazacre, the Tory Premier, who had died some months before my own demise.

He enquired if the people were still held together by the British Empire.

I answered him that the Empire was now held together by the people.

My companion directed me to where I could find a set of men who, like myself, had devoted their lives to scientific pursuits. But the landmarks he mentioned were not of the nature to prove useful to me, as I had not yet mastered their peculiarities, and it seemed an age of misery ere I happened on those I sought. They were a group of gaseous phantoms, horribly distended by the intense heat, as was I myself, and suffering an indefinable misery, their incapacity to give any permanence to the ideas they evolved adding to the torment.

Among them I discovered my old friend Sir Theophilus Wrightson, who had preceded me in the presidency of the Royal Society. Strangely enough, he accepted my advent as a matter of course, and introduced me to Sir Arthur Magnet, the famous engineer, and Mr. Winfield, who had likewise in his day presided over the destinies of the Society. Indeed, this particular quarter of the strange world in which I found myself appeared to be inhabited by a coterie of Royal-Society Presidents and their friends. It was pleasant enough company, although tedious withal, owing to the impossibility of following any pursuit.

At least, however, we were able to discuss subjects of interest; and Sir Theophilus informed me that others who had made a practice of traversing the place on which we rested, had discovered that it was not invariably a land of flame. There were parts where a hard if arid crust had formed.

"Would it not be possible," I asked, "for us to find this spot?" I felt that anything would be preferable to our present condition.

Sir Theophilus and the others agreed to this, and we set forth, a large party. In the course of our peregrinations, I determined that we were on a sphere whose gaseous core was enveloped in more or less molten matter, from which, in one hemisphere only, sprang vast flames, such as I had at first encountered. Elsewhere, there was a great tendency for this molten mass, as I had been told, to form a crust.

We pushed on, and ultimately found ourselves on a vast tract of this formation.

The heat was now somewhat less intense than it had been, and our figures shrank to more human dimensions. I suggested that here would be an opportunity for practical scientific work. And for long we debated ways and means.

Meanwhile, some of our party, who, with what I may term the condensation of their forms, had acquired considerable strength of unknown source, engaged



"There would be no death so long as we maintained our atmospheric conditions."

themselves with turning over the various strata of our planet's covering. They found immense deposits of iron. Then a brilliant idea occurred to me.

"Why," I demanded of my companions, "should we not attempt to convert the prodigious heat with which we are surrounded, into some other form of energy that would be more serviceable to us?"

"Why, in short," I argued, "should we not, with such vast resources, establish a gigantic cold chamber as a home?"

The idea was received with approval.

"Who knows," I continued, "but what in such a paradise we might not ultimately so evolve as to again realise a culture and a civilisation resembling that to which we have all been accustomed!"

Sir Theophilus was evidently smitten with the idea. I saw him tremble with excitement, as he added, "Aye, and we should be the arbiters of our own fates. There would be no death so long as we maintained our atmospheric conditions."

Others conveyed their expressions of approval equally enthusiastically; others vaguely hinted at similar efforts that had been made in the past, and with dire consequences.

Machines and tools were constructed with an energy that would have done credit to beings of considerable muscular power.

As we proceeded, thousands, and then millions, of our fellows gathered to the work, and the labour of organisation devolved on me.

Powerful pumps began to erect their heads. The attenuated air had to be compressed and compelled to part with some of its heat; a medium had to be found to carry off that heat. This done, the air was allowed to expand, and we had intense cold, which was gradually communicated to the huge chamber we had constructed.

Eureka! We had succeeded. But how could we have failed to succeed with the united scientific knowledge of countless generations to guide us?

Our new home was ready for occupation by myriads, and they flocked in, a never-ending throng, although we excluded all save the workers.

Each had now, thanks to the frigid environment, assumed a more human shape, and many human devices were adopted to add pleasure to the monotony of our lives, which was soon to be strangely relieved.

Although we had little cognisance of the neighbouring planets, the inhabitants of one of these were quite *au fait* with our doings. They, too, had once dwelt on earth, but their lot was now a far pleasanter one than ours. In place of the fiery crucible in which we were cast, they had, we were shortly to learn, a habitation of singular beauty, equable in temperature and luxurious in the extreme. They devoted their time there to the voicing of pæans of praise and floating in the sunny atmosphere.

Their curiosity had been aroused by the marvels of our work; moreover, the perpetual summer-tide of their own realm chafed them by its dreary sameness; for, at first by twos and threes, then by tens and hundreds and thousands, they came floating into our home, for the most part to take up their abode. We welcomed the tinge of novelty they threw over all, with their gentle, womanly ways, for just as we were mostly men, so these new-comers from the other sphere were mostly fair women. They also appreciated community with us, many pairing with those of our planet—now and again meeting former mates—just as they had been wont to do in the old world.

It was paradise! Our life was revolutionised, but, unfortunately, at the cost of our undertaking. The cold chamber, through neglect, began to show signs of dissolution. The temper of the metal that composed our pumps was sorely tried, and now and again an ominous crack would cause us to remember the croakings of those who had prophesied vague disasters when our work was inaugurated.

Chaos came at last, the material of our home hotly streaming to join the molten flood that now well-nigh enveloped us. My gaseous body, suddenly plunged into this blasting heat, was released with great impetus from its condensed form. The expansion was so great and swift that I felt I was fated to be spread over the

whole universe of space. I lost all sense  
of cosmic individuality.

"You will observe," said Sir John  
Gore, leaning over me and addressing my

wife, who presented a very distinguished  
appearance in her white morning gown,  
"the effects of the draught. I think in  
a week he will be, as indeed I ventured  
to prophesy, quite competent to preside  
at the Royal Society."

### REITERATION.

FROM out the long ago  
There steals the beauty of a thought  
A noble poet nobly wrought.  
Its every word I know,  
And yet I read it o'er and o'er,  
And every reading makes it more.

From out the dreamy past  
A grand old air, a dear old strain,  
Floats back to memory again,  
And memory holds it fast,  
And still I love its sound as much  
As though not knowing every touch.

You love me. Yes, I know.  
I know it well by life and death.  
I know it by your latest breath  
That whispered sweet and low.  
Ah, me, the music of its vow!  
O, sweetheart, say you love me now!

J. EDMUND V. COOKE.





## A Chat

about

Siberia.

By

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

FROM Siberia to San Remo is a far cry, and Mr. Harry de Windt is perhaps better known in connection with the Frozen North than with the Sunny South. It is in Italy, however, that he is taking a well-earned rest before embarking upon his next land-journey from New York to Paris. Few men can give sounder advice as regards Siberian travel, and being about to traverse that famous land of exile as special correspondent of "The Daily Mail" and "The New York Herald," I recently visited the well-known explorer at his new home on the outskirts of San Remo. His villa is charmingly situated in the midst of grey olive groves and bright carnation fields, while its pretty gardens overlook a glorious panorama with the blue and sparkling Mediterranean for a background.

"This kind of life must be a pleasant contrast to some of your Arctic experiences!" I remarked, as after a dainty déjeuner we chatted over cigarettes and liqueurs in my host's sunlit verandah.

"You may well say that," he replied, with a humorous smile; "at least as regards Northern Alaska and the shores of Behring Straits. But I am sure that

you will be agreeably surprised when you get to Siberia. I mean as regards the discomforts of travel. Even twelve years ago, when I first crossed the country, they were greatly exaggerated by the few Englishmen who had been there."

"I suppose you had to drive in those days?"

"The whole way, from the Chinese frontier to Tomsk. The post houses were, of course, very dirty, and black bread and eggs were about all one could get, while constant delays made progress very slow. The Great Post Road scarcely deserved the name. In wet weather it was a morass; in dry, the thick, grey dust was up to the axles, and the centre track was often so cut up by caravans as to render wheel traffic quite impossible. The drivers then diverged to the sides, where tree-stumps, watercourses, and felled logs occasionally overturned us. I often wondered our 'Tarantass' did not come to pieces long before we reached Tomsk. No European carriage would have held together for a day."

"And I suppose at night the roads were pretty dangerous?"



"You mean as regards robbers? Well, yes, in parts, on account of the escaped convicts, of which there is always a moving population of several hundreds. They escape in the spring-time from prison, roam about the country all through the summer, and give themselves up when the winter sets in. The practice is more or less winked at by the authorities, for the runaways can't leave the country."

"I suppose they would be roughly handled if caught by the Russian settlers?"

"On the contrary. Drive through any Siberian village at dusk, and you will see black bread and a bowl of milk set out by every door. These are for any 'Brodyaga' (as the fugitives are called) who may be in want of food. The berries they get in the forest are not very sustaining, but at night they are thus generally sure of a good square meal. The practice is known and permitted by the Government."

"Then you did not drive the whole way from China to Europe?"

"No; at Tomsk, half-way across Asia, a comfortable steamer took us into civilisation at Tiumen, and the Volga boats down to Nijni Novgorod are equal to any American river steamer. No, it was not much of a journey even then," added de Windt; "and you will, of course, do it almost luxuriously as far as Irkoutsk in the Trans-Siberian Railway, where there are dining-cars, libraries, barber shops, and even pianos on board. Your only trouble now will be the mosquitos. They are terrible in summer-time."

"But I suppose some parts of Siberia are still very tough travelling?"

"Siberia is a large place," was the indubious reply. "For instance, there is as much difference between Irkoutsk, say, and the settlement of Oumwaidjik, where we were stranded on Behring Straits, as between Paris and an African Kraal. Irkoutsk is a fine city, with large hotels, tramways, electric light, and capital theatres and restaurants; Oumwaidjik, a collection of filthy walrus-hide huts, occupied by the most debased savages I have ever seen. At Irkoutsk, you may

live as well as in Paris; at Oumwaidjik, our daily menu was walrus or seal meat, and precious little of that. The natives there have never even heard of the Tsar, but regarded the few American whalers who visited them in summer as their only rulers. It was a very queer place. I believe there is now a Russian Government official up there."

"I suppose Oumwaidjik is unapproachable in winter?"

"By water, absolutely so. The ice in Behring Sea forms late in October, and does not disappear again until the following June."

"You had a narrow escape up there?"

"The tightest place I was ever in. I shudder even now when I think of it," laughingly replied my host, draining his Chartreuse as if to dispel the unpleasant memory. Mr. de Windt is full of genuine bonhomie, and a thorough-going Bohemian. "But you are not going so far north as that," he went on, "so we need not discuss it. I do hope, however, that you will contrive to get as far as Sakhalin. The island is, penally speaking, the 'New Siberia,' and its prisons are therefore of special interest."

Here I ventured to express some surprise at the readiness with which the Russian authorities had granted me leave to visit the place in question.

"It does not astonish me in the least," resumed Mr. de Windt; "there is no secrecy about the Russian exile system—never was. When I first went through the prisons of Western Siberia in 1890 I might, for all the authorities knew, have been another Kennan in disguise, and yet I went everywhere, saw everything I wanted to. Again in 1894 I was not only allowed free access to the famous political prison of Akatui, but travelled to Sakhalin in a convict ship with over 800 prisoners in the holds, which I visited when I liked, by night or day. I can assure you that the Russian penal system is the most humane in the world. Many nations might take a lesson from it to advantage."

"What did Mr. Kennan think of Sakhalin?"

"Mr. Kennan has never been there. I wish he had, for he might then have

found reason to retract some of his unfavourable statements as to Russian prison life."

"But I have heard that on board these convict ships men are kept in cages, and that, on arrival at the island, some of them are chained to wheelbarrows for life, to say nothing of being occasionally flogged by the terrible 'Plet,' which you yourself admit is still used here, if not on the mainland?"

Here my host laughed outright. "Cages!" he exclaimed. "Cages, indeed! Would you be so inhuman as to confine them in anything else on a tropical voyage? Your terrible 'cages,' my dear sir, are used for the sake of coolness. Imagine solid walls of wood or iron in the Red Sea! As for the wheelbarrow, I admit that it is a terrible punishment that should, in my opinion, be abolished, but, at the same time, you must remember that only the most desperate criminals are sent to Sakhalin. There is not a 'political' on the island. The 'Plet,' too, is a ghastly weapon, but this, also, is only inflicted in cases of murder, for there is no capital punishment except for regicide in Russia. The Governor himself assured me that if the 'Plet' were done away with the life of every official on Sakhalin would be in jeopardy."

"You say that there are no political exiles on Sakhalin? Where, then, are they sent to in Siberia?"

"Everything depends on the offence. A man may be sent from Russia just over the Asiatic frontier for six months or less for a seditious

article, just as, for murder, he may be transported to Akatui, almost in China. You will, of course, visit Akatui, which is the only *political prison* in Siberia. Of course there are settlements in the far north used for political deportation, but they do not concern us. Besides, they are not prisons in the ordinary sense of the word, but merely places of residence where an exile lives in comparative liberty."

"Then there are no political exiles in the larger Siberian towns?"

"Oh! dear, yes. You meet them every day, of all ranks and professions. Doctors, lawyers, hotel-keepers, and tradesmen of all kinds are allowed to settle down as soon as their actual term of imprisonment is over, and earn a living as they best may. Some become farmers; others return to Russia; many



Mr. H. de Windt at home.

become rich. But only the worst offenders are condemned to perpetual banishment from Europe."

"But I suppose the life at Akatui, for instance, is very hard?"

"Well, a prison is never a nice place for an educated man, and nearly all the politicals I saw at Akatui were of that class. There were very few of them—about a hundred in all—and I was allowed to visit them alone, and to converse freely on any subject but politics. Of course, they worked in the mines during the day-time, but they returned to the prison (about a mile away from the shaft) for the midday meal, and slept there at night. The old fable of men being immured for life underground is happily exploded. In fact, the practice never existed but in the minds of sensational novelists."

All my cherished notions regarding this great mysterious land were indeed vanishing into thin air. Mr. de Windt resumed:

"Pray do not think I take an over-rosy view of the exile question. Like everything else, it has its dark side. Many of the prisons and 'Etapes' were at one time very much overcrowded, and a good deal of suffering and disease naturally ensued. But this was some years ago, and this evil is now to a great extent remedied. Again, at Akatui, one Gottze, a prominent Socialist undergoing a life sentence, complained bitterly of being compelled to sleep in a public ward with ordinary criminals, although he admitted that during the day-time a room was set apart for the exclusive use of politicals, where they could write, read, or receive any relations (once a week) who had accompanied them into exile, and lived in a neighbouring village. Minor, another exile, said that, as regards



In the garden at San Remo.

food and treatment, there was little to complain of, and that the mining work was not unduly severe. Parcels of books frequently arrived for him and his fellow prisoners, and they were permitted to send and receive letters once a month, of course subject to the Governor's inspection. So you see the tragic accounts you have heard in England of outrages on political prisoners are, to put it mildly, exaggerations!"

"I believe your statements have been verified of recent years by other travellers?"

"I am glad to say they have," said de Windt, with a smile. "It was not pleasant at first to be publicly pilloried as a perverter of the truth! But Dr. Lansdell, Major Pemberton, Julius Price, of 'The Illustrated London News,' and especially Mr. Young Simpson, of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' all more or less

share my favourable views on the Siberian exile system. Mr. Kennan is (so far as I know) uncorroborated, except by his travelling companion, and some of the exiles themselves, who can scarcely be called unbiassed witnesses!"

"Now, how about the climate? Shall I need any furs?"

"You will find it almost too warm to be pleasant," said my host. "That is in the day-time, but the nights are cold, although a thick overcoat and rug will be all you will want until the end of August. The climate during summer is the most perfect in the world, or would be if it were not for the mosquitos. They are a perfect pest, so mind you take plenty of netting for your face and hands."

"I believe I shall pass through some interesting gold districts?"

"Undoubtedly, for gold is found in large quantities all around Akatui, but the most productive mines are those near Yeneseisk, Kansk, and the sources of the Great Lena River; also by Yuz and Abakansk, in Southern Siberia. The rent of a Siberian mine is absurdly low. The Yuz goldfield, for instance, a tract of land five versts long by four broad, is hired at only 300 roubles a year. On the other hand, the royalty is high, and labour was very dear. It will now undoubtedly become cheaper, thanks to the railway."

"Are there any millionaire mine owners?"

"I know of two men living round Krasnoyarsk who made two million pounds sterling in less than two years. At Irkoutsk you will find a Mr. Trapéznikoff worth his four millions at the very least. But hitherto the ground has only been scratched. Siberia only needs opening up to become the richest mining country in the world."

At this juncture Mrs. de Windt appeared to remind her husband that the carriage was at the door. The explorer's young and pretty wife will accompany him on the first stage of his next great

journey. "And it will be his last," she smilingly assured me, and when I looked around me at this bright and beautiful home and its charming hostess, I could well believe it.

"I am glad to have so many gruesome ideas dispelled," I said, as we shook



In Arctic dress.

hands in farewell; "although I have always had an idea that Siberia is not so black as it has been painted."

And so, mutually wishing each other "good-bye" and "bon voyage," we parted, agreeing to meet again in San Remo in two years' time.

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.



"DEAR OLD DICK,—

"On the 26th, at 8 o'clock sharp, we have the Chillingtons and Ords to dine with us. Your place will be kept for you. I'll take no excuse, as I'm short of lions just now, and a Lady-smith siege man will be better than nothing; I don't count the dear old Professor. There, now; don't take offence! I have a charming girl for you to take down! *Don't fail*, or you'll drive me to an early grave!

"Yours in haste, and always with love,  
"MINNIE."

This was from my cousin, Minnie Ardell, for whom I at one time was supposed to have a peculiar tenderness. I felt I could hardly refuse, especially after the deep, thick dash under "*don't fail*," and the distracting allusion to "an early grave."

Thus it came to pass that the evening of the 26th found me at 8 o'clock sharp in Minnie's drawing-room, the last to arrive, I grieve to say; I usually am the last, though in point of size, at all events, not always the least.

It was an excellent dinner, and the girl whom I took down certainly de-

served the description of "charming" which Minnie had applied to her.

All the guests were strangers to me. My companion, however, in an amusing, chatty manner gave me all the information I needed about them.

There were only one or two who interested me very much. First of all, that beautiful, sad-faced girl at the end of the table, who was she?

"Ah! is she not beautiful? That is the Professor's daughter."

"Who is the Professor, and what does he profess?" I asked.

"The Professor sits exactly opposite to us," said my companion in a lowered tone; "and he professes—well, I really don't know what, I'm not a learned person, you know; he is called the Professor. But he is certainly a wonderful man. People say he has a sixth sense!"

"A sixth sense! And what does it teach him?" I asked, laughing.

"It teaches him things, and gives him ideas that ordinary people don't have," she said slowly; and then she added, to my surprise, in almost a whisper, "Don't laugh, he is looking at you, and I really believe he knows your thoughts."



"He is, I suppose, a clever man, somewhat in advance of his time?" I said; "and people of that sort are always looked upon as being somewhat mysterious. But as to having a sixth sense, of course you are not serious in imagining that he could have, are you?"

I looked across the table as I spoke, and caught the eye of the Professor.

His certainly was a wonderful face, and the likeness to his daughter was most striking. They each had the same large, dark eyes, which seemed to tell, if I may so describe them, of excessive inner life. They were a sort of outward evidence of some strong hidden power or knowledge. It was not merely that the expression in them was thoughtful, it was more than that; the thoughtfulness was alive and active, not dreamy and passive, as is the case with the expression of so many serious faces one sees. This peculiarity was far more pronounced in the father than in his child. Their features were alike, but his colour was blanced, and his hair dead white, while she had a beautiful rich carmine complexion, and her hair was raven black.

I said that I caught the Professor's eye as I looked across the table. In doing so, I was conscious of experiencing the most extraordinary sensation that I think I ever felt in my life. It seemed to me that I was being drawn out of myself. That part of me which is I and no other, call it by what name you will, the soul, the intelligence, the life, the consciousness—that part of me seemed, I say, to be drawn out of my body and attracted towards the Professor. And the most strange part of the extraordinary dream or illusion was that I was conscious of seeing, from the Professor's side of the table, my own self at the opposite side. My eyes seemed to be fixed on the Professor, and they had in them an expression which seemed to denote arrested enquiry. I could even see the girl beside me looking at me with grave, and almost anxious eyes.

The whole illusion, for I did not believe it to be anything more, only lasted for a few seconds, and was perhaps more like a sudden flash of vivid imagination than anything I could possibly describe

with reason. I came to myself with a slight start, and, turning, found my companion's grave eyes fixed upon my face.

"I should like very much to know," she said earnestly, "what you have experienced?"

I passed my hand across my eyes for a second, for I felt dazed. "Why do you imagine I have experienced anything?" I asked.

"Because I felt just now as if you had suddenly left the table," she said, "and when I looked round and saw your face, you looked dead!"

"But you see I am quite alive and well," I said, laughing. "However, there must be some strong magnetic power in the eyes of your Professor, for while looking at him I had a most extraordinary thought. I thought that I went across to his side of the table quite suddenly, and looked back here to where I had been sitting with you."

"Yes, and then—?"

"Then nothing. I saw myself, and you looking at me with an expression of intense interest in your eyes; an expression," I added, bowing to her gallantly, "which, to be able to call up at will, would give me great happiness."

"Oh, never mind that," she said, with a charming smile and a slight rise of colour.

"But do tell me more; what do you think of the sixth sense now? How do you account for it?"

"The sixth sense? I don't account for it; there isn't such a thing."

"But this experience; this—what shall I call it—?"

"This illusion," I interrupted; "pray call it that, for it is nothing more. And although the whole thing was very vivid, it was really nothing but imagination."

"That is so like a man!" she said, with a pretty air of disdain; "they only believe just exactly what they can prove; and, pray, isn't it possible that many things may be true which can't be proved?"

"Quite possible, but we are not bound to believe anything that we can't prove!"

"I often wonder," she said, half to herself, "if we shall ever really know or have the means of understanding all the

strange things by which we may be at present surrounded, although unconscious of them?"

"A Christian of long ago would have answered emphatically 'yes' to that, though in our times, which are so full of honest agnosticism, atheism, and general restlessness of mind, one might hesitate," I said.

"Yes, and what a comfort it must have been to those old Christians to be able to believe things so simply and thoroughly," she rejoined, as she rose slowly to follow her hostess from the dining-room.

I had no opportunity of speaking to the Professor while at the dining-table. Later on, however, in the drawing-room, observing him to be for the moment alone, I approached him with the intention of speaking. He was looking through a portfolio of pictures of all sorts—some mere sketches in pencil, others little, highly-finished gems in water-colour, while a few engravings made the collection complete.

He looked up and smiled as I drew near.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir," he said. "I have heard much of you from our charming hostess."

"Indeed! I thought I had been almost forgotten. You have found something of interest there?" I enquired, as he paused for a second over one of the pictures.

"Of interest? Yes, surely. The ideals of perfection conceived by human beings must be for ever of interest to us. This is beautiful!"

I glanced at the sheet he held in his



"A sixth sense! And what does it teach him?"  
I asked, laughing.

hand. It was a very finely executed steel engraving of a celebrated picture of the Christ.

"This is beautiful," he repeated again softly. "One could almost believe. Here in this face one may see a limitless capacity for love, just what a God should be capable of. See! and what a calm prescience! The expression is as if He saw into that which we call Eternity, without let or hindrance from the barriers of Time. Ah! it was a great conception!"

I am not an irreligious man, but I have never been prone to talk of my most sacred feelings on these subjects in public, and so for the moment, not quite knowing what to say, I said nothing. He seemed to expect me to speak, how-

ever, and presently laying his wonderful, long, white hand on my coat sleeve, he said slowly:

"For years I have been in search of this God men talk of, but have never found Him. He has not been in the 'Whirlwind' or the 'Fire'—nor yet in the 'still, small voice,' for me. Say, my friend, have you found Him?"

Anything more unlike the revival preacher (with whom I have been accustomed to associate these personal questions on religious matters) than was this beautiful old Professor, can scarcely be imagined. He was so gentle! and in spite of his world-famed intellect, so simple! He looked straight at me as he spoke. Such a look of pained, pathetic anxiety!

Seeing my slight hesitation (of which in presence of such a mind as his I was already ashamed), he interrupted me as I was about to speak.

"No, no, you shall not speak unless you like. And you English are reserved; you like not to speak of these things. In my country, you know, it is our way to speak of everything. I pray you to forgive me."

He said this with an air so truly courteous, that I felt more than ever ashamed of my English reserve, and answered:

"Not at all, Professor; I have no objection whatever to replying to your question. You ask me have I found Him, and I reply I believe in Him."

"Ah!" The thoughtful expression was, if possible, more intensified. His eyes seemed to pierce mine. He looked as if he wished to search every nook and cranny of my being with those wonderful, spirit-like orbs.

"Ah! And you look capable of forming a sound judgment," he said, half to himself. "Tell me, my friend—I ask it in all reverence—where did you find Him, and how?"

I paused, scarcely knowing how to express myself, I was so utterly unaccus-



Seeing my slight hesitation, he interrupted me as I was about to speak.

tomed to this sort of conversation. I had always had a sort of vague belief, which was practically no belief, in the existence of a God, until those three nights spent in the silent veldt alone.

"You have perhaps read a book called 'Trooper Peter Halkett?'" I asked him by way of answer.

He smiled. "A much maligned little offering to the world of literature, for me it has true pathos. But what of it, my friend? A woman's idea of divine perfection, this long, slow, patient waiting; it has touched you, eh?"

"Oh, I am not speaking of the merits of the book one way or the other," I replied. "It is the description of a night spent alone out in the veldt that I wish to recall to you; you remember? It is strongly written. Well, sir, I have spent three such nights, and my impression

was that I was never for a moment alone!"

"Oh! he had the same."

"I had so strong, so vivid an impression of an unseen Presence, that it is not easy to forget it. Sir, before that time I believed there was a God; then I felt there was."

"Ah! these impressions are usually transient, my friend. I have known them myself. They do not satisfy me."

He paused for a moment, and gazed abstractedly at the picture which lay before him on the table.

"The Soul alone can tell us what we want to know, could we but lift the veil and ask. Ah! and we shall! We are nearing the goal! My life's work is almost complete."

As he said this, the Professor's face, radiant with triumph, and transfigured with a soft glow of anticipated happiness, seemed to me to be beautiful.

But what on earth could he mean? "Lift the veil!"

"Ask the Soul!" and "his life's work!" What was it?

I must confess that for the first time the unpleasant thought forced itself into my mind that the Professor must be mad. But it was only for the moment that such a thought remained. He was too widely known, and his undoubted, not to say extraordinary, talents were too fully recognised to make it possible to doubt his sanity.

Then, in a sudden flash, I remembered my curious sensations during dinner. I began to think that after all the Professor might have discovered some strange secret of Nature, not yet known to mankind generally, by which he hoped to arrive at other wonderful discoveries later on.

"You have strange powers, Professor!" I remarked.

"Yes," he answered, "but nothing to what I shall have. Listen, my friend; soon I

shall be able to ask the Soul for its secrets, and the Soul will reply to me."

Again I gazed at him astonished.

"It would be useless for me to pretend to understand you, Professor!"

"That is so, my young friend. But you will soon. All the world shall know. My preparations are complete. The great day is at hand when the trial will be made. My discovery will be tested, aye, and found to be all that I claim for it! I shall speak at last to the naked Soul, and it shall answer me. I shall ask of it, 'Where, then, is this great God?' and it shall tell me where."

He paused for a moment, a fire of enthusiasm shining through his eyes, and lighting up his whole face.

"I should like, of all things, to be present when this experiment is tried, Professor; would it be at all possible?" I asked.



"You are to be present when the experiment is tried, my father tells me."



The maid brought me in a note which she said had that moment arrived for me.

"It shall be possible," he replied somewhat hurriedly. "I shall speak to you again about this, for here comes now our sweet hostess, your charming cousin," and, turning suddenly, he advanced a few steps to meet her.

"The old Professor must not monopolise the hero of the evening," I heard him say as I moved away, and she made some laughing reply about there being heroes of the pen as well as "heroes of the sword," which seemed to give him great pleasure.

I did not speak to the Professor again that evening, but later on was destined to make his daughter's acquaintance in a somewhat curious manner.

She had been playing an accompaniment for my cousin, who sang gloriously. When the song was ended, and Minnie was receiving the well-earned congratulations of her friends, the accompanist, for whom I had been turning over the leaves, bowing her thanks to me, said in a low tone:

"You are to be present when the experiment is tried, my father tells me."

"Yes, indeed, he has promised me; I look upon it as a great honour. Are you, too, to be there?"

"I fear not," she said. To my sur-

prise, her voice faltered, and her beautiful eyes were full of tears.

"Pray do not appear to notice me," she said hurriedly, "but tell me quickly, for I may not have another chance of asking you, is it true what they tell me, that you are a doctor?"

"I do not practise," I said, "although I have gone through the whole course and am doubly qualified."

"Thank God!" I heard her murmur. I was thoroughly surprised.

"Why do you ask such a question? Your manner tells me it is for no light reason," I ventured to say.

"Alas! no," she replied, while the tears brimmed over and fell slowly on the hands.

which lay idly crossed on her lap. "It is a very great relief to me to know that you are a medical man. Please don't look so distressed, it will attract attention; I shall be all right soon. Only I must beg of you most earnestly, although you will think it very strange, not to tell my father that you are a doctor!"

"You have but to mention that or any other wish, to ensure its being obeyed immediately," I replied.

She still sat on the piano stool, facing the piano; though slightly turned towards me, her back was to the rest of the guests.

I moved a step nearer, so as if possible to shield her still further from observation.

"You apprehend, I fear, some harm from this experiment?" I ventured to say. "Is there any way in which I can help you? If there is, please trust me. Believe me, I will most faithfully carry out your wishes; you may trust me implicitly!"

"I know it; I feel it!" she said, glancing gratefully at me. "But I can't speak; I must not! I dare not! You will see! You will be there! You will — alas! I fear you will."



know all! But, oh! help me. Help me, if you can!"

These sentences were jerked out almost as if against her will. I could see that she was exercising strong self-control, and what man can see a beautiful woman in tears and not long to help her?

"Is it a matter in which a doctor's knowledge can be of use?" I asked. "I beg of you to tell me; believe me—!"

"It is a matter of life and death," she interrupted in a low voice of concentrated agony; "say no more; say no more, for indeed—indeed I can't control myself!"

She was violently agitated. Her lips quivered piteously, and she bit them mercilessly in her endeavour to be calm. I was at my wits' end to know what to do, for a young man of splendid physique was hurriedly approaching the piano, with the evident intention of addressing the pianist.

I am sure I must have talked terrible rot, for seizing the song my cousin had just sung, I expatiated on its beauties for fully five minutes for his benefit.

He did not hear one word of what I said, I am convinced, for on my first pause to take breath, he bowed courteously, and, passing me abruptly, bent over the Professor's daughter, and, to my surprise, whispered something in her ear.

She had, however, regained her composure, which was all I wanted, and I was moving away, when, rising from the piano, she gently laid her hand on my arm and detained me.

"May I have the pleasure of presenting to you Mr. Clavering?"

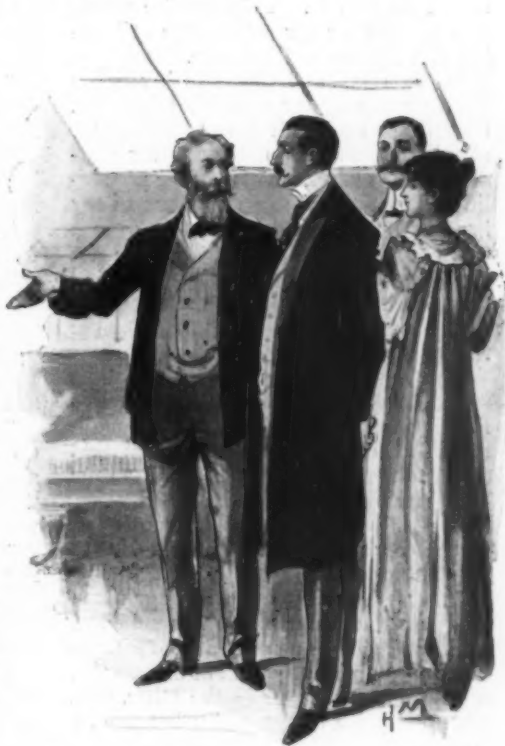
I bowed, and from the hearty grip of the hand which I received from that gentleman, felt sure that whatever conversation had passed between them, was at all events not to my detriment.

"We must be going now, I think!" she said. "My dear father's health is

very delicate, and he ought not to be out late."

"I should like to tell you," she added in a lower tone, "that Mr. Clavering will be present also at the experiment, but you shall hear from us. Good-bye, and many thanks."

"Good-bye; pray command me!" I murmured, and the next minute she was gone.



"This," said the Professor, "is where the great experiment will be tried."

Very soon afterwards I got away myself. I was anxious to be alone to think over the strange events of the evening. But think as I would, I could come to no satisfactory conclusion. The Professor was evidently thoroughly in earnest, and also had complete confidence in the success of his experiment. Where, then, was the danger?

It flashed across my mind that he might perhaps intend to experiment on

his daughter in some way, which would account for her evident terror. But no; he was passionately attached to her, and she to him, therefore that was out of the question; besides, she was not to be even present on the occasion.

I came eventually to the conclusion that he must intend to experiment on himself, and that she dreaded the trial for him, knowing the delicate state of health he was in. This surmise would also account for her satisfaction at hearing that I was a medical man. But why, then, should she so object to her father knowing the same? and what had Mr. Clavering to do with it all? Finding it utterly impossible to account for anything in this labyrinth of horrible possibilities, I put the whole thing out of my head as best I could. One thing alone was clear to me, and that was that she had asked for my help, and I determined that she should have it to the utmost of my ability, and even if necessary at the risk of my life.

The next day, after passing a restless night haunted by hideous dreams, I was finishing lunch, when the maid brought me in a note which she said had that moment arrived for me. It was from the Professor's daughter.

"It is to be this afternoon at three. Pray come on at once,—MARIE DE FAVART."

It was difficult to provide against a danger the nature of which was unknown to me. But after a moment's consideration, I put my brandy flask in one pocket, a small phial of ether in the other, and, adding a piece of lint and a bandage, I started.

The Professor lived in the suburbs, and after an hour's drive, I found myself, with a good twenty minutes to spare, at his house.

It was a detached house, and surrounded by gardens. It was small, but most luxuriously furnished. I could not hear my own footfall as I mounted the thickly carpeted stairs, and entered the drawing-room, after the servant had announced my name. It was a dark room, and for a moment I stood and looked round before finding a seat.

The sound of wild, agitated sobs fell upon my ear.

The room was a double one, and through the draped archway in the centre I saw at the further side, and with the light from a large bay window shining full upon them, Mr. Clavering and Made-moiselle de Favart.

They had evidently not heard my entrance.

She had thrown her arms round his neck, and was sobbing passionately, and he held her in a close and tender embrace, and seemed half beside himself to know how to comfort her.

"'Twill be but five minutes only, my dearest! Be brave, all will be right, I have no fear!"

"Oh! no, no!" she moaned in heart-broken accents. "'Twill be death—I know it! I feel it! I can't live without you! Oh! why, why did I ever consent! I was mad—mad—mad!"

"No, no, darling!" he said soothingly, "you know we both thought the shock might cure your poor father, and I have very great hopes, and no fears whatever; I can't let you talk like this; you used not to!"

"Ah, Guy, I didn't love you then as I do now. I love you!" she cried passionately, "I love you! I love you! I would die for you! Oh! if only he would try the experiment on me—"

"God forbid!" interrupted Mr. Clavering earnestly.

At this juncture I managed to make my presence known, by opening the door and letting it shut with a bang.

They started apart, and Mr. Clavering quickly advanced through the archway to meet me. At the same moment the Professor entered softly from behind.

"My dear fellow, I am glad to see you," said the former, while the Professor shook me cordially by the hand.

"Just in good time," he said smiling. "We are all here, all who are interested in this wonderful discovery, for you must know we have kept it a secret, and you, my dear friend, are the only one beside our three selves who know anything about it. Where is my little Marie?" he continued, looking round. "Would you believe it, my friend, she tried very hard to persuade me to have a doctor present; as if there was any need, and as if I hadn't had enough of them all

my life. "As if," he went on, placing his arm affectionately through that of his future son-in-law, "as if I should dream of attempting anything that would hurt my dear boy. Oh! here she comes."

Mademoiselle de Favart came through the archway to greet me. She wore a loose-fitting gown of rose-coloured silk, and made a picture very fair to look upon. She was smiling bravely, although she could not quite remove all traces of her recent grief.

"No, no, my dear father, my fright has all gone. I am quite anxious about the experiment. Has Mr. Bertrand seen the laboratory yet? Suppose we all go down and examine everything before the experiment takes place. My father will explain all his plans to you," she went on, turning to me, "as you are so interested in them!"

The laboratory was in the garden, at the back of the house, and connected with it by a flight of steps and a long covered passage. It was a curious room. The whole of the centre of the roof was made of glass, and I noticed cords hanging down at the sides, by which the different sections could be moved backwards or forwards for airing purposes at will.

In the centre of the room stood an ordinary couch, with a movable head-piece which could be lowered or raised as required. It was surrounded to about the height of the sofa by an iron case, into which was fitted a great square cap of glass. The whole thing was about five feet high, and looked like a great glass tomb, from the ceiling of which inside hung a little iron saucer. On it a few chips of wood were burning.

"This," said the Professor, "is where the great experiment will be tried. On this couch Guy will recline, while I pour on this burning wood a few drops of the great essence which will revolutionise the world!"



I had raised the glass side as I spoke.

He unlocked a drawer at the side of the room as he spoke, and took from it a phial which contained some lightish, green-coloured liquid.

I took the little phial, and, as far as I could under the circumstances, examined the contents. The liquid had no smell. I put a drop of it on my tongue; it was like nothing I had ever tasted, and it left a very unpleasant feeling of contraction behind it.

"My friend," he continued, turning to me, "the contents of this little phial represent my life's work. Early and late, by night and by day, have I toiled to reduce to the state you now see it, that great power of Nature which as far supersedes electricity as the sun does the moon!"

"You ask me what that power is? When this experiment has been tried, the information shall be given to the whole world — but till then no word of it shall pass my lips!"

It cannot fail; I have guarded against all possibilities!

"You ask what I propose to do? I propose, by means of the inhalation of this liquid, to reduce to something finer than gossamer, than cobweb, for the time being, that gross material veil which hangs between the soul and our senses. Then I shall question the soul, for the soul knows all things, and in the absence of this veil, of which I spoke, will be able to impress its answer on the brain, and the brain will transmit its message to my ear; do you follow me?"

I nodded, intensely interested, but I must confess somewhat sceptical. He saw my feeling at once, his quick eyes took in everything.

Coming close to me, he laid a hand on either shoulder, and smiling at me said, "My friend, do you not know that we are in our knowledge but on the outside fringe of the great wonders of Nature? Because we understand a little about heat and cold, light, motion, electricity, and so forth, do you imagine that we have exhausted Nature? I tell you, my friend" (his voice rose, and he looked inspired), "there are powers that we do not dream of, aye, that our brains are not big enough yet even to think of without splitting to atoms! There are powers, I say, that even to dream of will be counted madness in the dreamer! Aye! madness! and I—I—the first dreamer, will be the first martyr! 'Twas ever so in the history of this world!"

He seemed to be overcome by his thoughts, and I noticed that though he tried to conceal the action, he pressed his hand on his side for a second as if in pain.

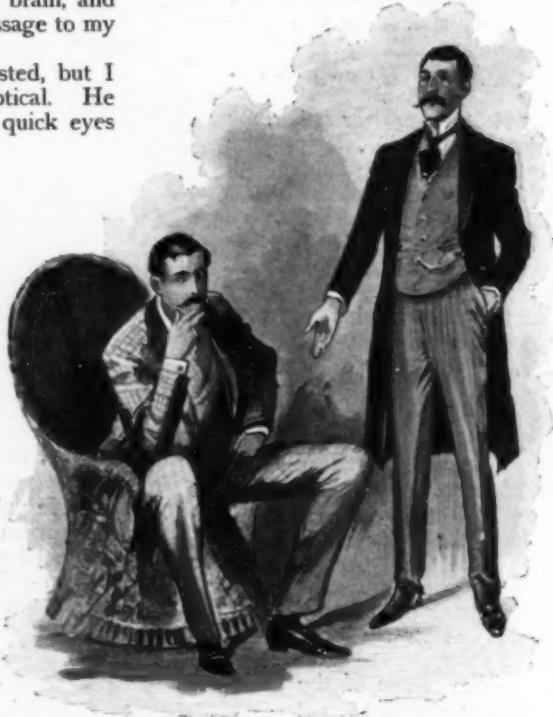
"Father! you are not well," cried Mademoiselle de Favart anxiously. "You are not well enough for this to-day. Wait one day more — one day can make no difference!"

"Not one day! Not one hour! But even now it must be done," he said. "My son, are you ready?"

"Will you not show Mr. Bertrand how to open the glass case, father?" asked his daughter anxiously.

"Quite a minor detail, my child," he replied impatiently, and then, turning to me with a smile:

"Women are, without doubt, the most charming of all created beings, but on



"What shock? Your death? Think of Mademoiselle de Favart," I said.

the eve of some great event of absolutely unparalleled interest like the present, it is of some quite trivial detail they will think!"

Her lips quivered, and she turned aside.

I knew the enormous importance she attached to my understanding the mechanism of the glass case. Might not her lover's very life depend on it, and on my promptitude in acting on the knowledge when the time came?

"I should like very much to see how it opens," I said, turning to look at it. "But I think I understand. This pulley raises up the whole side, does it not? and I see that it runs up and down quite easily; one man could work it without any difficulty, and could keep it at any height he wished, by just passing the cord round any of these pegs!"

She gave me a glance full of gratitude. I had raised the glass side as I spoke, and noticed that a half-moon-shaped piece of glass was cut out of the edge, and corresponded with a similar place in the iron framework immediately below.

"It is for the hand of the person who is being experimented upon. My father must hold it while asking his questions. It is, in case of faintness, to be able to count the pulse, I think."

"I see; and this speaking tube which opens out just over the patient's mouth conveys your father's questions to him, and receives his answers, which otherwise might not be distinctly heard. I understand; it is very ingenious. Is there anything else of interest you can show me, Mademoiselle?"

"I think not," she said; "you have, of course, observed how quickly we can ventilate the laboratory?" touching the cords as she spoke. "This window at the end of the room opens outwards; my father, you see, likes plenty of fresh air."

A neighbouring clock began to strike the hour of three; at the sound the Professor started up and came towards us.

"Three o'clock, my dear friend, and we have not begun yet. Guy! Ah! You have still to change into the silk dressing gown I asked you to wear; you will not be long, my son? As it nears the great moment, I grow impatient!"

"To think," he said in a sort of ecstasy, "that after a long life of toil and search after God, I am at last—at last about to find Him! I have not the slightest doubt, not the very slightest, in the result of this experiment!"

"I shall be back in a few moments, sir," said Mr. Clavering, making for the door. Mademoiselle de Favart followed him. I know not what took place just outside; she was very pale, almost weeping, when she returned. Poor girl, she had said "Good-bye," I suppose.

"Will you not go with him, Mr. Bertrand?" she said; "he may have something to say to you."

Before I had gone half-way down the passage, however, she was at my side again. She clutched my hands frantically in hers.

"Remember, he is my very life! Be with him! Stay with him, for God's sake!" and before I could even answer, she had flown back again to the laboratory. I saw her for half a second, with her beautiful arms thrown round her father's neck, and then lost sight of her as the door closed.

"Look here, Bertrand," said Clavering, as we reached his room, "it is best you should know the truth of this ghastly affair, and know it at once. I feel as if I had known you for a lifetime, old fellow. I can trust you, I know!"

"You may," I said, grasping his hand.

"I knew it. Well! we're in the very deuce of a mess! It's two years now since Marie and I knew for certain that the Professor was mad!"

"Mad!" I ejaculated. "That, then, explains—"

"Mad as a March hare," said Clavering, "but only on just this one point, and on this point, his madness is so ingenious, if I might put it that way, that it would take you a long time to find it out!"

"I partially guessed it," I said, "and then dismissed the idea, but it kept turning up every now and then again. 'Mad! You must, of course, stop this ridiculous experiment then!'"

"No; that's the worst of it. His madness, Bernard thinks, came on through a shock, and we think it's just within the bounds of possibility that a shock might cure him!"

"What shock? Your death? Think of Mademoiselle de Favart!" I said.

"I do, poor girl, God knows! It is because of her that I consent to it at all. If this sort of thing goes on much longer, it will kill her. But I did not allude to my death; I hope it won't be so bad as that. We thought that when the poor old chap tried his experiment, and found suddenly that it was a failure, as of course it will be, it might bring him to his senses."

"His experiment may succeed up to



a certain point," said I, "and that won't cure him, but it may kill you!"

"How do you mean?"

"That infernal liquid! I know the taste and smell of every known drug, but I don't recognise this. It's something entirely new, and it's like nothing in the whole pharmacopœia!"

"Indeed!"

"How do you know what effect it may have on you? It may make you talk utter rot, which he will take for gospel truth. It has never been tried before! Look here! don't you be a fool, Clavering! Give up the idea!"

"I'm bound in honour to go through with it; I can't funk it at the last minute," he replied almost doggedly.

"To make up your mind not to give way to the whim of a madman isn't funk-ing it. Upon my word, it's hard to say which of you two men is the maddest!"

He laughed, but the laugh had no real mirth in it.

"Think of that lovely girl downstairs whose life is in your hands this minute; for if you die, God help her! She may be the next victim!"

This shot told. He turned pale.

"What am I to do?" he gasped. "Until her father is either cured or dead, Marie will not hear of marriage. You see we've been trying to hide this from the whole world, especially from himself, which is the most difficult of all. She will never leave him, and if I don't bring matters to a head somehow, this may go on for years!"

"Bring it to a head, then, by going downstairs and refusing flatly to have anything to do with the experiment!"

"Marie will think me such a coward," he said hesitating.

"Good heavens! You don't imagine she wants you to undergo it, do you?" I cried. "You would not think so, if you heard her last command to me, as I left the laboratory," and I told him what she had said.

"My poor little girl! How she must have suffered! The strain is too much for her. You are right, Bertrand, I've been a weak fool, and we can't go on with it!"

He sat in deep thought for a moment or two, and then rose abruptly.

"If it has got to be done, there's no use in delaying. It's a beastly business; I feel such a traitor to the poor old man; I can feel his sad eyes looking me through this minute! He imagines that whoever else forsakes him Marie and I believe in him! Well! let's make a clean breast of it! Come on! I must explain to Marie!"

"She is in the laboratory," I said.

"I think not," he replied; "she told me that when I got down she would be gone; but we can see!"

He reached the door of the laboratory, and, very gently turning the handle, was about to enter, when the sound of voices inside made him pause. Holding up his hand for silence, he whispered to me:

"The poor old man is rehearsing the whole scene; he often does. I've listened to him by the hour; he's a born actor!"

This was what we heard, in a weak, quavering voice scarcely distinguishable, and like that of a person who spoke in a dream:

"The concentrated longing of all humanity from the beginning till now—is to know God. Aye, from the very first beginning. Ah! how long ago. The very earliest traces even of fossil man—are they not fully grown—and modern—in comparison with those forms which existed — when God — first — sowed the world with souls—"

Then in the Professor's own natural, eager voice—

"And had thy soul then its being?"

"Knowest thou—not—that the soul—is immortal? It hath no beginning—or ending. Seek to know no more!"

"Nay, but thou shalt tell me, aye, and with all the power thou hast" (the Professor's voice rose, and yet was almost choked with emotion). "Tell me, O Soul, where is the Almighty? Hast thou seen God?"

"Be still. No—man—can see God—and live. For thy sake—He shows Himself—in shadow only. Thinkest thou thy little brain—could hold—the Almighty? Hast thou counted the cost?"

"Aye, and had I a thousand lives I would fling all—all aside, could I but for one instant comprehend the Almighty. Speak! describe to me the scene where thou didst find Him?"

There was a long pause.

"I cannot—ask me not. Ah!"

This was a long sigh.

"Speak! speak! I am on fire! Delay not! It shall be thy last answer!"

Another long pause, and then—

"Hush-h-h—speak not. Hear how the thunder rolls! Look! the fierce lightning strikes his still, calm face! His form shines white against the angry sky. Ah!—cover my eyes! the lightning blinds me! all is black and terrible! Look! still He hangs there! Silent and awful! Oh! save me! save me! The whole world is shaking to pieces! The earth is giving way! I am falling! falling! Mercy! mercy! Cover me! hide me! 'Tis God—Ah!"

The voice rose to a shriek! My hair stood on end! There was a sudden crash as of something falling, and simultaneously the Professor's voice, in loud, unnatural, awful tones—"God! God!"

The shriek ended in a long wail which was scarcely human! It pierced the silence like a sharp knife.

A horrible thought took possession of both of us at the same moment. We flung open the door and rushed into the room. The Professor still sat in his chair by the glass case, but the speaking tube had fallen from his hand. His eyes were fixed in a wild, awful stare as if he had seen a vision that had paralysed them for ever. A glance showed me that he was dead!

A thin blue smoke filled the glass case, but through it we could see on the couch, wrapped in her rose-coloured silken robe, the beautiful form of Marie de Favart.

She was ghastly white, and even as we looked her colour seemed to change to a parchmenty yellow.

With a yell like that of a wounded wild animal, Clavering sprang to the case, and began to work the pulley before described. I rushed to the window and threw it wide, and then drew the whole glass roof open. In a second I had every available cushion in the room on the floor in front of the window, and was back to the case again.

By this time the blue smoke had reached the roof, and begun to mingle with the outer air. Suddenly, without

any warning, the whole place was shaken by the most violent hurricane. Pandemonium seemed to be let loose over our heads! The big elm in the garden was snapped in two, and, falling with a terrific crash, the topmost branches brushed against the window.

"Good God!" I exclaimed involuntarily, and then to Clavering sternly, "Keep your head, man; her life may depend on it!" He was trembling violently, and no wonder.

"Now then, you take her shoulders, and I her feet; gently, and quickly, too, or that infernal smoke will do for us both!"

It was but the work of a moment, and she lay on the cushions in front of the window.

Her pulse was almost imperceptible, and it was with difficulty we recognised that she still breathed. What was to be



He reached the door of the laboratory, and, very gently turning the handle, was about to enter.

done! Neither of us knew the nature of the powerful drug she had been inhaling, or what effect our remedies might have. Would they kill, or would they cure her? It was a terrible moment, but she seemed to be dying, and we had to chance something.

"Look here, old fellow, I'm going to inject ether, with your permission," I said, bringing the syringe from my pocket. "Something must be done, if it's not already too late; let's try the effect of this!"

"Wouldn't brandy be better?" asked Clavering anxiously.

"Not till she comes to a bit; we might choke her outright with it. Now then—there. All right, we must just wait now."

"O God, if she should die!" he cried wildly. "She took my place, and I was such a dull fool that I never even suspected it. Will she live, Bertrand; can't you say?"

"Don't know, will tell you in five minutes. If she lives till the ether begins to take effect, why then—"

We waited patiently; there was nothing else to do. Several times I thought she was gone; so did Clavering, and I saw him press his lips to her forehead with a terrible look of despair on his face. Poor fellow, it was an awful time for him. At last I was aware that there was a slight change in the pulse. It certainly was growing stronger. I looked at him and nodded. In a few minutes I was quite sure that this was the case; in fact, it was rapidly regaining strength. She turned her head, and sighed. "I wish we could get her out of this before she comes to," I said, glancing at the chair in which the Professor still sat.

We carried her between us to her room, and then called the household. Waiting until I was quite sure she was out of danger, and breathing naturally, we left her in charge of the housekeeper and her maid. Half an hour later they told us that she was asleep.

"The best thing for her over-strained brain," I said thankfully, and then for the first time that awful afternoon we breathed freely.

A few minutes later we stood in the laboratory. An inexplicable but very real sense of horror and mystery seemed to pervade the place.

Clavering approached the Professor, and gently endeavoured to close his eyes, but they would not be closed.

"We must lay him down," I said, for the ghastly face and staring eyes began to have a disquieting effect on our nerves. We laid him on the floor by the window, and covered his face.

"What do you suppose he died of?" said Clavering.

"Speaking as a medical man, I should say, sudden failure of the heart's action through shock," I replied. "But, speaking as an ordinary man, who allowed his imagination some slight range, I should say—the realisation of his supreme desire!"

"You mean—"

"I mean there is a look in his face of—not horror—and not surprise only—but a sort of entranced awfulness—as if what he saw was unexpected, and yet—but pshaw! Who is the madman now?" I said, laughing. "How do we know he saw anything? One shouldn't let these ideas take possession of one!"

"I don't know," said Clavering thoughtfully, "I have often found it extremely hard to realise that he was mad. He had a wonderful intellect, and was the most lovable man I have ever known. How can we tell how far he may have gone towards realising his desires?"

"True enough, and yet I am half ashamed of the feeling I have, that there was a great deal more in all this than we have imagined. If he was mad, there was plenty of method in his madness!"

"If he was mad. He may have been the 'First Dreamer' as he said himself, and if so he has been, as he also said, the 'First Martyr!' Who knows?"

"Possibly," said I, "but only the centuries to come can decide that point! And you and I shall be rotten by that time, so it won't concern us. But I agree with you heartily, mad or sane, he was a splendid old man!"

## EXPERIMENTS IN FLYING.

BY O. CHANUTE.

It is considerably over forty years since I first became interested in the problem of flight. This presented the attraction of an unsolved problem which did not seem as visionary as that of perpetual motion. Birds give daily proof that flying could be done, and the reasons advanced by scientists why the performance was inaccessible to man did not seem to be entirely conclusive, if sufficiently light motors were eventually to be obtained. There was, to be sure, a record of several thousand years of constant failures, often resulting in personal injuries; but it did not seem useless for engineers to investigate the causes of such failures, with a view to a remedy. I, therefore, gathered from time to time such information as was to be found on the subject, and added thereto such speculations as suggested themselves. After a while this grew absorbing, and interfered with regular duties, so that in 1874 all the accumulated material was rolled up into a bundle and red tape tied around it, a resolution being taken that it should not be undone until the subject could be taken up again without detriment to any duty. It was fourteen years before the knot was untied.

Meantime a considerable change had taken place in the public attitude on the question. It was no longer considered proof of lunacy to investigate it, and great progress had been made in producing artificial motors approximating those of the birds in relative lightness. The problem was, therefore, taken up again under more favourable circumstances. A study was begun of the history of past failures, and the endeavour was made to account for them. In point of fact, this produced a series of tech-

nical articles which swelled into a book,\* and also led to the conclusion that, when a sufficiently light motor was evolved, the principal cause of failure would be that lack of stability in the air which rendered all man-ridden flying-machines most hazardous; but that, if this difficulty were overcome, further progress would be rapid.

Experiments were, therefore, begun to investigate this question of stability and safety, and, if possible, to render the former automatic. These experiments were hundreds in number, and were, at first, very modest. They consisted in liberating weighted paper models of various shapes, either ancient or new, with gravity as a motive power, and observing their glides downward. This was done in still air. After a while, resort was had to larger models, with muslin wings and wooden frameworks, carrying bricks as passengers; and these were dropped from the house-top in the early morning when only the milkman was about. Very much was learned as to the effect of the wind; and then tail-less kites of all sorts of shapes were flown, to the great admiration of small boys. During the seven or eight years within which this work was carried on, some glimmerings were obtained of the principles involved, and some definite conclusions were reached. But it was only after Lilienthal had shown that such an adventure was feasible that courage was gathered to experiment with full-sized machines carrying a man through the air.

Otto Lilienthal was a very able Ger-

\* "Progress in Flying Machines," 1894. M. N. Forney, New York, publisher.



man engineer and physicist. He demonstrated that concave wings afforded, at very acute angles, from three to seven times as much support as flat wings in the air. He made, from 1891 to 1896, more than 2,000 successful glides, the longest being about 1,200 feet, upon machines of his own design, launching himself into the air from a hill-top and gliding down against the wind. In 1895, he endeavoured to add a motor, but found that this complicated the handling so much that he went back to his gliding device. It was while experimenting with a double-decked machine of this character, which probably was in bad order, that he fell and was killed in August, 1896. Thus perished the man who will probably be credited by posterity with having pointed out the best way to preliminary experiments in human flight through the air.

Just before this dismal accident, I had been testing a full-sized Lilienthal machine. I discarded it as hazardous, and then tested the value of an idea of my own. This was to follow the same general method, but to reverse the principle upon which Lilienthal had depended for maintaining his equilibrium in the air. He shifted the weight of his body, under immovable wings, as fast and as far as the sustaining pressure varied under his surfaces. This shifting was mainly done by moving the feet, as the actions required were small except when alighting. My notion was to have the operator remain seated in the machine in the air, and to intervene only to steer or to alight; moving mechanism being provided to shift the wings automatically, so as to restore the balance when endangered. There are several ways in which this can be done. Two of them have been worked out to a probable success in my experiments, and there is still a third, which I intend to test in due course.

To make such experiments truly instructive, they should be made with a full-sized machine, and with an operator riding therein. Models seldom fly twice alike in the open air (where there is almost always some wind), and they cannot relate the vicissitudes which they have encountered. A flying-machine would

be of little future use if it could not operate in a moderate wind; hence the necessity for an operator to report upon what occurs in flight, and to acquire the art of the birds. My own operations were conducted from that point of view, with the great disadvantage, however, that being over three-score years of age, I was no longer sufficiently young and active to perform any but short and insignificant glides in such tentative experiments; the latter being directed solely to evolving the conditions of stability, and without any expectation of advancing to the invention of a commercial flying-machine. I simply tested various automatic devices to secure equilibrium, and, with great anxiety, employed young and active assistants.

The best way to carry on such adventures is first to select a soft place on which to alight. This is well secured on a dry and loose sand-hill, and there ought to be no bushes or trees to run into. Our party found such sand-hills, almost a desert, in which we pitched our tent, on the shore of Lake Michigan, about thirty miles east of Chicago. The main hill selected was ninety-five feet high; but the highest point started from was sixty-one feet above the beach, as the best instruction was to be obtained from short glides at low speeds.

With parties of from four to six persons, five full-sized gliding machines\* (one rebuilt) were experimented with in 1896, and one in 1897. Out of these, two types were evolved, the "Multiple-Wing" and the "Two-Surfaced," which are believed to be safer than any heretofore produced, and to work out fairly well the problem of automatic equilibrium. The photographs herewith reproduced, many of them heretofore unpublished, are from snapshots taken of these two types. In 1896, very few photographs were taken, all the attention being devoted to studying the action of the machines, and the one picture shown is the sixth permutation of the "Multiple-Wing" machine, so-called. In 1897, there was more leisure to take snapshots, as the machine used was a

\* So termed to distinguish them from true flying machines, in which propulsion would be implied.



duplication of the "Two-Surfaced" of 1896, supplied with a regulating mechanism designed by Mr. A. M. Herring, my assistant. Each photograph was taken from a different experiment (there were about 1,000 glides); but the point of view was varied, so as to exhibit the consecutive phases of a single flight. The frog-like appearance of some of the legs is due to the speed.

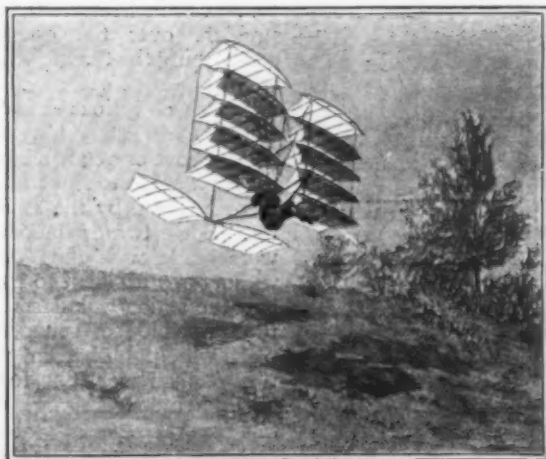
The first thing which we discovered practically was that the wind flowing up a hill-side is not a steadily flowing current like that of a river. It comes as a rolling mass, full of tumultuous whirls and eddies, like those issuing from a chimney; and they strike the apparatus with constantly varying force and direction, sometimes with drawing support when most needed. It has long been known, through instrumental observations, that the wind is constantly changing in force and

direction; but it needed the experience of an operator afloat on a gliding machine to realise that this all proceeded from cyclonic action; so that more was learned in this respect in a week than had previously been acquired by several years of experiments with models. There was a pair of eagles, living in the top of a dead tree about two miles from our tent, that came almost daily to show us how such wind effects are overcome and utilised. The birds swept in circles overhead on pulseless wings, and rose high up in air. Occasionally there was a side-rocking motion, as of a ship rolling at sea, and then the birds rocked back

to an even keel; but although we thought the action was clearly automatic, and were willing to learn, our teachers were too far off to show us just how it was done, and we had to experiment for ourselves.

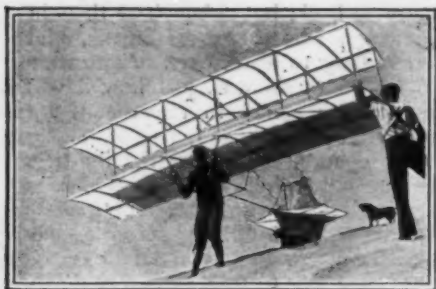
The operator stands on the hill-side. He raises up the apparatus, which is steadied by a companion, and quickly slips under and within the machine. He faces the wind. This wind buffets the wings from side to side, and up or down, so that he has much difficulty in obtaining a poise. This is finally accomplished by bracing the cross-piece of the machine's frame against his back, and

depressing the front edge of the wings so that they will be struck from above by the wind. His arm-pits rest on a pair of horizontal bars, and he grasps a pair of vertical bars with his hands. He is in no way attached to the machine, so that he may disengage himself

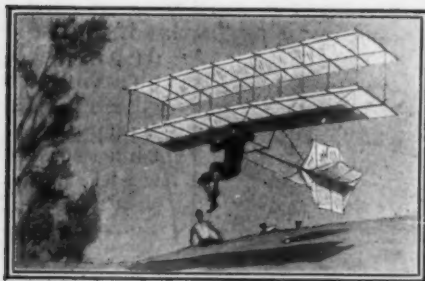


Mr. Chanute's Multiple-wing Gliding Machine.

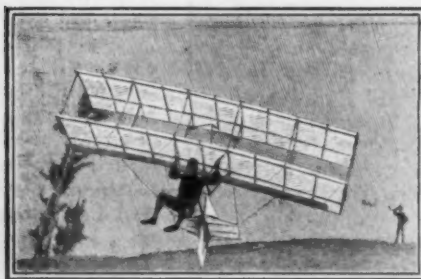
instantly should anything go wrong. Then, still facing dead into the wind, he takes one or two, never more than four, running steps forward, raising up the front edge of the apparatus at the last moment, and the air claims him. Then he sails forward into the wind on a generally descending course. The "Multiple-Wing" machine was provided with a seat, but, goodness! there was no time to sit down, as each glide of two to three hundred feet took but eight to twelve seconds, and then it was time to alight. This latter phase of the problem had been the subject of meditation for months, and the conclusion



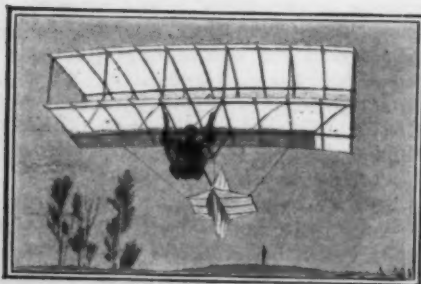
Struggling for a poise.



A good start.



Struck by a side gust.



Right again.

Experiments with machines invented by Mr. Chanute  
From photographs taken by him.

had been reached to imitate the sparrow. When the latter approaches the street, he throws his body back, tilts his outspread wings nearly square to the course, and on the cushion of air thus encountered he stops his speed and drops lightly to the ground. So do all birds. We tried it with misgivings, but found it perfectly effective. The soft sand was a great advantage, and even when the experts were racing there was not a single sprained ankle.

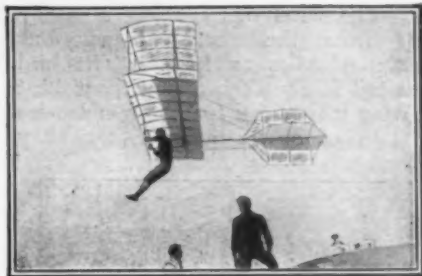
The rebuilt "Multiple-Wings" were pivoted at their roots, and vibrated backward and forward on ball-bearings, restrained by rubber springs. As the wind varied, they adjusted themselves thereto, and brought back the supporting air pressure over the operator, thus re-establishing the threatened balance. This was done automatically. But in consequence of various defects in construction and adjustment, the operator still had to move one or two inches, as against the from seven to fifteen inches of movement required by the Lilienthal apparatus. Some two or three hundred glides were made with the "Multiple-Wing" without any accident to man or machine, and the action was deemed so effective, the principle so sound, that the full plans were published in "The Aeronautical Annual" for 1897, for the benefit of experimenters desiring to improve on this apparatus.

There is no more delightful sensation than that of gliding through the air. All the faculties are on the alert, and the motion is astonishingly smooth and elastic. The machine responds instantly to the slightest movement of the operator; the air rushes by one's ears; the trees and bushes flit away underneath, and the landing comes all too quickly. Skating, sliding, and bicycling are not to be compared for a moment to aerial conveyance, in which, perhaps, zest is added by the spice of danger. For it must be distinctly understood that there is constant danger in such preliminary experiments. When this hazard has been eliminated by further evolution, gliding will become a most popular sport.

The "Two-Surfaced" machine, so-called, produced longer and more nume-

rous glides. There were perhaps 700 or 800, at a rate of descent of about one foot in six; so that while the longest distance traversed was 360 feet, we could have sailed 1,200 feet, had we started from a hill 200 feet high. In consequence of the speed gained by running, the initial stage of the flight is nearly horizontal, and it is thrilling to see the operator pass from thirty to forty feet overhead, steering his machine, undulating his course, and struggling with the wind gusts which whistle through the guy wires. The automatic mechanism restores the angle of advance when compromised by variations of the breeze; but when these come from one side and tilt the apparatus, the weight has to be shifted to right up the machine. This is generally done by thrusting out the feet towards the side which has been raised, a movement which is just the reverse of what would be instinctively made on the ground, but which becomes second nature to an expert. These gusts sometimes raise the machine from ten to twenty feet vertically, and sometimes they strike the apparatus from above, causing it to descend suddenly. When sailing near the ground, these vicissitudes can be counteracted by movements of the body of three or four inches; but this has to be done instantly, for neither wind nor gravity will wait on meditation. At a height of 300 or 400 feet the regulating mechanism would probably take care of these wind gusts, as it does, in fact, for their minor variations. The speed of the machine is generally about seventeen miles an hour over the ground, and from twenty-two to thirty miles an hour relative to the air. Constant effort was directed to keep down the velocity, which was at times fifty-two miles an hour. This is the purpose of the starting and gliding against the wind, which thus furnishes an initial velocity without there being undue speed at the landing. The highest wind we dared to experiment in blew at thirty-one miles an hour; when the wind was stronger, we waited and watched the birds.

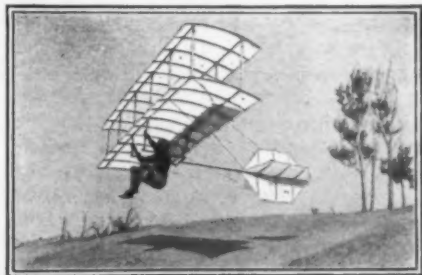
There was a gull came fishing over the lake, and took up his station over its very edge, about 100 feet high in



Rising.



Sailing.



Dropping.

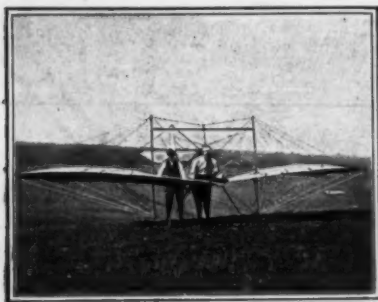


About to alight.

Experiments with machines invented by Mr. Chanute  
From photographs taken by him.

air. The wind was blowing a steady gale from the north at sixty-one measured miles an hour. The bird breasted it squarely, and without beat of wing maintained for five minutes his position of observation. Occasionally

with sudden flutterings, as if a terrifying suggestion had been made. The bolder birds occasionally swooped downward to inspect the monster more closely; they twisted their heads around to bring first one eye and then the other to bear, and



Preparing for the flight.



Ready.

The Pilcher Flying Machine.

there was a short, rocking motion fore and aft, or from side to side. At times he was raised several feet, and drifted backward; at others he drooped down; but he never flapped once. It was evident that he derived from the wind alone all the power required to remain afloat and to perforate the blast without drifting back. Whether man will ever be able to perform this feat, which has been termed "aspiration," is perhaps doubtful, but there is no mistake about the observation. The only thing we could not ascertain was whether our practice hill, 350 feet to his leeward, produced an ascending trend in the wind about the bird, who was level with its summit.

Another day a curious thing occurred. We had taken one of the machines to the top of the hill, and loaded its lower wings with sand to hold it while we went to lunch. A gull came strolling inland, and flapped full-winged to inspect. He swept several circles above the machine, stretched his neck, gave a squawk, and went off. Presently he returned with eleven other gulls, and they seemed to hold a conclave, about 100 feet above the big new white bird which they had discovered on the sand. They circled round after round, and once in a while there was a series of loud "peeps," like those of a rusty gate, as if in conference,

then they rose again. After some seven or eight minutes of this performance, they evidently concluded either that the stranger was too formidable to tackle, if alive, or that he was not good to eat, if dead, and they flew off to resume fishing, for the weak point about a bird is his stomach.

We did not have the slightest accident to lament during all our experiments. These were chiefly performed by two young, active men, who took turns, and who became expert in a week; but then, we attempted no feats and took no chances. Towards the last, we gained such confidence in the machines that we allowed amateurs to try them under guidance. Half a dozen performed fairly well, but awkwardly of course. One of them was our cook, who was by profession a surgeon, and one was a newspaper reporter who had succeeded in finding his way to the camp. Another was a novice; he was picked up by a wind gust, raised forty feet vertically, and gently set down again. Any young, quick, and handy man can master a gliding machine almost as soon as a bicycle, but the penalties for mistakes are much more severe. After all, it will be by the cautious, observant man—the man who accepts no risks which he can avoid, perhaps the ultra-timid man—

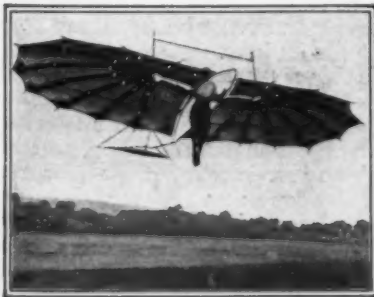


that this hazardous investigation of an art now known only to the birds will be most advanced. Not even the birds could have operated more safely than we; but they would have made longer and flatter glides, and they would have soared up into the blue.

In my judgment, neither of the machines above described is as yet perfected, and I believe it is still premature to apply an artificial motor. This is sure to bring about complications which it is preferable to avoid until the equilibrium has been thoroughly evolved. I, therefore, advise that every plausible method of securing stability and safety shall be tested, that many such experiments shall be made, first with models, and then with full-sized machines, and that their designer shall practise, practise, practise; to make sure of the action, to proportion and adjust the parts, and to eliminate hidden defects. If any feat is attempted it should be over water, in order to break the fall, should any occur. All this once accomplished, it will be time enough to apply a motor; and it seems not improbable that the gliding machine will furnish the prototype. This step by step process is doubtless slow and costly, but it greatly diminishes the chance of those accidents which bring a

tion: one man accomplishing some promising results, but stopping short of success; the next carrying the investigation somewhat further, and thus on, until a machine is produced which will be as practical as the "safety" bicycle, which took some eighty years for its development from the original despised velocipede.

Since the above described experiments were tried, another deplorable accident has come to reiterate the necessity for extreme caution. Mr. Percy S. Pilcher, a young, accomplished, and enthusiastic English engineer, lost his life September 30, 1899, while making experiments in soaring with a machine of his own design upon the Lilienthal principle. He had already performed hundreds of glides since 1894, and had introduced a method of towing the machine with horses by means of a long cord with multiple tackle, so that he could rise from level ground. On this occasion, a first successful flight was made; but on the second trial, after a height of some thirty feet had been gained, a snap was heard, the tail was seen to collapse, and the apparatus dived forward, and fell to the ground, Mr. Pilcher receiving injuries from which he died two days later. He doubtless was the victim of his own ami-



Sailing.



Dropping and going fast.

The Pilcher Flying Machine.

whole line of investigation into contempt. We have no reason to believe that, contrary to past experience, a practical flying-machine will be the result of the happy thought of one or of two persons. It will come rather by a process of evolu-

tion, for his apparatus had been wet by a shower, so that the canvas of the tail had shrunk, thus producing undue strains upon the bamboo stretcher, the wind was gusty, and the weather very unfavourable; but as many persons had



come from a distance to witness the experiments, Mr. Pilcher did not like to disappoint them, and accepted the undue risks which cost him his life. He was less than thirty-four years of age, a skilful and earnest mechanic, who had already built the oil engine and screw which he meant to apply to his machine.

Notably enough, he had written to me some eighteen months before for leave to copy and test one of my machines, which leave, with instructions, had, of course, been gladly given. The machine had been built, and was to have been tried on the following day. It is a curious coincidence that Lilienthal is said to have also built a machine, quite original with him, upon the same principle as that above alluded to, and that this also was to have been tested within a day or two of the owner's death. It is idle to speculate on what would have been the result; but then accidents might have happened in my own work, and I am profoundly thankful that we were spared such anguish.

Having been compelled, for the last two years, to give all my time and attention to a practical business, I have been unable to experiment; but I have had an expert testing models of a third method of securing automatic stability, with which I hope to experiment full-sized.

Aside from the more imaginative and eccentric inventors, there are now a number of scientific investigators who are working to bring about the solution of this difficult problem; and it is not at all improbable that some experimenter will succeed, within a year or so, in making a flight of something like a mile with a motor. This is now fairly feasible, and there are several inventors who are preparing to attempt it. But between this achievement and its extension to a journey, or even to its indefinite repetition, there will intervene many accidents. Nor

is there a fortune to be made by the first successful man. Experimenters who wish to advance the final solution of the quest surely and safely must work without expectation of other reward than that of being remembered hereafter; for, in the usual course of such things, it will be the manufacturers who will reap the pecuniary benefits when commercial flying-machines are finally evolved. There will probably be two types of these, one of them a machine for sport, with a very light and simple motor, if any, carrying but a single operator, and deriving most of its power from wind and gravity, as do the soaring birds. This will be used in competitions of skill and speed, and there will be no finer or more exciting sport. The other future machine will probably be of a journeying type. It will be provided with a powerful, but light, motor and with fuel for one or two days' travel. It will preferably carry but a single man, and will be utilised in exploration and in war. Its speed will be from thirty to sixty miles an hour at the beginning, and eventually much greater, for it is a singular fact that the higher speeds require less power in the air, within certain limits, than low speeds. At high velocities, the surfaces may be smaller, lie at flatter angles, and offer less resistance, but the pressure then increases on the framework, and the ultimate speed may not be more than 80 or 100 miles an hour.

Neither of these machines seems likely to compete with existing modes of transportation. But be this as it may, every improvement in transportation, whether in cheapness, in comfort, or in speed, soon develops new and sometimes unexpected uses of its own; so, even with sober anticipation of the benefits to be realised, investigators and public-spirited men may well afford to advance the solution of a problem which has so warmly appealed to the imagination of men for the past forty or fifty centuries.





BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

"Do you see, Mr. Arneston? Isn't it shocking? Can't we do something, speak to the captain or the purser? Surely that sort of thing ought not to be allowed."

They had paused in their promenade up and down the deck of the Cunarder. The night was warm for the time of the year, and someone had fastened back the door of the smoking - room. They themselves, the man and the girl, stood in the darkness. The room into which they looked was ablaze with softly flashing electric lights. At a little round table four men were seated playing cards. Before each was a little pile of chips. They played quickly and in silence, after the fashion of gamblers. Of the four, three were of uninteresting appearance, the fourth was conspicuous amongst them both for his youth and good looks. It was towards him that the girl had motioned, it was upon his pale, nervous face that her eyes were bent now, full of anxiety and concern.

"It seems such a shame," she whispered, looking up at her companion. "He is so young, and I know that he cannot afford it. Can't we do something?"

Her arm tightened a little upon his. Her tone was full of pleading, for, like



"Isn't it shocking?"

all women and most men, she had great faith and much confidence in the man by her side. Stephen Arneston looked from her to the boy and back again.

"Well, I'm afraid that's not easy," he said. "Mr. Franklin is not very old, and not very wise, but he's Britisher enough to hate being interfered with. Besides, he's a stranger to me. I'm afraid I should only get a snubbing if I interfered."

"A snubbing from a boy," she answered, smiling appealingly up at him. "Why, I don't think that will hurt you very much, Mr. Arneston. Don't you want to go in and talk to him?"

How interested she was! He smothered a sigh, and looked idly in through the open door.

"It would be so nice of you," she murmured.

"But what can I do?" he objected. "I have scarcely spoken to any of those men all the voyage. I can't go in and force myself upon them."

"Mr. Arneston."

"Well?"

"Suppose that he was your younger brother?"

"I wish he were yours."

She laughed softly, such a delicate, musical little laugh.

"Why?"

"Do you want to know?" he asked.

A little flush of colour came into her cheeks. She was wonderfully pretty. A little wisp of her hair brushed against his cheek. She drew further away from him, but her fingers remained upon his arm.

"We are wasting time, and it is so foolish of you," she said. "You know what I mean, what I want you to do. If Mr. Franklin were your brother you wouldn't see him sit there night after night and lose, lose, lose all the time. You'd interfere or something, I know. Please."

He sighed heavily and withdrew his arm. "Well, let me tuck you up in your chair first, and make you comfortable," he said, "then I'll see whether I can send him out to you."

She withdrew herself with an alacrity which irritated him.

"No, don't wait," she begged, "go in now; please don't wait. I shall be all

right, and Mrs. Chase is over there in her chair. I shall talk to her for a few minutes."

Stephen Arneston stooped low, for he was a tall man, and entered the smoking-room. The little party at the table glanced up as he entered, but no one addressed him. He lit a cigarette, and took a seat from where he could overlook the boy's hand.

There were four in the party playing poker. What the stakes were Arneston had no means of telling, but they were evidently high from the curious rapt attention which each one was giving to his hand. The man sitting on the boy's left hand was an American, Mortimer Hansom, and he was certainly the coolest of the party. Opposite to him was an Englishman, who played always with the utmost care, but who, from his irritated manner, was obviously a loser, and on his left was an oil merchant from Cincinnati, who spat on the floor and smoked all day and all night, soft, black cigars of appalling strength. Arneston glanced at the other two and Franklin carelessly, then he fixed his attention upon Hansom. There was something about the man which puzzled him.

By-and-bye, a little stir amongst the party attracted him. Franklin was raising the draw. Hansom was raising back. From where he lounged, Arneston could see the boy's hand, and his lips resolved themselves into a half-formed whistle. The boy was in luck. He had been dealt four tens.

"Two hundred."

"And a hundred," Hansom replied, nonchalantly.

"And another," the boy declared.

"Five hundred," from Hansom.

The Englishman, with an exclamation of disgust, threw his cards upon the table. The oil merchant had gone out at the first raise. The boy's hand was shaking; he could not control his excitement.

"Six hundred."

"Make it a thousand, if you like," Hansom remarked, laying down his hand to light a cigarette. "Only us two in, so we may as well have a little gamble."

"I'll play for a thousand," the boy said hoarsely.

The oil merchant, who was dealing,

took up the pack and looked towards the boy. He hesitated, fingering one of his cards nervously. Then he threw it, face downwards, upon the table.

"One."

The card dealt him he scarcely glanced at. The dealer turned to Hansom, who looked his hand through thoughtfully.

"I guess I'll play what I've got," he remarked, laying them down and lolling back in his chair. "Your bet, Mr. Franklin."

"Make it fifteen hundred," the boy said, wetting his lips.

"Two thousand."

The boy steadied himself and hesitated.

"I ought to raise you," he said, "but I've no more money. What have you got?"

Hansom turned them over one by one — nine, ten, knave, queen, king of clubs. The boy watched each card with fascinated eyes and slowly whitening cheeks. As he realised the truth, the perspiration broke out on his forehead. The other two players looked at Hansom with awe-stricken faces.

"It is the first straight flush," he remarked, pleasantly, "which I have ever held. Oblige me by touching the bell, sir.

We will drink a bottle of wine to it. I'm sorry to run up against you again," he continued, turning carelessly to the boy. "I suppose you had something good?"

"I had four tens," the boy answered.

A little murmur of sympathy. "Darned

hard lines!" from the oil merchant, a chuckle from the Englishman, who was thanking his stars that he was out of it. Then the waiter brought in wine. The boy drained his glass, and rose none too steadily.

"You'll excuse me," he said. "I think I've had about enough poker for to-night."

A little murmur which he ignored. He made his way out on to the deck. Arneston followed a moment or two later.

She was already by his side. They were leaning over the rail together as though watching the phosphorus. Arneston moved into the shadow of the awning, and stood there with his eyes fixed upon them, and a bitter smile parting his thin lips. Her frank, sweet face was upturned towards the boy's. There were tears in her eyes; she was even holding his hand. The boy was looking away. Stephen Arneston turned on his heel and swore.

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He came face to face with her a few minutes later. Her eyes were still dimmed with tears. She stopped short in front

of him, and he felt instinctively the change in her attitude. He had been tried and found wanting.

"Mr. Arneston, will you tell me what has happened?" she demanded.

"I am afraid," he answered, "that Mr. Franklin has lost a good deal of money."



They were leaning over the rail.



"You were there?" she exclaimed. "You saw it happen? You made no effort to interfere?"

He looked down at her coldly.

"Please be reasonable, Miss Van Decker," he said. "What possible excuse had I for interfering? Mr. Franklin would have been the first to tell me to mind my own business. So far as I could see the money was fairly lost and won. I was quite powerless. I had not even the excuse of being a friend of Mr. Franklin's. I have not spoken a dozen words to him in my life."

"It seems to have been no one's business," she said bitterly, "to prevent a boy's ruining himself. No, I can manage alone, thanks. Good-night, Mr. Arneston."

She passed him and went below. Arneston lit a cigar, and leant over the rail. To all appearance he was enjoying the cool night wind, the moonlit sea, the soft swirl of the water parted by the bow of the steamer and falling away in little showers of fire with a thousand phosphorescent lights. But as a matter of fact he saw none of these things. His eyes were fixed upon vacancy; he was looking backwards down the long, dreary avenue of a life of disappointments and many evil things.

He resumed his walk, for a girl's face had floated up before his eyes, and of her he did not dare to think. So he walked fast and smoked fiercely for more than an hour. Then the sound of a laugh, a man's laugh, echoing out from that still open door, brought him suddenly to a standstill. His whole expression had changed. He listened again; there was something in the voice too. Then he hesitated no longer. He entered the smoking-room, and sat for awhile in a dark corner, with his eyes fixed upon Mr. Mortimer Hansom. For an hour or more he watched him covertly. Then he yawned, bade a general good-night, and walked out.

Again he lingered on deck, looking once more seaward with blind eyes. Something of a struggle held the man. He might save the boy, but at what a cost! After all, if she cared for Franklin, what did it matter? It was his luck, he mut-

tered, bitterly. The sudden access of good fortune which was taking him back to his native country with a new lease of life before him had suddenly become a flavourless thing. It had come to him late in life, this sudden flood of affection, half passionate, half tender. He was forty years old, and never until she had stepped on to the steamer at Boston had her sex or any member of it been to him anything save an object of half cynical, half scornful indifference. Now he was realising with a vengeance the existence of what he had always regarded as the folly of weaker men. He faced the problem boldly. In his new personality as John Arneston, of Arneston Court, a great landowner, head of a family who for hundreds of years had thought themselves greater because untitled—well, he had a chance. She had welcomed his society, a frank and pleasant comradeship had existed between them, dating from the first evening when their sense of humour had been jointly touched and their eyes had met across the dinner table. Only there was the boy. They were old friends, and until the poker had been started he had been her constant companion. Now the boy was ruined. She was cherishing, it was true, an unreasonable anger against him, but that must pass away. In the morning she would see things more fairly. She would recognise the fact that after all there was nothing which he could have done. A ruined boy would surely not be a formidable rival. A sense of his folly must, on cool reflection, outweigh her sympathy. She might pity him, but his plight was not one to inspire respect, and she was not the woman to love without it. But on the other side came all those swift, chivalrous impulses which had kept him poor all his days, but which had left in his wake both men and women who spoke of him with bated breath, a prodigy, a man on the surface as hard as nails, but with the great heart of a woman hidden away like a thing to be ashamed of. He might save the boy yet, and lose her. The one would very likely involve the other. The boy was nothing to him but an obstacle, yet he never hesitated. Only he cursed the



laugh, the open door, and the favouring wind which had brought it to his ears.

An hour later, when Mr. Mortimer Hansom lifted the sheet which hung outside his state-room and stepped inside, he was surprised to find a man fully dressed sitting upon his bunk. He was still more surprised to see that the intruder was John Arneston, and to find himself looking into the dark muzzle of a Colt's revolver. He uttered a little exclamation of surprise, and threw up his hands with a familiar gesture. It was quite like old times.

"Don't make a noise," Arneston said softly. "Sit down opposite to me there. I want to talk to you; only a few words."

Mr. Mortimer Hansom was nervous and shaken, but he seated himself as desired and attempted a little weak bluster.

"What the deuce do you want with me?" he asked.

"With Mr. Mortimer Hansom," Arneston said, coolly, "nothing. With Jim Morton—just a word, that's all."

"Well, I'm—"

"You can protest till you're black in the face," Arneston continued. "I can stand it. This is what I have to say. You have won over a thousand pounds from young Franklin on this trip. It will have to be refunded."

Hansom, whose face was white with fury, touched the button of the electric light which was by his side. He leant forward, peering curiously into Arneston's face, very pale now in this moment of his danger, but unflinching.

"Who the deuce are you?" he asked, musingly, half to himself.

Arneston shrugged his shoulders.

"That has nothing to do with the matter," he said.

A sudden light flashed into Hansom's face, triumphant, yet fearful. Arneston



Found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver.

set his lips hard, but his heart sank like lead. He was lost.

"Now, I understand," Hansom exclaimed bitterly. "Too small fish for the prince himself, eh? I don't care. It's a dirty game to sit by without a word and then expect to rope in the coin."

"I do not understand you," Arneston said. "What I require is that you return that money to young Franklin, nothing more or less."

"Oh, don't try to bluff me," the other exclaimed, disgusted. "You'll have to stand in, I suppose, but it's hard lines. How much do you want?"

"What I want is this, and this only," Arneston said firmly. "That—money—is—to—be—returned—to—young—Franklin. If it is not done by to-morrow night, I shall go to the captain. You can guess what the result of that will be."

Hansom was bewildered.

"What's your game, then?" he exclaimed. "I don't see what you're driving at. Do you want to win it from him yourself—to get the lot?"



His face turned to the west wind.

Arneston rose. "By ten o'clock to-morrow evening," he said, "that money is to be returned. You know the alternative."

Hansom faced him white and angry. "How on earth am I to return it?" he asked. "He won't take it. How could he? You don't want me to give myself away altogether, I suppose?"

Arneston hesitated. "There is no necessity for that," he said. "You can lose it back to him to-morrow."

He lifted the sheet and stepped outside. Hansom forgot to wish him good-night.

• • • • •

Arneston was an early riser. The decks were barely scrubbed before he was on deck, bare-headed, his face turned to the west wind, which came

sweeping across the wilderness of white-topped waves and deep grey hollows. They were rising and falling heavily, sailors were busy lashing the chairs, and little fountains of white spray leaped every moment into the fleeting sunlight. Turning near the gangway, he came face to face with Helen Van Decker.

She smiled and held out her hand. They walked side by side.

"Do you know I wanted to see you early, Mr. Arneston," she said. "I was wrong last night, and unjust. There was nothing which you could do. Will you forgive me?"

He bowed his head. He felt the compulsion of her eyes, but he struggled against it.

"There is nothing," he said quietly, "to forgive."

She was not satisfied quite. She stole a sidelong glance at him, and was shocked at the colourless cheeks and the black lines under his eyes.

"Why, Mr. Arneston, you are ill," she exclaimed. "I'm so sorry. Isn't there anything we can do?"

He shook his head.

"I had rather a bad night," he said, "but there's nothing the matter."

"I think I shall have to look after you to-day," she said, laughing. "You were so nice to me when I wasn't feeling well. Don't you think I'd make a real good nurse? Come, one more turn, and we must go down for breakfast. I want to tell you something, Mr. Arneston. Dick has been awfully good and sensible. He has promised me faithfully not to touch a card again this voyage. It's such a relief to me."

He stopped short. "Not—not to play again at all?" he asked.

She looked at him surprised.

"Not even to touch a card," she declared vigorously. "Don't you think it's real sensible of him?"

"I don't know," he said, "he might win back some of his losings."

She dropped his arm and looked at him in honest amazement.

"Well, I am surprised to hear you talk like that, Mr. Arneston. Please don't put any such idea into his head. Now, we've got to amuse him all day. Shall

we get up a shuffle-board tournament or play cricket?"

They drifted into general conversation, and presently went down to breakfast. Franklin came disconsolately up to them afterwards, and they played shuffle-board with much energy until nearly luncheon time. Hansom, who had come out of the smoking-room as though to watch, touched Arneston on the shoulder.

"I'm not going to wait about all day," he said, shortly. "When are you going to bring the young cub in?"

"Directly," Arneston answered. "Go back and wait."

Hansom moved sullenly off. A few minutes later Arneston was alone with the boy.

"Miss Van Decker tells me that you have sworn off poker," he remarked.

The boy nodded.

"I promised I wouldn't play again this trip."

Arneston smiled.

"I don't know much about it," he said, "but that seems rather a pity to me. Winnings and losings, in my experience, generally level themselves up. It's a mistake to leave off just because you've been hit."

"That's exactly what I tell Helen," Franklin exclaimed, eagerly. "I feel an awful ass to have made such a promise. However, I've made it, and there's an end of it, I suppose. She won't let me off."

Arneston said nothing at the moment. They stood for a while watching a passing steamer. Then he touched the boy on the shoulder.

"Let us go in the smoking-room and have a drink," he said. "I won the pool yesterday and I must stand those fellows some champagne."

The boy followed him with alacrity.

At luncheon the two seats on either side of Helen Van Decker remained empty. Helen, who was somewhat of an impatient young woman, waited for a quarter of an hour, and then went up on deck. Neither Franklin nor Arneston was visible. She was just giving up the search when a familiar voice from the smoking-room brought her to a sudden standstill. The door was closed, but, after a moment's hesitation, she opened it. She

stood upon the threshold amazed, speechless with disgust and anger; for, not only was the boy seated there with cards in his hand, a pile of chips before him, but his opposite neighbour was John Arneston.

"Dick!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Arneston!"

Arneston rose respectfully, and turned a pale, sorrowful face towards her, but he did not say a word. The boy frowned.

"Don't bother now, please, Helen," he said. "I shall not be down to luncheon."

She looked at Arneston once again, and his eyes fell before the withering contempt of her gaze. Then she came boldly into the room, and laid her hand lightly upon the boy's shoulder.

"Your promise, Dick," she said, softly.

"Well, I've broken it," he answered, shortly. "It was a silly promise to make. The luck has changed to-day. Do, please, go away, Helen. Ladies are not allowed in here."

She passed out with never a glance at Arneston, who held back the open door for her. The game went on in silence.

At four o'clock Arneston leant back in his chair. "You're a bit in, aren't you, Franklin?" he asked.

The boy nodded. "Yes, I'm about straight," he answered, triumphantly.

Arneston took the cards and tore them deliberately in halves.

"That's enough," he said. "Let's get out of this cursed atmosphere and have a blow on deck."

The boy grumbled.

"My luck has just turned," he said.

"Let's go on a bit."

But Arneston's words seemed to rule the little party, and they broke up. With flushed cheeks and bright eyes, the boy went off to find Helen Van Decker.

Every afternoon during the voyage Helen had given them tea in a quiet corner. Walking restlessly up and down, Arneston came upon them both. Helen's hand was upon the teapot. Her eyes met his without a quiver of recognition. The boy looked ill at ease, but remained speechless; so Arneston passed on imperturbable, without apparent consciousness of their near presence. He sank into a distant chair, and half closed his

eyes. It was not the first time in his life that he had saved another at his own expense. Only this time it hurt.

The boy came up to him an hour or so later, awkward, a little shamefaced.

"I say, I'm sorry about Miss Van Decker," he began. "Just like a girl, you know. So beastly unreasonable. She's angry because you played cards with me after she'd told you that I'd sworn off."

"It is of no consequence, thank you," Arneston said, wearily.

The boy lingered.

"Far as I'm concerned," he said, "I'm jolly well obliged to you. If I'd had to stump up my uncle would never have forgiven me, for I've been in a tight corner once before, and the money I've got with me is really his. I should have been in a beastly mess if I hadn't had a run of luck this morning. Besides, I'm going to be married soon."

Arneston half closed his eyes again.

"If you take my advice," he said, quietly, "you will make a resolution and keep to it. Never play cards with strangers, and never risk more than you can afford to lose."

The boy went off laughing. Arneston ordered his dinner to be brought on deck. It was a needless precaution, for next time he entered the saloon he found that his two neighbours had removed to another table.

Meanwhile, Mr. Mortimer Hansom nursed his wrongs until the desire for revenge became insupportable. He was never out of the smoking-room, and he knew nothing of the altered position of affairs. He remembered having seen Arneston and Miss Van Decker together a good deal, and decided to make their friendship his opportunity. He accosted her, hat in hand, on the last afternoon.

"Might I have a word with you, Miss Van Decker?"

She looked at him, surprised but acquiescent.



"I've been such an idiot."

"It's about Mr. Arneston. It isn't my business, I know, but I feel I'd like to tell you something."

She nodded.

"Well?"

"He seems to be posing here as a sort of gentleman-at-ease. He ain't. He's a professional gambler, and the cleverest that ever set foot in America. We're all babies to him."

She caught at the railing, and was suddenly white. Hansom chuckled softly to himself.

"So you're—a professional gambler, too, are you?" she remarked.

He laughed shortly.

"Well, I gave myself away a bit, I'll allow," he said. "Anyhow, here's facts. I won money from a young cub on board here, and Arneston got to know. He came to my room one night, and actually held a revolver to my head while he made me promise to give up the lot."

"And did you?" she asked.

"I agreed to let the kid win it back," he answered. "There wasn't any other

way of returning it. He wouldn't share with me like a white man—wanted the lot, and I expect he's got it by now. You'll forgive the liberty I've taken, young lady, but it don't seem right not to tell you."

"Forgive you? Rather!" she exclaimed, flashing a radiant smile upon him. "I'm ever so much obliged to you."

Arneston came along the deck, his face, as usual, turned seawards, his hands behind him. She left Hansom abruptly, and walked up to him. Hansom chuckled.

"Mr. Arneston," she cried, holding out both her hands, "I've been such an idiot. Can you forgive me?"

A red flush stained his cheeks. He looked at her eagerly.

"You don't know everything," he said.

"I know all I want to know now, or at any time—there," she answered frankly. "I was foolish about Dick. But, you see, he's half-engaged to my youngest sister, and they're very fond of one another."

"Not—not to you?" he stammered.

She looked at him and blushed delightfully.

"You silly man," she murmured, and thrust her arm through his.

Mr. Mortimer Hansom watched them stroll off, amazed. Then he pitched his cigar overboard in disgust.

"It strikes me," he muttered, on his way back to the smoking-room, "that I've made a fool's mess of it."



"Nae man can tether time or tide;  
The hour approaches, Tam maun ride."

*Tam O'Shanter.*





## THE MAKING OF MUSIC.

IT is curious to compare our idea of the cultivation of music as merely an elegant accomplishment for ladies, with the ancient Greek idea of it as a potent instrument of moral and intellectual culture for men. A man's music, according to the Spartans, was the source of his courage; it distinguished the brave man from the coward, and taught aspiring youth how to compete in the wrestling ring, or to die on the field of battle. The laws of Solon laid it down as the one compulsory subject of instruction. Pythagoras held that it produced three things especially useful to men, ensuring the power of giving form to thought, engendering the instinct of social tact, and inviting the learner to tranquillity of soul. Even Plato taught something very similar to this. "Boys who receive a proper musical education," he says, "will know when to be quiet in the presence of their elders, when to get up and when to sit down; they will know the respect they must pay to their parents; and in smaller things also they will be equally adept, as, for instance, in the fashion of cutting their hair, what clothes to wear, and what style of shoes to adopt; in fact, they will be versed in all the niceties of the toilet. And the reason of this is," he continues, "that the love of music naturally shades off into the love of beauty generally." These speculations of the days "When Music, heavenly maid, was young," appear merely fanciful and fantastic to the modern mind, although the Spartan idea seems to survive in the military bands which are still useful for leading our regiments to the field of battle.

Music, to us, seems to be more particu-

larly the expression of joy: and the ploughman whistling as he follows his horses up and down in the inspiring air of the open country-side, or the happy housewife singing to herself as she performs the daily round of her domestic duties, are giving voice to the same instinct which impels us to call for more elaborate music whenever a great deed is to be celebrated, or whenever numbers of us are gathered together for the more commonplace purposes of amusement or festivity. At the same time, there is no question that of late years it has become more and more apparent to us that music may become a really powerful factor in popular culture. Perhaps one reason for this is that its universal language, appealing as it does directly to the emotions of all, young or old, rich or poor, to the intellectual and to the mentally deficient, gives it an advantage over its sister arts. They, or, at any rate, painting, sculpture, and architecture, not only involve a good deal of preparatory study, but the masterpieces of their professors are mostly placed entirely beyond the reach of all but the leisured and wealthy few, whereas, by means of the "drawing-room orchestra," as someone happily termed the pianoforte, most of us are free to study and enjoy the finest musical compositions of the greatest masters of all times and countries in our own homes.

But this advantage on the side of music is not an unalloyed gain. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, or the architect produces a finished work, and there it stands complete and lasting for the admiration of all who are capable of appreciating it. But, paradoxical as it may sound, music is born dumb. With-

out a performer and an instrument, it must remain as though it did not exist: and we find that our opportunities of the desiderated culture depend on the making of some instrument, composed of wood, and iron, and wire, and other materials, liable to every variation of the atmosphere, and liable to give us good, bad, or indifferent results according to the materials

of which it is composed, and the skill with which these have been put together. Yet, although no house, even of the humblest description, is now considered complete without a piano, it is really astonishing how little thought most people give to anything more than the decorative aspects of their instrument.

Last June there was a Press view at Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' show rooms in Wigmore Street, when a number of new models, and their new scales, were exhibited for expert inspection; and it occurred to the present writer that the best way of affording the uninitiated some glimpse of what is involved in the production of a really first-class piano would be to give a short sketch of what he had previously seen when on a visit to the Brinsmead factories at Kentish Town. Of course it is quite obvious that a pianoforte maker has need of a large stock of various kinds of wood. But it is very doubtful whether anyone would be prepared to see such a stock of timber as he will find piled up in the yards and rising tier upon tier on the roofs of the buildings at these famous factories. There was no less than 698,446 superficial feet of it on the premises at the date referred to, and it consisted of oak, beech, cedar, pine, mahogany, and other woods



Bellying and Marking-off Room.

gathered from all the four quarters of the globe. Before a single piece of all this wood is deemed fit for use in pianoforte making, it is carefully stacked and left to dry in the yards or on the roof, exposed to sun and rain and wind, for a period of five years, so that all the sap is dried up within it, and it becomes properly bleached and hardened. Then, after being roughly cut according to prospective requirements, it undergoes a further period of drying indoors, in rooms which are kept at a temperature of 80 deg. Fah. all the year round. Of course, all this means that our first-class piano manufacturer must be prepared to have many thousand pounds' worth of capital lying idle for the whole of this probationary period in order to ensure that his instruments shall be made of stuff that will "stand."

He also needs a good deal of elaborate machinery. The first place this wood will find its way to after being properly seasoned is the mill-room. And there ghastly, whirring circular saws may be seen at work slitting huge pieces of chestnut, or some other hard wood, as if they were soft as so much cucumber, or thin band saws may be watched working their way, according to marked patterns, through solid blocks sixteen inches thick,

or fretsaws cutting inside circles, or planing machines going at the rate of five thousand revolutions a minute, may be observed smoothing a dozen or more pine boards almost as quickly as one can write the words; to say nothing of a number of other ingenious machines, all appearing to go of themselves in a mysterious and magical way by reason of the fact that the driving belts, for avoidance of danger, are all fixed in a basement beneath the mill-room floor.

It would not interest the general reader, even were it possible to accomplish the feat within our present limits,



Stringing Room.

to describe in detail the whole process of pianoforte making from start to finish; but a glance here and there at some of the more important, or some of the more curious, aspects of the business may be both interesting and instructive. An elevator having carried the visitor to the top of the building, he may glance through one or more of the series of store-rooms wherein are stocked numbers of variously-shaped pieces of different kinds of wood such as were previously seen in course of preparation in the mill-room below. Then he may turn his attention to the fitting of some of these

together; to the fitting and glueing of the "backs;" or of the pieces of hard beech and spruce which go to form the wooden "wrest-planks;" or to the strengthening of sounding-boards, of Swiss or Hungarian pine, with what are technically termed "belly-bars." And he will notice that every piece of wood is carefully warmed in a hot cupboard before any glue is applied to it, and immediately afterwards subjected to such pressure that every particle of the glue which does not penetrate into the natural pores of the wood is forced out and rejected. And if he should happen by

chance to enquire what kind of glue is used, he will be told that it is "good enough to eat," being, in fact, quite as pure as much of the gelatine that actually is eaten in one's confectionery. So important is a fine quality of glue that the Brinsmeads decline to save a sum approaching to £200 a year, which they might easily do if they would consent to use an inferior de-

scription of this apparently insignificant material.

Each sounding-board consists of about thirty separate pieces of wood, firmly glued together, and the necessary pressure to consolidate them is applied by means of what are called "gobars," which, as shown in the illustration, look like the sturdy, stringless bows of a troop of old English archers, as they are bent between the sounding-board and a false roof overhead. The object of this arrangement is to bring a perfectly level pressure on every part of the glued material, and the visitor will probably be

greatly astonished when he is told that these "gobars" exert a pressure equal to the weight of several tons. The sounding-board, or "belly" as the manufacturer calls it, is one of the vital points of a piano, for without it, no matter how violently the strings might vibrate, we should, to all intents and purposes, get no tone at all.

Another vital point in a piano is the string-frame, technically known as the "back." In most of the best modern pianos the string-frame is made of iron, with a wooden wrest-plank inserted into it for the bearing of the strings, and it will be noticed that the wood used for this purpose is composed of numerous layers of varying thickness, with the grain running in different directions. But among the numerous improvements which the Brinsmeads have devised for their pianos is a frame cast, with wrest-plank complete, in one solid piece of iron. This frame is obviously the better able to stand the enormous strain of the strings, which in an upright grand is equal to a pressure of something like twenty tons; and it has also rendered possible an improved method of stringing, which, in its turn, has paved the way for a simplified method of tuning. These iron frames were to be seen in different parts of the factories in various stages of progress: in one place being drilled with row upon row of various sized holes for the pegs and nuts and screws which hold the strings in position, in another place being japanned and lacquered till they look like burnished gold, elsewhere being joined to the sounding-board, or fitted with strings of varying length and thickness and weight.



Grand Case-making Shop.

After the skeleton of a piano has been strung it is taken to one of the case-shops to be clothed in whatever suit of walnut, or rosewood, or mahogany may be intended for it, and these cases vary according to climatic, artistic, or other considerations. The case of a grand piano is usually made of five separate layers of wood, that have been steamed, and "bucked," and glued together in such a manner as to give a strength and durability that no single piece of timber of the hardest description could make any approach to. And the artistic ornamentation of the cases is on a par with the perfection of the sound-producing parts. One of our illustrations gives a black and white representation of a beautiful Louis XV. grand model, which is a triumph in its particular style; and another will perhaps give the reader some faint impression of a new and original idea for the decoration of pianos for which the Brinsmeads have secured a monopoly. This consists in the insertion in the centre of the panel of a fine reproduction, executed in colour on glass, of a noted picture by some famous painter. The one in our illustration shows Mr. Marcus Stone's "Foretaste of Summer," but the purchaser may make his choice from a number of pictures, including Mr. Alma

Tadema's "Reading from Homer" and "Earthly Paradise," or "The Captive Andromache," and these various pictures are interchangeable.

The pianoforte has been in a constant state of evolution, and to enumerate all the various improvements which the Brinsmeads alone have made in different parts of its mechanism would need a magazine article to itself, but passing



grand, an instrument under five and a half feet in length, with a compass of seven and a third octaves, containing all the latest improvements, and giving a volume of tone almost incredible for an instrument of so small a size.

The reader who has followed the description thus far will not have learned how to make a piano, or even have acquired any working notion of how pianos are made; but he should at least be able to see that the turning out of a first-class instrument involves a co-operation of capital, skill, judgment, and experience



mention may be made of their new triplex sounding-bar, and of a new patent transposing appliance, which enables the player to change his key with perfect ease, without the necessity of a separate pedal or lever, and which is consequently a great boon to accompanists, many of whom are not equal to immediate transposition. Of new models, perhaps the most striking and conspicuous is that which they have named the "Baby"

such as are not everywhere to be found in combination. He should be able to realise that the piano-maker must be not only a competent artisan, but a competent artist; and he may congratulate himself that even if it be admitted that the best of our music is made in Germany, the best of our musical instruments are made no further away than Kentish Town.

J. F.

### MANY WAYS.

LIFE dawns, revealing vistas many-hued,  
To each pale presence giving choice of ways,  
And each alight with myriad laughing rays,  
Though some with laurels, some with thorns are strewed;  
Choose, then, as pleases best thy dream-veiled mind,  
But may the path through rose-decked gardens wind.

C. H.-W.





QUINTA NOVA, Carcavellos, is the Eastern Telegraph Company's cable station at the mouth of the river Tagus. It is one of the half-dozen places where the news of all the earth comes to a focus. The telegrams of Reuter, Laffan, and Dalziel are stale news at Carcavellos, minutes or even hours before they are laid in "flimsy" on the sub-editor's desk of the great London daily. Therefore, one might suppose, the Carcavellos men have plenty of excitement.

But, as a matter of fact, life at Carcavellos is slow, undeniably slow, in spite of the fine climate, the wire-hot news, and the communistic habit of living. A little tennis, a little cricket, a little bathing, now and then a very little drinking, and always a great deal of reading and transmitting of the world's gossip in cypher or in plain speech—that is the life of the telegraph man. But sometimes he falls in love, and then he is a public benefactor; for the rest of "The Station" finds that in watching him it has a new interest in living. But when two of him fall in love at the same time, and with the same girl, as McNicol and little Dicksee did, the whole Common Room of the Quinta Nova tumbles as one man on to

its knees, and thanks heaven for the mercy that has been given it.

I heard the details of the McNicol-Dicksee episode partly from McNicol himself, and partly from Smith, the Carcavellos giant. Dicksee does, not, for certain reasons, care to give information.

Smith says that the betting was all along in Dicksee's favour, because Dicksee was smart, and the other man was a duffer, and Scotch at that. Dicksee, for instance, was a fine cricketer; McNicol had never held a catch even in practice. Dicksee had recently been promoted to the cable testing department; McNicol was merely "on the instrument." Dicksee was a fluent talker; McNicol's tongue made consonants into gutturals, and vowels into long-drawn tortures. Dicksee was dapper of the Strand; McNicol uncouth, with the heather step of the Western Highlands. Therefore, men laid seven to two on Dicksee, and chuckled because they had got a soft thing.

The little man himself thought that there was no question about the matter. Did not Jo Layton let him fetch and carry for her, while the Scotchman sat apart and smoked? And had she not

smiled, and then blushed, when he took her empty cup at the last cricket match, and their hands met in a brief but lingering touch? Yes, Dicksee was sure, and, being sure, chaffed his rival; which was foolish.

When McNicol came back from the village one afternoon with a tale of the wehr-wolf which had been heard in the hills, the whole Common Room, led by Dicksee, roared with laughter at his solemn earnestness. McNicol retorted that more than a score of people in the village had heard the *lobis-homem*, and appealed to Antonio, the Common Room steward, to say whether it was not so.

"Sim, Senhor," said Antonio, "four times in the last ten days, and the child of Manoel Gonsalvez is dying. The mark of the foul beast is on her little white throat. Sim, Senhores, it is true!"

McNicol nodded, and explained to the other men that he had seen the marks of which Antonio spoke—two red spots where the fangs had gone in. The poor bairnie, he said, was as white as a bit of paper; and no wonder, since the brute had sucked her blood.

"You chaps may laugh," he went on defiantly, "and call me superstitious; but sure as I'm here, it's true! I'm thinking the bairn will die!"

He began to walk up and down the room, measuring the space from wall to wall in long jerky paces; it is a way Scotchmen have when they are excited. The other men fidgeted, and Dicksee began to laugh. McNicol halted in his sentry-go, and stared hard at the little man for a minute, with his finger-nails biting into his palms. He was slow in most things, but not in temper.

"Well, ye superceelious atom," he said solemnly, "I'm waiting—say it! Call me a fool; and I'll rattle your empty little head against yon wall!"

But Dicksee, for some reason, thought he wouldn't say it; so the blood flowed back again to the Scotchman's whitened knuckles, and without another word he strode from the room, and went to the instrument, full seven minutes before he was due to take his turn of duty.

Jo Layton heard of this incident a few

hours later, and she laughed; for she was a young lady who saw fun in many things which her informants thought were merely solemn. Now, her informant in this instance was, curiously enough, not Dicksee, but McNicol himself; and after he had reproved Miss Jo for her unseemly laughter when a bairn was dying, and had been forgiven by her for his presumption in daring to question anything which she chose to do, they talked of other things. Whereof more anon.

Dicksee meanwhile was laying down the law to Smith, the Carcavellos giant.

"I tell you," he was saying, "it's the fourth evening I've seen the Scot start out just about this time with that mysterious bundle under his arm; and he doesn't come back till long after dark, because I've watched. Are you on duty to-night?"

"No," said Smith, "not till eight in the morning!"

"Then we'll follow him. I want to know what's in that bundle!"

"Oh, I say!" said Smith nervously; "that's playing it rather low on him, isn't it? Besides, Dicky, I—"

"Well?"

"Shouldn't care to meet the *lobis-homem*, you know!"

"Who's asking you to meet the confounded fairy-tale?" said Dicksee irritably. "It doesn't exist, you fool! But if you're funky, I'll go alone!"

"Keep your thatch, little man," said Smith quietly. "I'll go!"

"Then come on, sharp! I know which way he went!"

They started out, taking a line for the hills. The sun was just disappearing over the brim of the world, marking on the sleeping Atlantic a silver pathway straight out westward, as though wishing to indicate to the two Carcavellos men the hidden bed of their cable to the Azores. Dicksee noticed this, and pointed out to his companion that even silent Nature was capable of the bad taste of talking shop; at which Smith, who was not imaginative, said "Rot!"

There was not a leaf moving, and the soft gradations of colour in the evening sky were unbroken by a single cloud. The eerie shadows crept up, and silently

blotted out more and more of the detail in the landscape, and the sky tints, as if to compensate, grew richer and deeper, while the jagged points of the Cintra hills outlined themselves sharp and black against the strange metallic sheen of the sky to the northward. Further south, over the Bugio lighthouse, the horizon beyond the bar was of a dull purple; and overhead in the zenith, the day-blue had not faded quite away, though there was now more of grey in it than there had been ten minutes before.

The two men had been walking for about a quarter of an hour when Smith stopped, and fumbled for his pipe. He used up four matches in lighting it, though there was not enough wind to float a thistle-down.

"Let's go back, Dickey," he suggested, with an uncomfortable laugh.

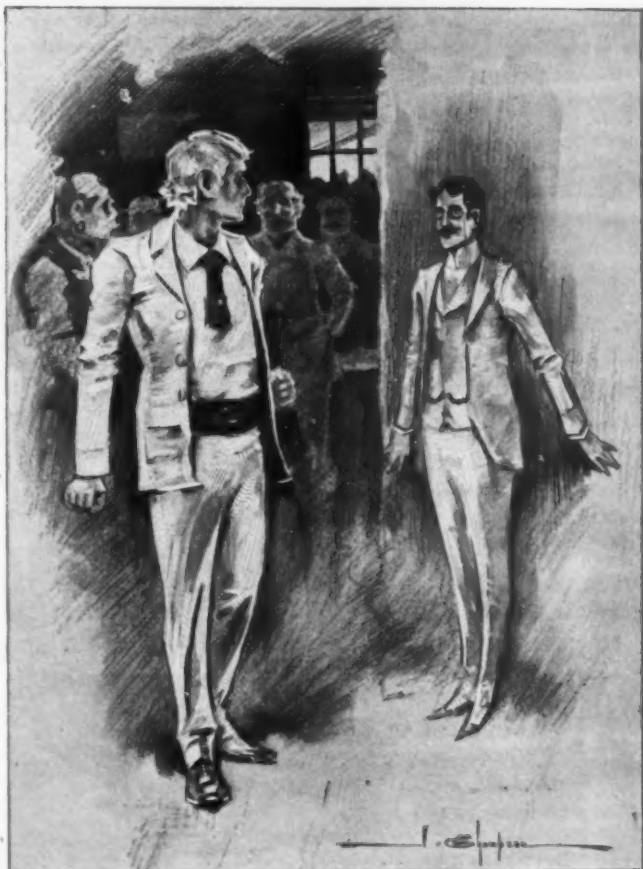
"Feeling nervous?" replied the little man lightly. "The shadows *are* a bit eerie!"

"No, but—"

"Well, out with it," said the other impatiently.

"I don't like it, I tell you. It's playing the game too low down."

"Rubbish!" said Dicksee scornfully. "The cold chastity of the sunset has got into your system, that's all. These oleograph effects are chilling to your Saxon nerves; they're too reminiscent of Cook's tours advertisements. Now if — By



"Call me a fool, and I'll rattle your empty head."

jove! there goes our quarry! Lie low for a minute, and watch!"

The door of a cottage some hundred yards in front of them had opened, and a man came out. In the rapidly growing darkness the two watchers could just make out that he carried a large bundle. He stood for a moment on the threshold, as though undecided which way to go; and then, slinging the bundle over his back, made off at a swinging pace for the hills.

"That's Scotty," pronounced Dicksee; "and he has seen something that has made him angry. Did you notice how jerkily he was walking?"

"What on earth could he be doing in that hovel?" asked Smith.

"Gazing like a funeral mute at the 'poor bairnie,' I expect; feasting his eyes on the sight of the two marks left by a foul *lobis-homem*," said Dicksee contemptuously.

"But he can't speak a word of Portuguese!"

"Doesn't matter. He can look his sympathy, can't he? It's just as pretty as talking!"

"I say! let's go and see the kid!" suggested the kindly giant.

"Want to leave a card 'with Messrs. Smith and Dicksee's kind enquiries'?" No thanks! The brat's got scarlet fever, or smallpox perhaps, and I've no use for either at present. No; we'll follow Scotty. It's safer!"

By this time the night had blotted out the shapes of the shadows under the hedges, and the two telegraph men found it no easy matter to keep their quarry in view. McNicol walked fast, but so long as he kept to the lower ground it was easy tracking, for his figure was pretty visible as a moving blot on the whiteness of the road; but presently he turned off into an old ox-path which wound in and out among the pine trees on the hillside. Once under their shadow, he disappeared as completely as if a black curtain had been dropped behind him.

"*Exit chief villain*," muttered the little cable-man. "Smith, my son, we must trot, or we'll lose him. The moon will be up presently, thank goodness!"

A faint dome of light was just visible, rising over the river opposite Lisbon, but it would be a good quarter of an hour before it was high enough to pierce the shadows of the pines. The two men tucked in their elbows, and broke into a run.

After ten minutes of this, Dicksee had had enough.

"Way 'nough!" he gasped. "I'm about done; and besides, he can't be far ahead now, and we don't want to run into him. Let's take a breather. The moonlight has struck the hill in front there, so if he—My aunt! What's that?"

A long, doleful wail rose on the still night, and echoed weird and hollow from hill to pine wood and back again.

"Did you hear it?" whispered Dicksee tremulously. "Listen! there it is again!"

Once more the moaning sound rose, swelled to a scream of torment, and died away; but this time there seemed to be two voices wailing in mournful dissonance. The startled sparrows twittered and rustled among the pine needles overhead and a frightened rabbit stamped somewhere in the darkness. A shaft of moonlight crept through the trees, and struck upon Dicksee's cheek; and Smith wondered whether his own face was as grey and bloodless.

"Where does it come from?" whispered Dicksee huskily.

"That clump of brambles on the right, I think!"

"Is it the—the *thing*, you know?"

"The 'fairy tale'?" said Smith with a nervous laugh. "Yes, I think it is. But you don't believe in fairy tales, you remember, Dickey," he added cruelly.

"No-no, of course I don't; but—I say, let's cut!"

"All right. I don't like it any more than you do, so—Hullo! did you see that?"

"What? Where? Oh, come on!"

"Wait a bit. I swear I saw the moonlight flash on something. Looked uncommonly like a gun barrel. Yes, there it is again behind that big boulder! See it?"

By way of comment Dicksee jumped to his feet; but his face was turned away from the boulder—in point of fact, towards Carcavellos. Smith gripped him by the collar.

"No you don't, Dickey!" he whispered threateningly. "We've got to see this through now. You called the tune, remember; and hang it, you've got to dance to it!"

At this moment the unearthly wail rose once more into the quiet night, and swelled out to a very turmoil of dissonance. A rushing tempest of harsh demon laughter poured out from among the brambles, and the crags above caught the echoes and threw them back to the pine woods, which choked them with a muffled gurgle. The angry retort was frozen on Dicksee's lips.

Presently with a muttered exclamation

Smith leaned forward, and peered with shaded eyes into the bushes from which this devil's tumult came. The corners of his mouth began to twitch, but the laugh which was coming was changed into a snort of dismay before it could leave his lips.

He had seen a stealthy movement behind the boulder. The thing which gleamed like a gun had been shoved out further, and was levelled at the bramble clump. With a cry of horror Smith rushed to the place, and was just in time to knock up the barrel when there was a red flash and a bang, and the echoes in the hills rumbled to a deeper note as he

of brambles, but this time it was a burst of honest, human merriment, and Smith's own contribution to it was perhaps the loudest.

Dicksee, meanwhile, did not stop. When the sound of that shot rang out, he had seen the thing—it was winged, shapeless, and horrible, and it had a crest that fluttered high in the moonlight! He ran the whole five miles back to Carcavellos at top speed, and for the first mile he thought that all the devils in Portugal jeered and panted behind him.

Next morning he woke aching and ashamed, and after he had finished his tub went to find Smith to have things



"Now . . . There goes our quarry!"

stood with clenched fists over the man who was lurking behind the boulder. Dicksee was already a couple of hundred yards away down the road, heading at twelve miles an hour for Carcavellos.

"Caramba!" cried Smith; "I've saved you from murder by about a quarter of a second, my friend. Out for a quiet evening's devil-potting, are you? Well now, just come and be introduced to the devil you were going to shoot!"

He took the fellow by the collar and dragged him to the bramble clump, where the thing (silent now) was standing and watching. One minute later the noise of loud laughter rose again from that clump

explained. He found on the tennis court, not Smith, but Jo Layton and the Scotchman, playing a single in the cool of the morning before the sun grew too hot for active exertion. They stopped when they saw him, and the girl called out that she had some news for him.

"You'll be glad to hear," she said, "that Manoel Gonsalvez's little girl is much better. It was only measles, after all!"

"I never thought it was anything else," said Dicksee sulkily. "The other was only McNicol's foolishness!"

"Didn't you believe in the *lobis-homem*?" asked the girl quietly.



"No!"

"Oh!" said the tormentor, with a smile and a lift of the eyebrows; "I thought you must, you know, because—"

She stopped, and smiled again.

"Because what?" asked Dicksee shortly. He was snappish as a pup with the distemper.

"Because you ran so fast, you know!"

"Who told you I ran?"

"Nobody told me. I—I saw!"

Dicksee gasped, went pink all over his face and down his neck, and spluttered out: "You were behind that big boulder? With the gun? You were there?"

"Oh, no!" cried the girl gaily. "I can't shoot, so of course I wasn't the person with the gun. That was Manoel Gonsalvez, and the poor man wanted to shoot the wehr-wolf that had sucked his little daughter's blood. Awfully silly and superstitious of him, wasn't it, to believe in such nonsense? I'm glad Mr. Smith was in time to knock up his barrel before he could fire into the brambles, and I think you'll be glad too, because, you know, I was amongst those brambles."

Dicksee stared at her for a moment in hopeless bewilderment, and then sank on to a seat, mumbling feebly something about wings, and a fluttering crest, and an awful howling noise. When McNicol heard this, he started forward, and muttered angrily beneath his breath, but the



"I've saved you from murder."

girl made him a sign to keep quiet, and went on:

"There were no wings or crest, Mr. Dicksee, and I think 'awful howling noise' is a little bit rude, seeing that it was I who made it. Mr. McNicol is teaching me to play the bagpipes, that's all. Seen in the moonlight, the bags, I daresay, might look a little bit like wings, and the reeds have streamers on them; but you shouldn't have said that about 'an awful howling noise!'"

"Infernal impudence!" put in the Scotchman indignantly. "I've a good mind to punch his head!"

Dicksee looked from one to the other. He was recovering his self-control a little, and was beginning to feel nasty, as his next remark showed.

"You were," he said slowly to the girl, with a curious meaning emphasis, "among the brambles — with McNicol — practising the bagpipes — by moonlight? Oh!"

Well, this time it was the girl's turn to blush, and she did so most becomingly. Then, with a shy look at McNicol (which he answered with a nod and an uneasy laugh), she held out her left hand. Dicksee saw that there sparkled on the third finger a diamond and ruby ring, which looked very new. The little man rose to the occasion nobly. He sprang to his feet, and congratulated his rival, who, truth to tell, looked rather sheepish. And that is the whole story.

But when the men who had bet seven to two on Dicksee heard that they had lost their money, they grumbled, as was natural. However, when they heard further what Smith and the Scotchman

between them had to tell of the adventure with the wehr-wolf, they recovered their tempers, and said that it was well worth the price. For, as I remarked before, Carcavellos is, for twelve months in the year, the dullest place in Europe.



On the third finger a diamond and ruby ring.



# THE SORROWS



OF

## MR. MORTON.

BY NORMAN FRASER.

"OH, Bob!"

"Oh, Kitty!"

"If only—!"

"If only I were a rich man instead of a poor devil of a trooper in the Rhodesian Mounted Police, we might—!"

"Oh, Bob, darling!"

"Oh, Kitty, sweetest!"

Bob Crauford and Kitty Templeton were supremely happy and profoundly miserable. They had just discovered the amazing and earth-shaking fact that they loved each other, hence their happiness, but Kitty was engaged to be married to Mr. Stephen Morton, financier, of Throgmorton Avenue, hence their misery, which, however, was powerless to sour the first sweet, frothy draughts of new-confessed love. In a weak moment, and before the amazing discovery, Kitty had allowed herself to be driven into an engagement with Mr. Morton, on whose nod depended the fortunes of her weak, unlucky father, and incidentally of her young brothers and sisters. It was impossible to draw back now; indeed, but for the sudden rising of the Matabele she would probably have already been on her way to England as Morton's bride. The re-

volt had, however, temporarily put all thoughts of matrimony out of the financier's head, which was principally filled with shuddering anticipations of a violent end and a fervent desire to get away.

"Oh, dear!" said Bob, after an interlude, which readers can fill in to taste, "if I only had £500 or £1,000 just now, I believe I could make my fortune—there are properties worth thousands going for a mere song. By the way, where is the brute?"

"S'sh!" said Kitty, laughing. "Mr. Stephen Morton has, I believe, ventured as far as the club this afternoon, the enemy having fled after yesterday's victory."

"The dirty funk! Why doesn't he go South with the women and children?"

"I only wish he would," replied Kitty, "but he's afraid."

"Afraid!" said Bob scornfully, slashing at imaginary Mortons with his riding whip. "Afraid! What of? The Mangwe's as safe as Piccadilly!"

"He doesn't think so," replied Kitty, capturing the whip. "He told papa last night that he could not, in the interests

of his shareholders, risk the journey without an adequate armed escort, and that, of course, the Commandant won't give him."

"By jingo!" cried Bob, and then became unusually thoughtful, a condition in which, despite Kitty's raillery, he remained till the time came for him to go.

"You won't get killed, darling?" she cried, for he was going on patrol that night.

"Certainly not, dearest and loveliest," he responded, defying the lightning, "and you do really and truly love me?"

"You know I do, and you—!"

Some minutes later Bob was cantering on his way to barracks, and communing deeply with himself.

"By Gad!" he muttered, under his brown moustache, "the idea's all right, but it needs a cleverer head than mine to work it out. I must see the 'General,' and get his advice!"

A day or two later Mr. Stephen Morton was strolling towards the club in a very unpleasant frame of mind. The enemy had renewed their attacks on the town, and were daily pressing closer, and Mr. Morton cursed the day on which he had left England to come out and look over some properties in which he and others were interested. True, he had met and bought Kitty Templeton, but at present the safety of his own skin was the subject uppermost in his thoughts. The Matabele had left the Mangwe Pass open, so that, as they said, the white people could leave the country



"He doesn't think so," replied Kitty, capturing the whip.

in peace, but he did not believe it was safe, certainly not without an escort.

His pale, flabby cheeks took a pinkish tinge as he thought of his interview with the Commandant, when he had asked for an armed guard. Never before had the magnate of Throgmorton Avenue been addressed with such distressing frankness, and his ears tingled as he recalled some of the Commandant's higher flights of rhetoric; and again he cursed his unhappy fate aloud.

"Hallo, sir! You seem annoyed about something?" said Bob Crauford, who had carefully manœuvred himself across the financier's path.

"Oh, not at all, Crauford; not at all!" said Morton. "Merely the heat and the flies; any news?" he added anxiously.

"M'yes," said Bob gravely; "haven't you heard about poor old Fizzer Barton?"

"No," cried Morton eagerly; "what about him?"

"Oh, they cut him off on patrol the other day," replied Bob, with a steady face; "we found his body this morning, tied to an ant heap, and the fiends had cut off his nose and ears, and burnt his eyes out—they always do, you know, when they catch you alive!"

The financier's fat knees knocked together, his pink and white cheeks turned a dirty yellow, and he absolutely gasped for breath.

"B-b-b-u-t we're q-uite safe here, aren't we?" he stammered, shaking like a badly-made jelly.

"Don't

know," said Bob with admirably assumed concern. "Babyaan and Seccombi have effected a junction, and they'll take some keeping out!"

"G-good God!" wailed the unhappy Morton; "then we may all be captured, and k-k-killed."

"Possible," said Bob briefly; "but

why don't you go down South whilst there's a chance?"

"I would! I would! but I can't get an escort!" and he cursed the Commandant and all his works.

Bob listened sympathetically.

"Beastly shame!" he said, when the other had sworn himself out of breath;

"perhaps I can help you. Let us go into the Maxim and talk it over?"

The result of the colloquy may be gleaned from Bob's parting words:

"Very well, Mr. Morton," he said, "in consideration of my providing a escort for you, and seeing you safely through the Mangwe Pass, you agree to pay me £500. The coach and drivers to be provided at your expense, and the money paid down before starting."

"Agreed," replied Morton, "and you'll get good men, won't you, Mr. Crauford?"

"Trust me,

sir," said Bob cheerily. "The old liar," he added, as Morton shambled off; "he swore it was all the ready money he had. But now to beat up the boys—there's a little something else I want from you yet, my worthy and courageous friend!"



"Hallo, sir, you seem annoyed about something?"

• • • • •



A big and good-humoured crowd assembled to witness the departure of Mr. Stephen Morton and escort. Morton was relieved to find the crowd good-humoured, he had rather feared a hostile demonstration, but, on the contrary, everyone seemed most friendly, though there was an air of covert amusement about their wishes for a *safe* journey, which rather puzzled the man of money. Kitty was there, too, beaming and unusually gracious, and looking adorably pretty. Morton had made one or two half-hearted efforts to induce her to accompany him, but had been secretly relieved when she flatly refused, as he wished the coach to travel as light as possible. He had, however, taken good care to impress upon her that as soon as the country was settled again he would return to claim her. At length the last refractory mule was in-spanned, the bootless, yellow-skinned, grinning driver mounted his box, and gathered up the rawhide reins in a manner which would have astonished the dandy whips of the Park; Morton took his seat in the ramshackle leather and iron hencoop; the noisy clattering escort fell into some sort of order with Bob Crauford at their head, and amidst a mighty yell of laughter and cheers the cortège rattled off on its perilous journey!

The Mangwe Pass, which leads from Buluwayo to the South, is a long, narrow defile about sixty miles in length, and shut in for the greater part of its course by dark, frowning rocks, though here and there it opens out into broad, scrubby veldt. Beyond the post stations and a few wayside stores, there are no signs of



Morton flung himself on the floor and frantically tried to burrow beneath the narrow seats.

life, and at the time of our story even the latter had been hastily abandoned.

Owing to the poor condition of the mules and the uneven, rock-strewn road, the coach was still some ten miles from the outlet of the Pass when the sun began to dip beneath the horizon. Despite the delays, everything had so far gone on well, and not a vestige of the enemy had been seen. Lulled by copious draughts from his flask, Morton had sunk into a peaceful slumber, despite the jolting of the coach and the general discomfort of his position. Suddenly a shot, followed by others, rang out. The coach stopped abruptly, and the driver remembered a pressing appointment, which he incontinently went to keep — in the nearest hole, and Morton awoke to livid, palpitating, cold-drawn terror. He rushed

to the window, but the coach had stopped in the narrowest and gloomiest part of the defile, and he could see nothing but the dark, slimy rocks. The firing grew hotter and hotter, and fierce yells and shouts broke the dank stillness of the air. Presently a bullet whistled through the hangings of the coach, and with a terrified wail Morton flung himself on the floor, and frantically tried to burrow beneath the narrow seats. To add to the horror of the situation, the sun went down, and the Pass became almost pitch dark. Then, for a moment or two, the firing slackened, and Morton ventured to look up. He saw a dark form at the window, and with a despairing howl he snatched his revolver and fired.

"You d—d fool!" roared a wrathful English voice. It was Bob Crauford, covered with dust and sweat, a smoking rifle in his hand.

"Your pardon, Mr. Morton," he said in a quieter tone. "Look here, sir, it's all up! The niggers are in thousands! My men are dead beat, and can fight no longer! We shall have to leave you—there's not a horse to spare!"

"My God, Mr. Crauford!" burst from the wretched poltroon's livid lips, "you can't, you daren't—you *won't* leave me?"

"It's our lives or yours, I am afraid!" said Bob coolly.

Morton wept and raved like a madman, and at last, tearing open his coat, pulled out a bundle of notes and gold. "Here," he sobbed, "take it all, take it all—only fight—fight a little longer!"

"That may do for the men," said Bob, pocketing the money, "but it won't do for me!" he added with sudden ferocity.

"What d'ye mean?" gasped the unhappy Morton; "it's all I have—I swear it. I'll send you a thousand pounds—five thousand—when I get to England, only say what you want, and save me!"

"You must give up Kitty Templeton!" said Bob.

"Give up—!" stammered Morton vacantly.

"Yes, I love her. Quick. Sign this paper renouncing all claims to her, and I'll see what I can do!"

Morton's trembling fingers could scarce perform their office, but at last the fateful document was signed and handed over.

For another quarter of an hour the fight raged and swayed to and fro, then the firing slackened, dropped, and finally ceased.

"It's all right, sir," shouted Bob cheerily, as he rode back at the head of his victorious troopers, "we've beaten them off this time!"

But he spoke to deaf ears. Mr. Morton lay in a dead faint, from which he did not emerge until the coach swung out of the Pass, and drew up by the little wayside store which marks the entrance.

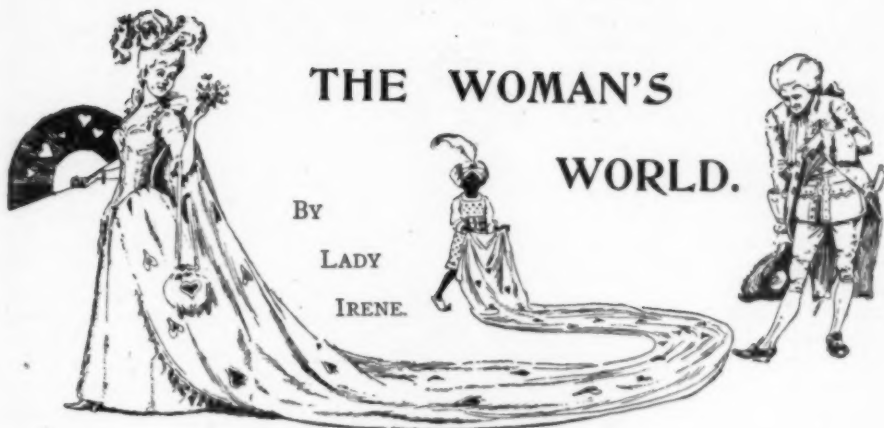
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Bob Crauford used his £500 and his share of the extra loot to great advantage, and is now one of Buluwayo's most prominent town councillors. He and Kitty often enjoy a hearty laugh over the attack on the coach, which, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, was nothing but a carefully planned hoax.

As for Mr. Stephen Morton, he has never again left the safety of Throgmorton Avenue, and to this day firmly believes that he passed through unparalleled dangers, which he recounts with great gusto, and in which, according to his own account, he played a dare-devil part.

In his secret heart he thinks that Kitty Templeton was a cheap price to pay for his life, an opinion with which we do not coincide.





THE present is always superior to the past! That is a trite truism; and though a safe anchor, like many another old-world saw, will not bear a too close or philosophic analysis. But to the winds with philosophy when clothes are the subject. For have we not been told on most excellent authority that "this same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey;" and nowadays we travel far and wide, and must have serviceable hacks. And this preamble! What does it signify? Merely that again mine is the pleasure to repeat the oft-re-echoed cry that "fashions are prettier than ever." And so let us all bow dutifully, and worship submissively at Dame Fashion's ever-verdant shrine.

She has modes to suit one and all. The "divinely tall" is undoubtedly her favourite child, but even to the "dumpy" woman to-day she is not unkind, and on the "old" woman she smiles so graciously that the grandmother may look as young as her own daughter.

The She-who-must-be-obeyed rules us, not with a rod of iron, but with a rod of gold. Beautiful, and, alas and alack! costly are the chiffons, old embroideries, furs stripped from the rarest beasts, and the thousand and one addenda that are so essential to complete lovely woman. A dress that I saw no later than yesterday at one of the smartest ateliers in London is a bright, though I fear me but

passing, example of art in the sartorial world. It is made in a very soft and fine-faced cloth of a dull putty shade. The long trailing skirt is finished at the back with a box pleat, and around the border are incrustations of panne velvet of a darker tone, headed at the top with five rows of narrow skunk. The bodice has a bolero of cloth incrustated with smaller designs of panne, and bordered with three rows of skunk. The front of the bodice and high belt are of putty-coloured chiffon, completed by a large collar of Cluny lace, which fastens with old paste buckles. This gown is to grace one of our fairest and youngest English duchesses at a coming function in Paris. Another dress, seen at the same establishment, that strained my bump of acquisitiveness to breaking point, is white satin painted with wild flowers, mauve predominating. The skirt has each seam concealed with insertions of Duchesse lace. The low corsage is gathered into a deep corselet of pale mauve panne, and five tiny little tucks of the same edge the bottom of the skirt. The sleeves are of Duchesse lace, and reach to the wrist. But it is not to incite evil passions that I record the glories of these two frocks, but only to show how worthily may the lucky possessor of old lace turn her stores to advantage, or she who possesses the almighty dollar disburse it. But that the effective dress is not always of necessity costly, the

dinner gown depicted here loudly proclaims. Such a gown is certainly well within the bounds of the dress allowance of most women. It is composed of rose-pink Liberty satin, which harmonises delightfully with the black tulle under-fichu and its smart bow, and the strap-pings of black velvet with their pretty little buckles of pink and black enamel. The ubiquitous box pleat trails its soft folds at the back, while around the décolletage there is the daintiest of lace fichus, and lace vandykes to match enrich the skirt. And what this lace is just depends on your own sweet will, fortified, possibly, by the length of your purse. Honiton, Cluny, Irish point, or any real lace, would look well — an imitation would not be unbecoming. Or highly commended would be a *point d'esprit*, the border applique with a narrow real lace.

If one only knows where to go, there are many places where dainty trifles at

moderate cost may be purchased. A favourite resort of mine is Gregg's, 92,

New Bond Street. There one is always certain to find those innumerable dainty little trifles that bestow *cachet* on the simplest costume, and mark unerringly *la femme élégante* from her commonplace sister. The little sketch on the last page does but faint justice to the articles it limns. The revers that look so staid and sedate there are in reality delightfully smart and chic. I purchased a set, and therefore consider I have a right to lay down an emphatic dictum. They are of exquisite workmanship. They are made of very fine linen, drawn in various and beautiful designs, copied from old stoles dating far back in the centuries, the work of Armenian refugees now in Cyprus.

The revers of which I am the proud possessor

are double, as in the sketch. I have had them mounted on green panne velvet, and the edges boast a rather thick rou-



A Dainty Dinner Gown.

leau of black velvet. Triumphantly they decorate a black-faced cloth coat, worn, of course, with a skirt to match. The green is repeated in a small felt toque, and again in a much-befrilled petticoat, while the stock that adorns my neck echoes the same hue. And then fancy the joy of purchasing for posterity; for that is what I have done, and at the cost of but 35s. to myself. At intervals I shall wear my revers first on a coat, then on a dress, and then again, perhaps, on opera or evening cloak. But nothing can wear them out, and of such perfect workmanship are they that eventually they will find a little nook in the chest set aside for old embroideries, laces, and treasures, such as our forbears left for us, and which we, in our turn, will doubtless leave for those by whom we are succeeded. Pre-eminently pleasing is the stock, or tie, also shown in my sketch. It boasts a collar-band edged with lace, made properly trim and stiff around the throat, with long ends, very neatly arranged at the back, which pass around to the front and tie in bow or knot. They can be made in black, white, or any colours, and look particularly nice when they match the hat. They are easy to adjust, and are just *the thing* to be worn under a sable boa. The little gleam of colour peeping out when the boa is unfastened is daintily fascinating. Since the days of Marie Antoinette the fichu has been a fashion of perennial bloom. But there are fichus and fichus. Some give a most undesirable humpiness to their hapless wearers. Mr. Gregg makes a speciality of the fichu, and his models are cut and sloped away on the shoulders, and arranged with double round collars at the back, so that while retaining the negligence—the distinctive feature of the fichu—they are eminently suitable for the matronly figure where the too, too solid flesh rises up and threatens to destroy the line between ear and shoulder. There are fichus of all kinds and varieties. Some dainty and simple of spotted net edged with lace, others in French blondé lace; but one that, in my estimation, outshone all rivals is composed of hand-run point d'Alençon. For maid or matron it would be a most charm-

ing gift, and an enviable possession. Handkerchiefs, gloves, stockings, veils are to be found galore at 92, New Bond Street, and all glorying in some little novelty such as is sure to appeal to the woman of refined taste.

Yet, to possess pretty clothes is but half the battle; the culminating point is their suitability, and that they should carry the final and subtle touch that stamps on them one's own artistic individuality. This is so obvious, that were it not for the object-lessons of ill-attired women that are to be met everywhere—drawing-room, park, and ball-room—I would not have the courage to repeat what everyone knows, though so many fail to practise. There are times when I am dumb with amazement at the humility and self-abnegation of some of Fashion's less worthy adherents. Not a few seem content to be mere perambulating dressmakers' blocks. They clothe themselves in garments of brilliant yet unbecoming hue so that the light of their eyes is extinguished, and the colour of their too delicately tinted hair—that's a euphemism for sandy—is completely annihilated. There are sins of omission and commission as numerous as the stars of the heavens. To detail them would be absolutely impossible. But to avoid the more glaring crimes, there is one broad rule—always dress in a strong light. Of course, I speak to the wise, the fool must of necessity be left severely alone, for she will not read these pages. In the daytime let your windows be unshrouded, the curtains drawn straight back so that the sunlight is not attenuated by any draperies. Shun becoming rose-pinks and similar snares of the upholsterer; remember, you do not carry these about with you. And also in the evening, when dressing, surround yourself with a full quantum of strong but slightly shaded lights. All this implies courage. For, whether you be young, or whether you be old—plain or pretty—you will note undreamed-of imperfections. But the reward of your bravery is of the highest order. You will know your own imperfections, and, knowing them, assuredly you will be able to modify them, or perhaps altogether remedy them, or may-



be, at the worst, hide them. And what is the most important point of all, you will never clash with your own clothes. An unpardonable offence.

Now for a moment let me turn from the personal to the psychological, and commend to your notice "The Autobiography of a Charwoman." It is a most wonderful book, and has raised many and divers opinions. A woman's soul — a charwoman's — is



Charming Feminine Frivolities.

laid bare and dissected by a master-hand, a new writer among novelists, Annie Wakeman. The heroine, Betty Dobbs, I think a saint, for she never had a selfish thought, and her sainthood is delightfully leavened by that shrewd, quaint humour that belongs to the unlettered class, who read men and women in place of books. Her "upbringings," as she would term them, had not been of the most moral character, and there are

certain conventions against which she sins. I recommended the book to a charming old lady, and after she had read it: "My dear, how could you advise me to read anything so shocking?" with a rebukeful nod of her head, she exclaimed. But then, in spite of her grey hairs and ever-ready smile this little old lady resembles that classic tyrant of ancient Greece. He stretched or docked his victims' limbs until they fitted the bed which was his idea of the correct proportions for all humanity. And my friend, like him, will not take into count circumstance or condition, and only admits one standard in her anthropological picture.

And now to help to ring clearer what Byron calls:

"That all-softening overpowering knell,  
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell,"

let me give you one delicious little dish, an excellent substitute for fish, and one which may very well occasionally adorn your menu on Mondays, when fish is of somewhat doubtful freshness. Boil the required number of eggs, allowing one for each person, for seven minutes. Remove their shells, and plunge for half a second in cold water, and dry on a clean cloth. Have ready prepared some fried bread-crumbs—they should be a pale gold colour—mix with these some lean grated ham, a couple of pounded anchovies, and a dust of cayenne pepper. Spread this forcemeat on a fresh piece of kitchen paper, beat up an egg, roll the hard eggs first in this, and then over and over the forcemeat, until they present a uniform brown surface. Fry in lard, fat, or oil, and serve very hot decorated with fried parsley and stoned olives.





BY TRISTRAM K. MONCK.

AMONG the many names owned by the numerous friends of Bharwal Sing, that of Guy Welsey, Commissioner, stood out prominently. Furthermore, Bharwal Sing, otherwise ruler of the Indore State, made him get clear of the ruck by ranking rather as a brother than as a simple friend.

In time Bharwal's *penchant* for the Commissioner of Police began to be observed, he becoming, as time wore on, the object of all sorts of flatteries and gifts by those who wanted to obtain a favour from their sovereign—they noted that he was a man to be propitiated.

Thus it came about that whenever Welsey spent his "leave" in the Indore, he received both the gifts and the flatteries with enviable unconcern, and whilst the natives never benefited in the slightest degree from their offerings, the Commissioner certainly did, and, being somewhat grasping of disposition, spoke of the Central India province with deep feeling, ever describing it as a "charming country."

On one occasion some two months had barely elapsed since he had returned from the Indore to Bombay, when he received the following letter as he was at tiffin:

"DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—

"Ever flying to you in times of trouble and adversity to be advised, I now write to you to aid me in, shall I say, my extremity?

"Obtain leave, dear friend, and come to my palace in all haste, if you would save me from death, and see me once again in life!

"Assured of your devotion, I salute you till we meet a few days hence.

"BHARWAL SING."

Welsey glanced at the strange missive before him from all points of the compass, then whistling softly to himself, placed the letter in his pocket, and strolled out into Bombay to ask for the required leave.

This, after some demur, was granted to

him on the production of the letter, the authorities scenting mischief from afar, and reading more between the lines than the Commissioner did, possibly.

"Keep a sharp look-out, Welsey," said his chief warningly. "There is more in this than meets the eye, in all probability, and if you manage to work the thing properly, old Bharwal, etc., will come down handsomely, and if England is at all touched in the business, you know that she does not forget those who do her good service."

Welsey saluted, and was about to leave the room, when the force of his chief's last words' significance struck him.

"Is England likely to prove in any way hit by this affair?"

"Is she? I should say that it was highly probable!" replied Welsey's chief. "In fact, the letter of which you have to-day been the recipient rather bears out a hint which was wired to me, that in all probability Indore would have a new ruler before long, as they feared that a plot was on foot to poison the old ruler, so as to leave the throne vacant for that wastrel Rao Sylhet." The chief shrugged his shoulders, then continued, "That Rao Sylhet should replace Bharwal Sing is a course of events which would prove extremely distasteful to the home Government, as his hatred of England is too well known to be enlarged on by me to you. This, however, is not such general property. When here last year, Rao Sylhet struck up a hot friendship with a certain Count de Trazignies, who gave out that he was French! Such, however, is not the case, for Colonel Herbson, of the 3rd Bengal, when attached to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, remembers him there as a certain Count Ivan Petrov, a member of the Secret Police and one of the Secret Intelligence Department. I, for a fact, know that at one time he was a spy in Serajavo, where I believe he distinguished himself greatly. That such a man should become an intimate friend of the heir to the Indorese throne, to my mind, certainly seems to indicate that mischief is brewing. Anyhow, England does not want a friend of Russia to succeed to a throne at present held by a staunch supporter of the British

Empire. I tell you this in secrecy, as an aid to your investigations, should murder seem hard on the heels of Bharwal Sing, which, judging from your letter, appears to be the case."

"Thanks; it may prove an invaluable clue in case of need. Good-afternoon!"

"Good-afternoon, and luck. I know you too well to think that you will fit the fact to the theory!"

"No; I always fit the theory to the fact." Then, with another smile and a nod, Welsey left the room.

The sun was shining brightly down on the white built city of Indore, when Welsey rode into it some six days after the conversation related above. Although early in the morning, the heat was terrific, so it was with a sincere feeling of thankfulness that he rode into the courtyard before the palace, and jumping off his jaded steed, gave his reins to an attendant, desiring to be taken immediately to his master.

"His Highness gave orders that you were to be shown into his presence as soon as you came," said a man wrapped in a serape coming towards him, salaaming profoundly as he came down the steps leading to the palace. "I have heard the Sahib say that he desired to see my master, and therefore will conduct him to His Highness now, if it be the Sahib's pleasure!"

He turned, and Welsey, following his swift guide, soon reached the portico, across which heavy curtains were drawn. These the native drew aside, announcing in a loud voice:

"Welsey Sahib!"

Then, as the Commissioner entered, he drew them together again with the rapid movement born of long practice.

From a divan at the further end of the room rose a handsome man of some thirty years of age, who advanced to meet Welsey, exclaiming in a glad voice, as he kissed him on the forehead:

"Welcome to Indore! You are greater and dearer to me than a brother!"

"Your Highness's welcome is always a cheery one," said Welsey gaily. "It ever makes one feel at ease." Then, dropping his voice, he added in low tones: "I have come here in answer to

your letter. I expected to see you haggard and worn, but I must say that for a man who appears to be in daily dread

way to an inner room, the entrance of which was guarded by double doors, which he closed with care. Then, sign-



"Welsey Sahib!"

of his life—so the missive gave me to understand — your Highness seems remarkably well."

Bharwal Sing smiled, then slipping his arm through that of Welsey, led the

ing to the Commissioner to seat himself on a divan, he said :

"Yes; I feel remarkably well, yet, nevertheless, I know my days are numbered."

"Might I ask why?" enquired Welsey cheerily. "Come, I am here to help you. It is not the first time that I have helped you in a difficulty and got you safely out of the same. What makes you nervous? Have you heard of a plot?"

"My friend," said the native ruler, with a droll smile, "your whole life seems to be centred on plots! As yet there are none here that I know of."

"Has your life been attempted at any time, then?"

"My life has not been attempted!"

"Do you doubt anybody?"

"I doubt nobody!"

"You have never received any warning that your life was to be attempted?"

"None yet, but I feel that I shall shortly lose my life," replied the native potentate, moodily, seating himself.

Welsey sat down, uncertain in his mind as to whether the man before him was sane or no.

"Will your Highness kindly state the situation?"

"Certainly; it would have been better had I done so at first, for I fear that by now you must think I am wandering in my mind. I am as sane as you, though," he said emphatically, "therefore, when I say that love is like enough to cause my death, do not think that it is the uttering of a madman's—"

"Love?" cried Welsey starting, uncertain whether to believe his ears or no.

"Yes, love," repeated Bharwal Sing. "Incomprehensible as it may seem to you, it is nevertheless true! I will, however, tell you my tale from the beginning, and then leave you to judge whether I be sane or no. You are not aware, perhaps, that beneath this palace there is a natural cavern, traversed by a subterranean stream? No; I thought that I had not told you of its existence. There are but two entrances to this cavern, the one from the chamber wherein I sleep, undiscoverable to all who know not the trick of the revolving masonry which guards the opening leading down to it; the other in an old Brahmin temple some two miles without the city walls. Originally it was made attainable by Rao Sun, who saw in it a safe way of flight should he ever need it; as a matter of fact, he did

use it, and was cut down in the temple as he emerged from the secret passage. That, however, is old history. I will come to the point, my friend. Nearly a month ago, on retiring to my couch, I heard the distant sound of a voice trilling such melody as never ever left a throat other than divine. The sound, though faint, I soon located as percolating through the masonry which barred the way to the cavern. Pressing the spring, the wall revolved, and instantly the heavenly voice grew clear, and out of the murky void which lay before me, exhaled a sweet odour, which, greeting my nostrils, exhilarated me till my head grew dizzy and my legs bade fair to fail to support my body. In a moment or so this passed, and, holding tightly on to the rail which runs beside the wall, I descended the rough-hewn steps with care, being guided on through the darkness by the voice, alas! I now love so well. On reaching the cavern, a dim light revealed my surroundings, and I halted, dazed—for there, across the languid flowing water, at the further end of the cave, stood a woman. Dear friend, I cannot describe her to you, for she is more beautiful than the houris of paradise, and I gazed in wonder as she stretched her arms across the brazier which was exhaling those sweet odours—which slowly sapped me of my strength, and cried, 'Come!' I made a step forward till I came to the edge of the water, then I halted, and, a nameless fear seizing me, I turned from the spot and fled down the passage from the presence of the woman who was charming me to my doom. Since then, dear friend, each night I have heard that voice which thrills my every fibre. Each night I have smelt the same odour which robs me of my manhood, and makes me as weak as a little child. Each night I have heard the song which bids me come, and each night I have to fight and cling on to my couch to prevent myself answering that voice which speaks to me of paradise! One day, in the near future, I shall go, and she will charm me to my death in the river! Dear friend, it is that you should aid me to resist her that I have asked you to come!"



The voice of the potentate grew wistful as he uttered the last words.

"Can you do this?"

"Your Highness can rest assured that I will unravel the mystery, if it is possible for me to do so," replied Welsey, mentally thinking that Bharwal Sing was mad.

"What do you propose doing?"

"I was about to ask your Highness to let me sleep in the room with you to-night," said Welsey.

"Do as seems best to you," replied Bharwal Sing. Then, turning the conversation, he commenced to talk on other topics.

Night came, and Welsey entered the sleeping apartment of the ruler of Indore, almost as soon as did its rightful owner. Here he quietly produced two revolvers, and, carefully inspecting the chambers, said to the surprised Bharwal Sing:

"Your Highness is an excellent shot, therefore I have brought a third revolver for you!"

"But why?"

"In return for the gift I want the loan of one of your most resplendent robes!"

"You are going to impersonate me?"

"To the best of my ability. I also want to know if you have a man in your service whom you can trust as you would yourself?"

"Yes, one—my secretary, Sulka Ra!"

"Will your Highness then issue orders that some twenty soldiers of your guard be under his orders, and, furthermore, command his presence here?"

Utterly mystified, Bharwal Sing gave



"I descended the rough-hewn steps."

the required orders, and in a few moments one of his most gorgeous suits arrived, almost conjunctly with Sulka Ra.

Welsey put on the magnificent Indian dress brought him, then turning to the secretary, said:

"On hearing a shout, you will order the men under your command to follow you, and you will join us!"

"Yes, Sahib!"

"Are you ready?" enquired Welsey, glancing at Bharwal Sing.

"For what?"

"To come down to the cavern!"

Bharwal Sing started.

"Why?" he enquired.

"Because there will be a startling revelation for you to see," replied Welsey briefly. "Your men are within call, Mr. Secretary?"

"Yes, Sahib!"

"Then wait here till you hear a revolver shot, then follow us!"

He stepped towards the wall. "I will precede your Highness!"

"But it is too early, dear friend, to see her!"

"Precisely. On inspecting the place this afternoon I decided I should be there before this hour appeared!"

He tapped the wall, and a portion of the heavy masonry fell away, revealing an obscure hole, into which they entered, descending the rough, but even, steps carefully. Arrived at the bottom of the flight, Bharwal Sing paused and glanced enquiringly at his companion.

"We are just in time," replied Welsey hoarsely, dragging his native friend into the shadow of a buttress as the sound of distant footfalls fell upon his ears. "For here they come. You must cover the girl with your revolver when the time arrives!"

"But—!"

"Hush!" commanded Welsey hoarsely. "We must not frighten our quarry!"

The words had barely left his lips before the cavern became illuminated by a faint light, and they heard the dim murmur of voices. Then came the clatter of planking, which was followed by a voice exclaiming in hushed accents:

"Draw back the bridge, Yanshi; I dropped my knife somewhere near this spot last night. Light your brazier, but don't start charming the old beggar here till I have found it!"

Welsey crept out of his concealment and faced the two men, covering them with his revolvers.

"I picked it up this afternoon, dear friends!" said he sardonically.

"Curse it!" cried one of the twain, in perfect English—he was a white man.

"May the vultures of perdition slay you!" exclaimed the other.

"Thank you!" replied Welsey, pressing the barrel of his revolver at the head of the white man's companion, whom he had no difficulty in recognising as Rao Sylhet. "Will you kindly fire a shot, your Highness!"

Bharwal Sing did as he was bid, then covered the cowering girl.

"One step, Count Ivan Petrov," cried Welsey, "means your life. Keep your hands still, or I'll blow your brains out with as little compunction as I would those of a rabbit!"

"What's your price for letting me slip?"

"My life!" returned Welsey grimly.

"And you don't get that!"

"I'll give you a thousand—"

"I'll not take an anna—"

A sudden rush of soldiery interrupted his reply, as Sulka Ra dashed into the cavern at the head of his men.

"Arrest my nephew and this man!" cried Bharwal Sing sternly. "Also that girl on the other side of the stream. The bridge is there, cross it!"

In a moment the men were overpowered and bound, and taken up the roughly-hewn steps, followed by the girl and her captors.

The following day the three were arraigned before Bharwal Sing, and convicted of treason, Rao Sylhet being led out to meet a doom which would have been shared by the beautiful girl had not Welsey obtained a reprieve for the maiden, who had begun to enslave him all unknowingly. The fate of the Russian was left for Welsey to decide.

"I know I am up a tree," he said callously to his judge. "But I should like to know what first gave you the tip that I was in the game, and that there was a plot to murder the old boy?"

"Your crass carelessness gave me the tip as to who was concerned in the plot," replied Welsey coolly. "Your name on the knife which I picked up in the cavern gave me the clue which I was searching for to-day. Your intimacy with Rao Sylhet at Bombay gave me the clue as to who your partner in the venture was, as did the discovery of the knife by the buttress, on the opposite side of the stream to where the singer was seen,

show what your purpose was. I have also known what the effect of an Indian love charm is, so you see, my dear Count, things have dove-tailed without a hitch. Still, I should like to know why you did not kill Bharwal Sing the first night?"

"We were not ready," replied the Count coldly. "Am I going to be strung up?"

"I think not, if you are smart," replied Welsey airily. "I should, however, get outside Indore within twelve hours, and head straight for the Indian frontier. If you are found in India a month from now, your life will not be worth a moment's purchase! Go! your horse is awaiting you without!"

Count Petrov bowed, and left the room hurriedly.

"And now," said Welsey, turning to Bharwal Sing, "I have to ask you a favour."

"It is granted before you ask, O Preserver of my throne!" said the native impulsively. "What is it?"

"I want Yanshi as my wife!" said Welsey. "Will you grant me her life?"

"It is yours," replied Bharwal Sing quickly. "May you be ever happy, and may none give you a wedding present of greater value than mine shall be!"

Welsey was about to burst forth into a torrent of thanks, when he was prevented by Bharwal Sing's sudden exit from the chamber.

Left to his own devices, Welsey went to the room where the imprisoned Yanshi awaited her death. Signing to the guard to shoot back the heavy bolts, the Commissioner entered.

She rose as the heavy doors fell back, and then closed with a hollow clang.

"Is it you, Sahib?" she said in pleased surprise, an odd trembling becoming apparent in her voice.

"Yes; it is I," he said coldly. "They say you have a beautiful voice, girl Sing!"

She sang, and Welsey, enthralled, listened to the love song which poured in one torrent of melody from her lips. By turns wistful, triumphant, commanding, glad and pleading, the song held him almost breathless till she ended.

"Glorious!" said he. "Would that I were the man you in thought sang those words to, and meant them!"

"You are he," she said simply.

"I?" he echoed amazed. "You have seen me but once!"

"Is not love born at first sight?" she asked. "I love you, Sahib; you are the only man I have ever given more



"I have come to offer you life."

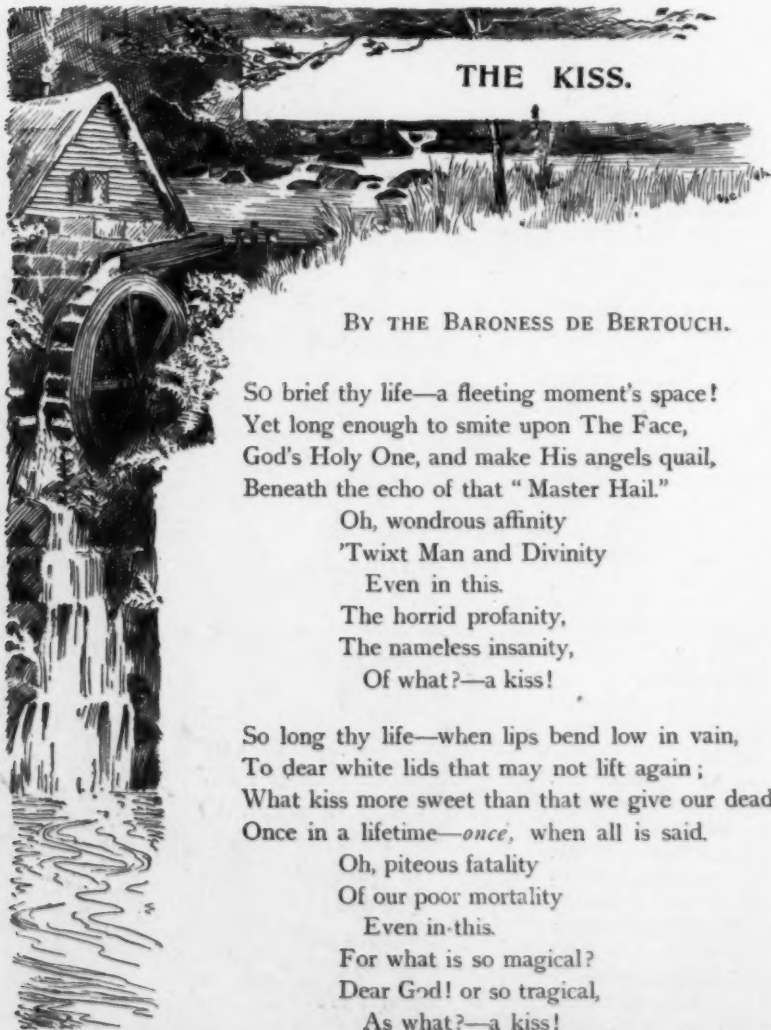
than a passing thought to! You have come to lead me to my death, and I am not ashamed to avow my love. I shall feel that my end is robbed of half its sting since it is ordered by the master of my heart. One does not lie with the hand of death on one, Sahib," she cried proudly.

"I have come to offer you life, Yan-

shi!" cried Welsey, seizing and embracing her. "Life! not death!"

But his kisses fell on inanimate flesh; the shock had been a great one, and she had fainted in his arms.

Thus it came about that when the Commissioner Guy Welsey returned to England he had a beautiful woman for a wife, beautiful indeed—but a Hindoo.



### THE KISS.

BY THE BARONESS DE BERTOUCH.

So brief thy life—a fleeting moment's space!  
Yet long enough to smite upon The Face,  
God's Holy One, and make His angels quail,  
Beneath the echo of that "Master Hail."

Oh, wondrous affinity  
'Twixt Man and Divinity  
Even in this.  
The horrid profanity,  
The nameless insanity,  
Of what?—a kiss!

So long thy life—when lips bend low in vain,  
To dear white lids that may not lift again;  
What kiss more sweet than that we give our dead?  
Once in a lifetime—*once*, when all is said.

Oh, piteous fatality  
Of our poor mortality  
Even in this.  
For what is so magical?  
Dear God! or so tragical,  
As what?—a kiss!

# HOW CROWDS ARE FED.

BY AUSTIN FRYERS.

THE attendances at the Crystal Palace always present such a wonderful array of figures that it occurred to me to make some enquiries as to the arrangements for providing them with sufficient and suitable refreshments, without which, I think, the finest attractions of the finest programme would fail to appeal to the average British crowd.

The commissariat of an army is one of its vital points, and perfect arrangements in connection with it are the best guarantee of a successful campaign. Mr. George Bernard Shaw was not altogether drawing the longbow when, in his "Arms and the Man," he claimed that what a soldier should carry with him was not ammunition but chocolate.

It is, of course, only possible for Mr. Shaw to conclusively prove that he was advising this in sober earnest, and that the advice was sound and practical. Chocolate has these two great qualities, that it is sustaining as a food, and easy of transit. However, despite Mr. Shaw, chocolate is not in favour with the Army Victualling Departments as a substitute for all kinds of foods, and it certainly would never do as a sole refreshment, in a liquid or solid form, for a Crystal Palace Bank Holiday crowd.

And what a commissariat is required for the Crystal Palace visitors! On a recent Bank Holiday the number considerably exceeded 100,000, and the total number of visitors for last year was in excess of two and a half millions.

As the attendances at the Crystal Palace are drawn from such varied classes of the community, it struck me



Mr. Isidore Salmon and a section of the Offices.

that from the food statistics some deductions might be drawn of an interesting, if not of an instructive, character. If one looks at the various important societies who arrange their fêtes there, it will be seen that scarcely an important section of the community but is at some time or other represented—teetotalers, licensed victuallers, Church of England, Nonconformist, political bodies of all classes, scientific, agricultural, and other bodies, etc. It is no easy task to prepare for the vagaries of taste which might be expected to obtain, and with the object of getting some definite information on the subject, I put myself in communication with Mr. Isidore Salmon, manager of Messrs. Lyons, Ltd., the caterers to the Crystal Palace, who very kindly undertook to give me every information on the subject.

Mr. Salmon suggested that I should meet him at Cadby Hall, Kensington, the headquarters of the firm, where full particulars might be obtained at first hand; so accordingly I presented my-



self there one morning recently, and was brought into contact with quite a little town in its way, which was very different to anything I had expected.

Here I found everything complete to entitle it to be rightly described as a town—an industrial colony, so to speak—lacking but one feature of completeness, the dwellings of the workers. Apart from this, Cadby Hall is the most self-centred, self-supporting institution I have ever encountered.

On passing the entrance gates, a roomy block of buildings on the right,

are enough articles in stock to suggest a large wholesale or export trade, but Mr. Salmon smiles at your wonderment, and coolly informs you that you are not looking at much more than sufficient for two or three days' use, and that at periods as brief as that the entire stock is replenished. The necessity arises from the number of unavoidable breakages, and the continuous opening of new shops.

"Indeed, it is impossible for us to rely on any one pottery," said Mr. Salmon, "and consequently we have to place our orders with three."

But although breakages must enter largely into the question of catering for the Crystal Palace, it was in the more direct question of the provision of refreshments that I was interested, and so Mr. Salmon took me at once to the great block of buildings opposite the offices, where the various work-rooms are mainly situated.

To reach this we passed a wide courtyard

in which several of the familiar "Lyons" delivery vans were drawn up, and from here, Mr. Salmon informed me, a service of vans is despatched twice a day to the Crystal Palace with the various requisite stores.

The first bakehouse—or rather series of bakehouses—we entered was fitted with special ovens for the production of Vienna bread, and the well-known "battens." From here there are three bakings daily, not only to supply the Crystal Palace and the various Lyons establishments, but also private clients, who include the



A corner of the store-room.

through the spacious windows of which a numerous staff can be seen at work, arrests attention, and one is surprised to learn that these are the offices, and that the staff we can see are all employed solely on clerical work. This feeling of surprise is only possible in the initial stage of the inspection. It very soon wears off. Indeed it begins to be dissipated on entering the very next building, the store-room, where thousands of articles of table china and glass-ware of every description are stored on shelves reaching from floor to ceiling. There

Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, when in town. On the next floor are yet another series of bakehouses, where the various cakes beloved of the afternoon tea-drinking section of the community are made and baked, and as we pass along from one room to another we find them devoted to the production of sponge cakes and the various forms of pastry. And as we pass along, our attention is arrested every moment by various ingenious machines for detail work, such as mixing eggs, butter, etc.

The series of rooms dealing with the preparation of foodstuffs seems interminable—tea-blending, tea-tasting, tea-cutting—all necessary preliminaries to getting a good cup of tea, and all seen to here on the spot.

Indeed, this is, in a word, the characteristic of Cadby Hall, that everything required for the great commissariat trade which it carries on is dealt with in all its stages, except that pleasant stage when it is submitted to the consumer.

The treatment of coffee, while as detailed as that of tea, is somewhat more interesting, as it involves that necessity for a perfect transit service which is not the least remarkable feature of Cadby Hall. In one of the large sections of this great working hive, we find a storage of the coffee berries, which are roasted and ground here three times daily, so that coffee may be sent up in that condition which ensures the cup that meets the taste of the epicure. To ensure its arrival in perfect condition at the Crystal Palace, it is packed in air-tight canisters at Cadby Hall before it is despatched.

It is almost impossible within the limits of this article to detail the various departments where the ordinary lists of refreshments are seen to. Quite a staff, for instance, is employed merely in the preparation of the fruit which is to be immediately afterwards used in cakes and other pastry. One department, however, deserves special mention. It is where home-made lemonade is prepared. Here no fewer than three thousand cases of lemons are used weekly in the preparation of a drink which is probably the only one which is generally accepted as a liquid refreshment.

The next visit we made was to the great bakehouses—the largest in the world—where the ordinary bread is made. It does not need Mr. Salmon to invite attention with pardonable pride to the excellent hygienic conditions; they are obvious at a glance. The walls, staircases, and bakehouses alike are covered with glazed tiles, so that absolute cleanliness is attained. The popular idea, too, of bakehouses is that they are underground, ill-lighted, and ill-ventilated. Here, however, they are on the ground floor and the stories above, and are roomy, airy, and full of light, for a long row of spacious windows extends along each bakehouse on the several floors.

On the top floor is the store-room, where is such an array of sacks of flour that the strength of the building is attested if merely by the patent fact that it safely bears such a great weight.

In the process of making the vast amount of bread which is sent out from here, nothing but machinery is employed. No hand touches it from the moment a sack of flour arrives until it is sent ready for delivery in the shape of loaves.

Practically nothing requisite to the carrying on of such a great and complex business but is done at Cadby Hall. New branches are being opened weekly, and alterations made at the existing depots. But no outside assistance is invoked, for here there is a workshop where some two hundred skilled hands are employed, who do the whole of the work, from the fixing of a gas bracket to the elaborate carving of doors, counters, and ornamental sections where required.

"We employ the very best men in the various trades," said Mr. Isidore Salmon, and with the specimens of excellent work which were by chance on the benches as we were passing through, I was quite willing to unreservedly accept the statement.

Another interesting branch is the printing establishment. An immense amount of printing is obviously necessary in the shape of price tickets, menus, bags, etc., and here at Cadby Hall is machinery sufficient to do every requisite class of work, even to the embossing of

the arms of the firm on the newspaper.

The stables are unique in their way. They are a block of buildings exclusively set apart for the purpose, and an inclined ascent which horses can use has been constructed in lieu of stairs so as to enable the stabling to extend to the several floors. The horses stabled in the top story enjoy a distinction which, so far as I am aware, is unique.

to provide for the wants of a Bank Holiday crowd at the Crystal Palace, or the recurring crowds which go to make up the grand total of over two and a half millions of visitors in the course of a year?

Mr. Salmon was good enough to give me some statistics which he had abstracted from the accounts, at my request. The bread used last year at the Crystal Palace totalled 563,950 pounds



Where the daily loaf is baked in a scientific manner.

The Crystal Palace is the biggest building in the world, and its visitors in the course of a year outnumber the total of visitors to any other place in the world; so that to effectually cope with the task of providing them with refreshments requires a complete and unusually perfect organisation. When I had been over Cadby Hall I was not surprised at the ease with which this great task is accomplished.

But have you any idea what it means

in weight, exclusive of 793,104 rolls, which, roughly speaking, added another 200,000 pounds to the huge figure. Such a huge mass, in the aggregate, would form a very respectable kopje in point of size. A more familiar comparison, however, is that it would more than equal in size St. Paul's Cathedral.

But Crystal Palace visitors do not live by bread alone, for when we reach the record of pastries sold we find the alarming total of 5,219,288 (of which 2,246,400

were buns) to be the number of pieces of pastry disposed of during last year. Sandwiches, necessitating labour in the cutting, reached the respectable total of 405,708. The big cheese required for the year's consumption should be as large as the Monument, for it must weigh 16,266 pounds. The milk consumed totalled 179,123 gallons; no inconsiderable poultry farm would be

necessary to provide the eggs, for they exceeded 250,000 in number. The butter could be used to make a model of the Tower Bridge, for as there was over 35 tons it would be found that there was enough of it.

In sterner fare the figures are equally striking. "When a little farm we till" for the purposes of the Crystal Palace kitchen, it must be large enough to provide at least 312 tons of potatoes, and it must also be so stocked that it can provide 31,885 head of poultry, and a herd of sheep and cattle to furnish not less than 501,785 pounds of meat.

But a special interest will probably attach to the statistics of liquid refreshments. The figures of the consumption of ale and stout are large, as large, in fact, as we might expect in such a place. In the course of last year 43,000 large bottles of beer were sold, and 574,290 small bottles. The draught beer totalled 244,567 gallons, and the stout 45,000 gallons. Teetotalers need not hold up their hands in dismay, for these large figures are outstripped by those of the consumption of mineral waters. 867,314



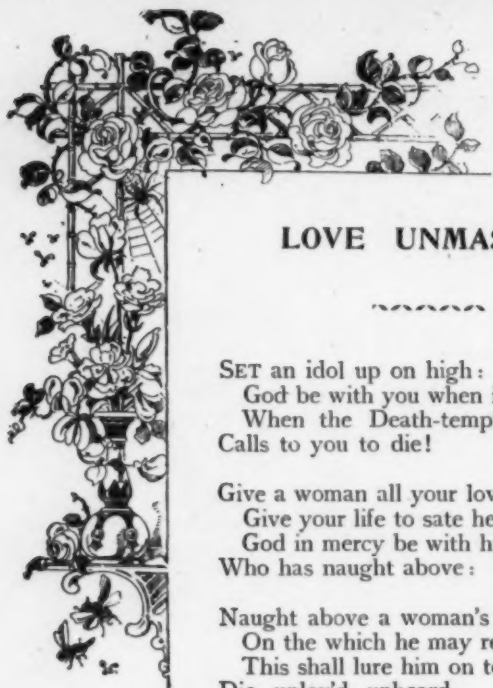
The firm's carving.

large bottles of minerals were sold and 483,416 small bottles, so that temperance advocates may possibly find in these figures a proof of the spread of the principles they approve.

The amount of tea consumed would be sufficient to form a fair-sized lake. Over 200,000 gallons of tea are consumed every year, and this vast amount inspires the greater wonder by reason of the fact that every cup of tea consumed is freshly made.

The organisation of the refreshment department at the Crystal Palace is arranged with military perfection. On Easter Monday a staff of no fewer than 1,500 persons were employed, and eight vans were constantly engaged in the distribution of the stores to the various buffets in the grounds.

Food is not an inviting subject, perhaps, but the organisation underlying such a vast undertaking as the catering for the Crystal Palace, and the interesting inferences to be deduced from the figures I have given, will, I think, prove as interesting to the reader as they were to me.



## LOVE UNMASKED.

~~~~~  
SET an idol up on high :  
God be with you when it falls :  
When the Death-temptation calls,  
Calls to you to die!

Give a woman all your love,  
Give your life to sate her whim ;  
God in mercy be with him  
Who has naught above :

Naught above a woman's word,  
On the which he may rely ;  
This shall lure him on to die,  
Die, unlov'd, unheard.

Woman's word is empty sound,  
Woman's whim is woman's heart ;  
Tear thy love from her apart,  
Leave her to the soulless ground!

R. P. FENN.







# OUR

# CAUSERIE.

**First Nights.**

Three "first nights" coming all in one week drew a good many people up to town, even in the dead season, and there were good audiences for Mr. Alexander and the two Nell Gwyns. At the St. James's the audience was chiefly theatrical, and a first glance at the house gave one the impression that the whole of "the profession" must be "resting," so many dramatic celebrities were present. In one box sat the Kendals and Miss Genevieve Ward, in the stalls was Miss Marian Terry, attired with all the traditional grace of her family, also Miss Florence St. John, Miss Granville, Miss Eva Moore, Miss Esmé Beringer—a galaxy of stage stars. They were all very interested in the theatrical dresses, and in the sad adventures of Mr. Esmond's wig. Miss Julie Opp's first dress was particularly admired, everyone said they never saw anything prettier than her silver sash. Her dress was of white satin, heavily embroidered in silver, and finished off with a garniture of shaded roses; a silver ribbon was passed round the waist, and tied with long ends at the back.

Mrs. Alexander was in the stage box on the O.P. side, beautifully dressed, as usual. Her dress was a very elaborate confection in white satin mousseline and pleated chiffon, veiled in mellow-tinted lace, which harmonised with an Empire belt and long sash ends of yellow satin. Winding in and out of the lace, and peeping out of the frou-frou of frills which edged the skirt, were clusters of mauve violets and pink rosebuds. A half tiara was worn in the hair, and sprays of foliage at one side. Mrs. Alexander is noted for her taste, and her toilettes are always well-chosen and well-worn. The graceful scenic arrangements at the St. James's often owe a great deal to her suggestions, and she always gives the finishing touches to the flowers when there is a "drawing-room scene." I have often known her leave her box on a "first night," that she might arrange the flowers and foliage which were needed in the next scene. She is deeply interested in her husband's work—she always knows his part, and if he forgets a word at rehearsals she will often chip in with it before the prompter has time to speak.

**Ostend.**

It was a bad season at Ostend this year, but it was worth while making the journey to note the humours of the French bathers, and the many precautions which are taken by the authorities to prevent people from going too far. There is a boat filled with life-saving

apparatus, and there are gendarmes actually standing in the sea, all ready to drag you back forcibly if you venture beyond your depth. But the French bather has no intention of going far out—it is the last thing he thinks of. He takes a bathing-machine, and cheerfully keeps it the whole morning, sits on the steps and smokes a cigarette, and now and then promenades ankle-deep to greet any acquaintances who may be in the water. Dipping the head is never thought of. All the bathers wear hats, so a "dip" is a physical impossibility. The performances of two American girls, who were beautiful swimmers, were naturally looked on as something phenomenal. They wore sensible swimming suits in red serge, and disported themselves in the water to the amazement of the French. The King of the Belgians used to watch the bathing with great amusement. He looked a curious figure to English eyes in his tall hat.

English seaside resorts have been popular this year, more particularly those quiet places at which people can do exactly as they like. Folkestone was very gay in August, full of smartly-dressed people and military bands, and Westgate also attracted many visitors a little later on. Men don't look happy in Westgate—there is too little for them to do, and if you see a married couple walking about together you may be pretty sure the husband is asking his wife what she meant by bringing him to such a hole of a place. But women love Westgate, with its lovely bay, its beautiful sunsets, and the neat little arcades where you shop, not to mention the beautiful roads which are so great an attraction to the lady cyclist. Amongst the visitors to Westgate last month I noticed Lady White, looking very pretty and charming in her simple seaside gowns; Mr. Willie Temple in his American cart (a novelty over here), Mr. Louis Wain, Mr. Edward A. Cooper, the novelist, and Mr. Herbert Paul. Literary people may nearly always be met at Westgate, now that it is the residence of Mr. Justin McCarthy, who came here some while

since for the benefit of his health. Mr. McCarthy is the most delightful conversationalist, and one could listen for ever to his reminiscences of the interesting people he has known. He is also a very sympathetic listener, so that one is always tempted to confide in him. Personally, I have only one regret when I part with him—I am sorry I have talked at all, and not listened instead all the time.

The Hon. Mrs. Henniker is often down at

Westgate, but this season she has been trying a bungalow at Birchington. She is writing a new novel in this quiet retreat, and it promises to be full of good character-studies. Mrs. Henniker is tall and graceful, and has very refined features. She dresses beautifully, and favours soft combinations of colour, such as sea-green and cream, or blue and mauve. Her luncheon-parties are very successful, and her chef is beyond reproach. She is very fond of birds, and has a lovely aviary in her Birchington bungalow. Mrs. Henniker is a sister of Lord Crewe's, who married Lady Peggy Primrose last year.

Miss Edna Lyall lives at Eastbourne. She is not very fond of society, and is rarely seen in town. She is very simple in her dress, and in all her ways. She is very quiet in her speech, but interesting when she herself is interested. She is immensely kind and charitable, but very few people know of it, for she prefers to do good by stealth. She has given largely to the church subscriptions in her neighbourhood, and is always doing good amongst the poor. A little while since she paid a visit to Ireland, and was deeply interested in the condition of the peasantry in some of the villages, and exerted herself greatly to improve their condition.

There were a number of theatrical folk at

Henley this year. Mr. Harry Nichols was down there on a house-boat, and Miss Nellie Farren was

at the Royal Hotel. Miss Beatrice Ferrar and her sister Jessie were also staying by the river, and they used to look very picturesque in their punt, in their white muslin dresses, their auburn hair surmounted by rustic hats trimmed with pale blue westria. The Ferrar girls are much sought after in society, their bright spirits and pleasing manners making them universally popular. They are as cheerful as the proverbial Mark Tapley, and they will announce the most appalling facts in the most merry and triumphant tones—whether they are telling you that they haven't a relation in the world, or that they have just had their new bicycle dresses ruined by the rain. It is a fact that the two sisters are orphans, and their only relation is an elder sister who is a great success in the provinces. The two young girls, who live together, are greatly attached to one another, and are never so happy as when they manage to get into the same Company, when, for example, Jessie is understudying Beatrice. Beatrice made a great hit as the precocious little girl in "The Manceuvres of Jane," and before that she played a very amusing part in "The Squire of Dames"—the sentimental little girl who bursts out crying in the middle of singing a song. Beatrice has a delicate sense of humour, and is very amusing in her conversation. She has been on the stage for twelve years, and is not yet twenty-two.

Jessie Ferrar graduated **Miss Louie Freear.** in Mr. Ben Greet's Company, where she played Titania to Miss Louie Freear's Puck. She must have made a charming Titania, with her long red-gold hair, her forget-me-not wreath, and her pale blue chiffon dress garlanded with roses. Miss Freear's performance of Puck is said to have been much better in these early days, before she had acquired the slight Cockney accent in "Oh Susannah," which was not an embellishment to Shakespeare. Miss Freear is now so well known that it is quite painful for her to go about in London. She was in a 'bus the other day, when she discovered that she was recognised by the whole of the passengers, and that they

were all looking at her feet! Miss Freear is a tiny little woman, with very small hands and feet, but when she plays a London slavey she always wears enormous shoes so as to get a funny effect. Her travelling companions were trying to see whether Nature had really been so bountiful in the matter of extremities as it would seem from across the footlights.

**"A lift for Dad."** A funny story is told of the Right Hon. W. L. Jackson's son, the famous Yorkshire cricketer, who recently returned from the front. He was being complimented on the fine innings he had just played for Harrow against Eton at Lords, and his reply was, "I'm not so pleased for myself, but it will give the guv'nor such a lift." The guv'nor was at that time Chief Secretary for Ireland. History says that the father had promised his boy a sovereign a run—and paid it too.

#### Empire Furniture.

There is a perfect rage just now for old Empire furniture, and the striped paper which is characteristic of the period is to be found in nearly every drawing-room. One of the most perfect examples of Empire style is to be found in the newly-furnished flat of Mrs. Stuart Bevan (*née* Sylvia Grossmith), in Drayton Gardens. Every piece of furniture is genuine old Empire, and the dining-room contains a priceless collection of portraits of the great Napoleon at different stages of his career. The drawing-room is in almond-green, the dining-room is papered in a lovely shade of red, which makes a fine background for the old engravings.

#### Wooden Bedsteads.

Wooden bedsteads have suddenly come into fashion again after many years of unpopularity, and I hear that one large furniture firm has had to build extra premises in consequence of the catching on of this idea. They are made in all sorts of pretty colours, such as grass-green, gobelins-blue, or white, and they are adorned with light chintz curtains, such as were fashionable in the

days of our grandmothers. Mrs. George Alexander has chosen beds of this kind for her country cottage in Chorley Wood, and the effect is extremely artistic. One bedroom has a green wooden bedstead, with furniture to match, and another has a still more dainty bed in white enamelled wood, with white chintz curtains, figured with sprays of coloured flowers tied with bows of blue ribbons. The colours in the flowers are pink and blue, mauve and yellow, and the curtains are tied at the four corners of the bed by satin bows in the four pretty colours.

**Lady Warwick's Shop.**

I hear that the Americans are great customers of Lady Warwick's, and that they haunt her shop in Bond Street during the dead season, hoping to get some "cunning" ideas to take home with them. They are not very likely to see the beautiful Countess herself, for though she superintends it very carefully, and often comes up to town to see how it is going on, she is never actually "in the business." It is permeated, however, by her ideas; she designs many of the models, and the customers are well attended to by the handsome manageress, Mrs. Eric Pritchard. Simplicity is the leading note in the dresses for country wear, but luxury reigns supreme in the tea-gowns, matinées, and lingerie. Two very beautiful night-gowns were on view when I paid my visit to the establishment. One was in white silk relieved with rose-satin ribbons, the other in black surah, with angel sleeves of black lace. A short cape of rose-coloured, accordeon-pleated glacé silk was originally meant for a bed-room wrap—a little thing to throw over the shoulders, while one was taking one's cup of "eight-o'clock tea." Ladies liked these capes so much that they wore them in the Park during the afternoon drive, and even at the opera. I believe Lady Warwick originally started with lingerie and matinées; the dresses and cloaks have been a later addition. All the models are gradually evolved from the idea of an undergarment, and the best effects are procured by this means. "We take a pretty nightdress," says Mrs. Pritchard, "and we get the idea of a

matinée from it. The morning gown becomes a success, and we make it a little more dressy and turn it into a tea-gown. The tea-gown itself may develop into a dinner dress in process of time." I listened with great respect to this scientific account of the evolution of the toilette which is able to accomplish such excellent results.

**A Punch-bowl.**

A novel punch bowl was seen the other day at a supper party given by an American. A large block of ice was placed on the buffet, hollowed out in the centre, and the punch was poured into this natural formation. Round the base of the punch bowl ran a garland of pink flowers mixed with smilax and fern. American candies and piles of pop-corn were amongst the refreshments provided for the guests.

**The Aftermath.**

With autumn upon us and everybody back in town except the few weaklings or incorrigible indulgers in their moneyed leisure who mean to winter in Egypt, Italy, or the South of France, it seems out of date to discuss holidays or subjects akin.

**Early Closing.**

A short time ago the Stock Exchange Committee decided, in their wisdom, which no one for a moment questions, to do away with four of the seven "half-past four days" which for so long have been the rule in the course of each month, and to close the House regularly at four o'clock on all except three days a month. This has now had a good trial, and is no inconvenience to anybody. Far from an inconvenience, in these idle times it is a boon which everyone duly appreciates. There is a feeling abroad, I know, among those who know of Stock Exchange arrangements by hearsay only, that the people there have an easier time than in any other kind of business. People hear of closing at four o'clock, of extra holidays on the first of May and the first of November, Bank Holidays, occasional extra Saturday closings for structural alterations, or what they consider equally transparent as an excuse.



**A Popular Notion.**

There is a general belief, absolutely ill-founded, that Stock Exchange work is over for the day by four o'clock, even as it may be taken to be common knowledge, equally erroneous, that banks cease their labours when they close their doors. There is a difference, however, between the unreasoned popular notions about banks and those about the Stock Exchange. Banks everybody knows about and has something, however small, to do with. It is well known that the only holidays the poor bank clerks get are the Bank Holidays. That is very hard upon them, so we do not grudge their getting away earlier than other folks. But nobody knows anything about the Stock Exchange, which, on a former occasion, I ventured to point out was a latter-day mystery, which the ordinary man has no more desire to fathom than he has a ceaseless hungering to know about the Railway Clearing House, or the Board of Green Cloth, or any other institution which may be necessary to his existence, but with which he is not brought into direct personal contact.

**The Broker.**

So many know or think only of the Stockbroker, a term which seems to cover everything, to the lay mind, from the Chairman of the Stock Exchange to the smallest office boy. This typical broker leaves his business at the tick of four in the afternoon, sooner, if possible, and betakes himself to some house of pleasure in the suburbs, and is seen no more till 10.30 or 11 o'clock the next day. That he may possess an office where he slaves at his correspondence after the House has closed; where his clerks close up the business of the day, and, twice a month at least, toil far into the night, is an impossible idea. The popular notion of the Stockbroker centres in the principal Office? He does not need an office! Clerks? Absurd! He only buys and sells things in the Stock Exchange, and puts it down in a book like a bet. This is the general public's idea, both of

the Stock Exchange man and the big bookmaker—by which I do not mean an encyclopædist. They have no conception of the mass of work which lies behind. The "Name Room" is not even a name to them; the Settlement Department they never heard of; transfer work is a sealed book to them. The Stockbroker is not supposed to do any book-keeping.

**His Clerk.**

Nevertheless the initiated know that Stock Exchange clerks exist, and that they work as hard, on the whole, as other clerks, at times harder; that their salaries are in many instances poorer; their expenses greater; their annual holiday shorter; and their position, if in some instances less trammelled, is, in very many cases, more precarious. With all this the general public has little to do. It is one of those questions of capital and labour—puzzles which nobody understands, least of all those most deeply concerned.

**Dissipation.**

Although all this is so, the appetite of the Stock Exchange man, as that of very many City men, and indeed men of all classes, for relaxation and sport of every kind is enormous. The real cause is obscure, but the candid observer will hardly admit that we are a generation of hard-working Englishmen. I mean work as our fathers understood it. Whether the stress of modern life requires the extra relaxation is a moot point. It is a convenient doctrine commonly held, but I am inclined to question it. I am rather disposed to think that the appetite for work, or at least the capacity for sticking close to it, has diminished, while that for pleasure has increased. Perhaps, and it is not improbable, we are suffering now from overstrain in the past, having reduced the stock of reserve force, which phase, with the more strenuous conditions of modern life and its temptations to and facilities for pleasure and recreation, amount in sum total to a life which, *be it work or be it play, is, all ways, a continuous dissipa-*



tion of force. What man in the fifties would have thought of leaving his business for two months in the summer, as many now think nothing of doing?

**Parliament and the Army.**

To pass from the business world is beyond my province, but the same indisposition to work may be traced in Parliament and in the Army. In Parliament, the business of the country is not the main business even during the session. The convenience of the country is not consulted, but that of the business or professional M.P., the claims of fashion, the claims of the shooting season, and the annual holiday. The volume of the country's business has immensely increased in the last 50 years, but the time devoted to it has not increased in the same proportion. If Parliament sat four days a week from ten o'clock in the morning, and if it sat nine months of the year instead of six months, its record of business would not be so trifling, or the delays to those interested so vexatious and expensive. In the Army the same system of shirking the work of their profession, among a class of officers who have nothing to do but serve their country, has been largely responsible for our errors in South Africa. In all these matters, the City has a deep concern, and it should reform them and itself, if possible.

**The only way.**

But if, as I have suggested, such a reform is not possible, and the fault, if fault it be, is ingrained in the disposition and temper of the people of these days, the most sensible course is to meet the difficulty in some way suitable to it: to endeavour to combine business and pleasure in the hot weather. In other words, to transplant the City to the seaside or the country. In the summer number of "Harnsworth's Magazine" an ingenious effort was made to show, by illustration, how some of our great public buildings would look if transferred to new sites at popular places of resort. The illustrations were a distinct success, and the City might do worse than adopt the spirit of the idea.

**Al Fresco.**

Why, for instance, should not the Stock Exchange transfer itself, bag and baggage, without its buildings, in summer to some convenient spot, where members in flannels might stroll upon elastic turf, under the pleasant shade of over-arching trees; or lie basking in the sunlight; and dine al fresco, or in gay marquees? Why should not clients run down for the day to give their orders, as the guests of members? Members and their clerks could step from the business arena through a hedge to the cricket ground, the tennis court, or the rifle range. A volunteer camp and manoeuvres would be a conceivable annexe. In fact, the project opens up endless possibilities. Business could be combined with the pleasure of it, and would become a pleasure in itself. The Stock Exchange Committee might undertake the management of the scheme and run the whole concern at a profit, like a great Earl's Court Exhibition on cheaper land, and to the infinite and rational benefit of all. The building in London could be let meanwhile for political or Company meetings, to the Salvation Army, or in any other way that would help to pay its expenses. Finally, excursions to objects of financial interest could be arranged, to the Welsh Gold Fields or the Kent Coal Fields.

**Kent Coal.**

That Kent Coal Field wants developing. Quaint are the ways of coincidence! It is said that the simple beginning of Kent Coal prospecting was when Sir Edward Watkin, when at Dover in connection with the Channel Tunnel Works, of which he was such an ardent advocate, found a large lump of coal which had dropped from a tender and supposed it to be a local product. So great events from little causes spring. But Kent coal mining has entered on devious ways since that ingenuous commencement.

**Its Development.**

The picture of the promotion of the Kent Coal Companies and their amalgamation would also be a good sub-

ject for development, but it must be by a reversal of the usual process, and by a dragging it out of the dark room in which it has hid so long into the broad light of day, that it may be clearly shown who has been responsible for such management.

**The  
French Syndicate.**

In the meantime it is rather amusing to hear of a French Syndicate buying shares in the Company in order to secure for France an unlimited supply of coal equal to the best of South Wales. I presume, in the event of war, even a British Government would prohibit export of coal to the enemy, even though it belonged to them ten times over.

**Gallant  
Little Wales.**

Gallant little Wales is supreme not only in the matter of steam coal, she now enjoys the possession, unique in these islands, of a dividend-paying gold mine. This undertaking, called the St. David's Gold and Copper Mine, is seated between Barmouth and Dolgelly, has been extensively developed both for gold and copper, and has already paid two dividends of 4s. each on the £1 share. This result is probably to a large extent due to its moderate capitalisation of £60,000. An extraordinary contrast to the vast sums sunk in the Kent undertakings without any adequate result.

**Hope Deferred.**

The great rush of applicants for shares in Hope Brothers at the commencement of the financial silly season is a proof of many things. Firstly, that there are a number of "Stags" about, ready to snap at anything with the smallest prospect of being quoted at a premium. Secondly, that your business man disregards a radical principle of sound business by exacting his pound of flesh to the uttermost grain, without any "poor scruples" in question. This is a course quite natural, and not to be cavilled at by any but a harmless theorist, like myself, seeing that this fundamental error is in business confounded with its corresponding principle, and therefore the doer of

these things is rationally on mercantile grounds canonised as a commercial saint. Thirdly, it shows what a multitude of small investors are watching for anything that offers prospect of safety with even a small profit, and will jump at it without considering the proposition thoroughly. Here is a business which has lived and made itself for years out of the doublets, and hose, and hats, and what not of these said small investors, selling itself practically to its customers, capitalised to the last farthing, and offering them no inducement or hope of profit that it could avoid, and turning the people it has clothed for so long naked on the world without a shirt to their backs in the shape of free cash capital, and with no prospect of more than a five per cent. return on their money, except from an extension of the business due to their own capital and their own energy. There are no deferred shares, but hopes for profits beyond five per cent. are likely to make sick the hart that pants for the cooling streams of affluence. It is well named, but it should have been printed as an exhortation to—Hope brothers!

**Political Motors.**

Motor car shares ought to be looking up in prospect of the example of the candidate for Nairn, who has been beating up his constituency on a motor, being largely followed in the coming General Election. Probably there will be some demand for political purposes, but I should not advise the credulous small investor to plunge on that account.

**The Golfer  
again.**

With the return of members from the country comes the usual crop of ingenious anecdotes at somebody's expense. Of course, the inevitable golf story, rather to this effect. The golfer concerned rose early one morning, and sought the breezy links, intending a little gentle practice; but found on the ground before him an earlier enthusiast, whom he did not know, but agreed to play. The game had gone on some little time, when the Stock Exchange man, being in doubt

as to his opponent's score, turned to him with the question, "What are you?" The man addressed looked at him a moment as though surprised by the question, and then found his tongue. "I'm," he said, "the straw-rat manufacturer of Hoddingham. Who the doose are you?"

**A  
Timely Rescue.**

Harmless chaff is visible in the story told of a certain member, who, dealing largely in a particular security, made known his willingness to do business in it by frequently mentioning its name very audibly, as the custom is, "Dullgold, dullgold, dullgold," a call which thus became known, and a matter of chaff among his friends. It is said, with what truth I know not, that, having gone boating alone and unfortunately fallen in, he had sunk twice, when with glazing eye, and a mind wandering over the field of his experience, his ruby lips, probably blowing bubbles soft and fine, parted unconsciously in his usual cry, "Dullgold." The strangled utterance was his salvation, for an opportune friend—him probably who tells the tale, and has the golden gift of imagination—in passing, heard the familiar cry, and was induced to pull him from the ooze.

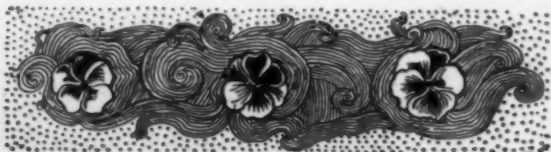
**A Voice from  
Kalgurli.**

I had the pleasure of an interview with an ex-member of the Kalgurli Stock Exchange, none other than Percy Melville Emery, the enterprising Australian of 23, who, having left Australia without a shilling, has undertaken to walk round the world in red and green plush and make £2,000, maintaining himself six months in London and in Paris three

months. His reward is to be a purse of £3,000. He was a familiar figure in London till recently. He feels it a hardship that, though the Kalgurli Exchange gives admittance to any curious stranger, he found the London Exchange closed against him, so that he was unable to give the London papers the benefit of his impressions of it. This though he had seven members who were prepared to rush the doors for him. He was not blind to the possibility, however, that the members of the House might have taken a fancy to distribute his daring apparel among themselves as souvenirs, which might have obliged him to appear in the garb of "a civilian," and so violate the conditions governing his journey. That would have been too bad. He has, however, before now, dealt with a mob with a six-shooter, and understands that part of the business of a Kalgurli stock-jobber. Verb. sap.

**A Solemn  
Ceremony.**

Things had been so disheartening for some time in the Kafir Circus that the general mournful feeling found expression there last month in a solemn burial of the Chartered Market. The space it usually occupies was marked by a suitable inscription in paper. The joyful wearers of buttonholes were raided, and made to surrender their gay adornments in the interest of an occasion so sad, and the flowers thus impounded went to grace the tomb of the departed, while solemn psalms, in meaning indistinguishable, hung upon the heavy air, and the only bells were Bell's wax vestas, which lighted the ceremony on its darksome way. The most that can be said is that it is better to bury sorrow thus than drown it in the flowing bowl.



Cadbury's

Absolutely Pure, Therefore Best.

"The Standard of Highest Purity."

Cocoa

The Lancet.

# THE LUDGATE



PRICE

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

SIXPENCE

London: F. V. WHITE & CO., 14, Bedford Street, Strand.

VOL. X. (NEW SERIES) No. 55. MAY, 1900.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE COLONIES: GORDON AND GOTCH.

# THE LUDGATE.

FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE  
**STOMACH, LIVER, AND KIDNEYS,**

There is no remedy known to Science to compare with

## LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE!

IT searches the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys,  
Eradicates Noxious Elements, Cools and Sweetens the  
System, Acts on the Biliary and Digestive Organs, assists  
Digestion, and keeps the Bowels in Perfect Order.

Administered with a little Lamplough's Lime Fruit Syrup,  
it forms the most delicious thirst-quencher.

Children take it, and ask for more.

In Glass Stopped Bottles, 2/6, 4/6, 11/- and 21/- each.

Of all Chemists everywhere.

Full directions for use accompany each Bottle.

**KEATING'S  
POWDER  
KILLS**

**FLEAS. BUGS. MOTHS. BEETLES.**

TINS 3". 6" & 1"  
THE NEW BELLows 9"

EASIEST TO DIGEST

**HAGEMANN'S  
UNIVERSAL  
COCOA**

NO MILK OR SUGAR REQUIRED

THE MOST PALATABLE TONIC WINE  
EVER PRODUCED CHECKS AND PREVENTS  
INFLUENZA COLDS, CHILLS, ETC.

**Marza**

CONTAINS IRON, COCA, PHOSPHORUS,  
PEPSINE AND PORT WINE.

PRICE 42/-  
PER DOZ.

**Wine**

ABSOLUTELY THE FINEST  
TONIC WINE - SEE UP  
SPECIFIC FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Sole Proprietors—

WILD & Co., 5 & 7 Peacock St., Newington Butts, London, S.E.

**J. TANN'S**

"ANCHOR RELIANCE"

**£5 5s.**

**SAFES**

LISTS FREE.

**NEWGATE**

**STREET,**

**E.C.**

## HEADACHE

Readers of this Journal should know that  
Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which obtained  
the highest award at the Paris Exhibition  
of 1889, is an immediate cure for headache.  
It is pleasant to take and will be found most  
refreshing after shopping, or as a morning  
restorative. Strongly recommended by the  
"Lancet" and "British Medical Journal."  
Of all chemists in two sizes. Price 1/1½ and  
2/6 per bottle. Inventors and Sole Manu-  
facturers: A. Bishop & sons, Ltd., Specks Fields,  
48 Spelman St., London, N.E.

**CURED.**



THE LUDGATE.

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PRICES from 18 Gns. NET CASH.

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NO JOB PARTS.

FREE-WHEEL TRICYCLES TO ORDER.

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## CHUTNEY AND CURRY POWDER.

Made by Mrs. Atkinson.

In sending this **Chutney and Curry Powder** out to the public, I have only a few words to say:—Nothing but the very best materials are used in their composition; everything is fresh, and I superintend everything myself.

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The Chutney is made from various fruits, but they are all of the best quality and absolutely wholesome.

There are Agents nearly everywhere, but if there is any difficulty about obtaining my wares, apply to

**K. ATKINSON, Windsor.**

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BY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

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In "TRUTH," writes:

"NORMAN & STACEY have introduced in their business an ingenious safeguard against the risk of loss to his widow or family through the death of the hirer. They give an insurance upon his life, so that if, for instance, a man gets £200 worth of furniture on the hire purchase system, and dies when instalments to the amount of £190 have been paid, not only does the furniture become the property of his representatives, BUT THE £190 IS ALSO REPAYED TO THEM."

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*The unfailing resource of every Lady of the House and successful Housekeeper.*

Makes a perfect high-class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplômées of the South Kensington School of Cookery. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, recipes for which accompany each packet.

**NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!**

*Under Eminent Scientific Supervision.*

## 'APENTA'

The Best Natural Aperient Water.

**FOR CONTINUOUS USE BY  
THE CONSTIPATED, THE GOUTY,  
AND THE OBESE.**

*"Its composition is constant."*  
—THE LANCET.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & MINERAL WATER DEALERS.

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The most expensive rubber made is employed in GENUINE Dunlop air-tubes.

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Three Cheers for the

# RED WHITE & BLUE COFFEE.

**DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST AND AFTER DINNER.**

In Making, use Rather Less Quantity, it being so much Stronger than Ordinary Coffee.

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**Cocoa**  **The Lancet.**

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*Photo by Fellows Willson.*

PRICE

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**London: F. V. WHITE & CO., 11, Bedford Street, Strand.**

**VOL. X. (NEW SERIES) No. 56. JUNE, 1900.**  
**SOLE AGENTS FOR THE COLONIES: GORDON AND GOTCH.**

THE LUDGATE.

FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE  
**STOMACH, LIVER, AND KIDNEYS,**

There is no remedy known to Science to compare with

**LAMPLOUGH'S  
PYRETIC SALINE!**

IT searches the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys,  
Eradicates Noxious Elements, Cools and Sweetens the  
System, Acts on the Biliary and Digestive Organs, assists  
Digestion, and keeps the Bowels in Perfect Order.

Administered with a little LAMPLOUGH'S LIME FRUIT SYRUP,  
it forms the most delicious thirst-quencher.

*Children take it, and ask for more.*

In Glass Stopped Bottles, 2/6, 4/6, 11/- and 21/- each.

Of all Chemists everywhere.

Full directions for use accompany each Bottle.

**DON'T LET MOTHS  
RUIN YOUR FURS  
OR BLANKETS**

**KEATING'S POWDER  
PRESERVES THEM.**

**KILLS BLACKBEETLES & FLEAS**  
Tins 3d., 6d. & 1/-

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

**E P P S'S**

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

**C O C O A**

BREAKFAST — SUPPER.



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**"ANCHOR RELIANCE"**

**£5 5s.**

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LISTS FREE.

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STREET,**

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It is pleasant to take and will be found most  
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"Lancet" and "British Medical Journal."  
Of all chemists in two sizes. Price 1/1½ and  
2/0 per bottle. Inventors and Sole Manufac-  
turers: A. Bishop & Sons, Ltd., Specks Fields,  
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## Cocoa

*The Lancet.*

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London: **F. V. WHITE & CO., 14, Bedford Street, Strand.**

VOL. X. (NEW SERIES) No. 57. JULY, 1900.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE COLONIES: GORDON AND GOTCH.



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There is no remedy known to Science to compare with

## LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE!

IT searches the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys,  
Eradicates Noxious Elements, Cools and Sweetens the  
System, Acts on the Biliary and Digestive Organs, assists  
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Administered with a little Lamplough's Lime Fruit Syrup,  
it forms the most delicious "thirst quencher."

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In Glass Stopped Bottles, 2½, 4, 1½, and 2½ each.

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**KILLS**  
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Why pay 10s. 6d. when you can  
get the same for 5s.?

THERE IS NONE BETTER THAN

## 'THE PERFECTION' FOUNTAIN PEN.

Fitted with 14-Carat Solid Gold Nib,  
fine, medium and broad points.

Will last for years.

Guaranteed to work well.

The CANTONIAN QUARTERLY says:

"We have tested 'The Perfection' Fountain Pen, and we can confidently say it is one of the best fountain pens on the market. It seems to embody all good points of a pen; the ink supply and ink feed are perfectly reliable, the 14-carat gold nib glides along the paper smoothly, the points are made of that rare and expensive metal iridium, which is harder than steel, consequently 'The Perfection' gold nib is practically everlasting."

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In box, with Filler and directions.

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In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass 16-ct. Gold Cases, £20.

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THE ONLY ABSOLUTE REMEDY FOR ALL STOMACH DISORDERS

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**HYPERETIC SALINE**

IT NEVER FAILS TO GIVE RELIEF IN DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, BILIOUSNESS, & ALL FEVERISH SYMPTOMS

IT IS PRESCRIBED BY THE MOST EMINENT MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS IN EVERY FAMILY

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2/6 4/6 11/- & 22/- EACH.

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**KILLS**

**BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES**

TINS 3<sup>d</sup> 6<sup>d</sup> & 1<sup>s</sup>

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**FOUNTAIN PEN.**

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Will last for years.

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**T**HE LONDON and EDINBURGH SHIPPING CO.'S Passenger STEAMERS  
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THE ONLY  
ABSOLUTE  
REMEDY  
FOR ALL  
STOMACH  
DISORDERS  
!!!  
IF IS  
PRESCRIBED  
BY THE  
MOST EMINENT  
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PRACTITIONERS  
IN EVERY FAMILY  
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS IN STOPPERED BOTTLES  
2/6 4/6 11/- & 22/- EACH.

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IT NEVER  
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SALL FEVERISH  
SYMPTOMS  
& SHOULD BE  
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KEATING'S LOZENGES  
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ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU "there is no better Cough Medicine."—One gives relief: if you suffer from cough try them but once: they will cure, and they will not injure your health; an increasing sale of over 40 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 12½d. tins.

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Will last for years.  
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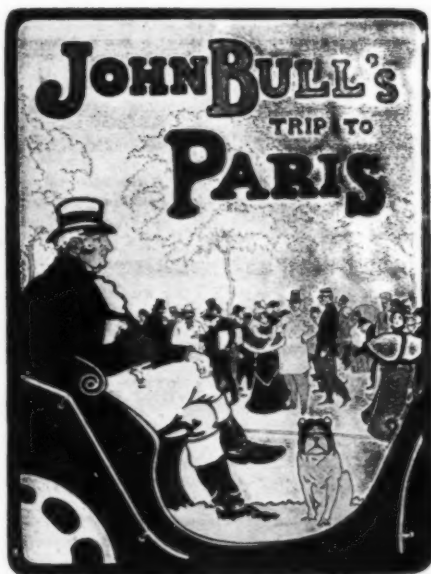
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In Tins, **14, 26** and **5-**.

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PAYMENTS.**

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# BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

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Makes a perfect high-class Custard at a minimum of cost and trouble. Used by all the leading Diplômées of the South Kensington School of Cookery. Invaluable also for a variety of Sweet Dishes, recipes for which accompany each packet.

**NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!**

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The Best is the Cheapest.

**THE FRAUD** of having other tyres palmed off as genuine

### DUNLOP TYRES

can be prevented by forwarding doubtful tyres to any of our depots.

Examination and report free of charge.

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Are not only Time Savers, but Cure Indigestion and Constipation by natural means.

Place a Biscuit in a soup plate, pour half-a-pint of boiling milk on it, add sugar to taste, and in Three Minutes you will have a dish which will keep the blood cool, nourish every element of the body, and fit for a Queen.

Biscuits 7d. per packet; Granulated 6d. per packet; "The World's Best Bread Crumbs."

On receipt of Post-card THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., 6 & 8, Eastcheap, E.C., will send you a Cookery Book containing over 260 recipes, daintily illustrated.



*The World's Best Toast.*



### TAKE STEPS TO SECURE THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE WHELPTON'S PURIFYING PILLS

For Indigestion, Headache, Biliousness, Constipation.

INVALUABLE FOR LADIES.

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